Saturday Review

May 27, 1967 35¢

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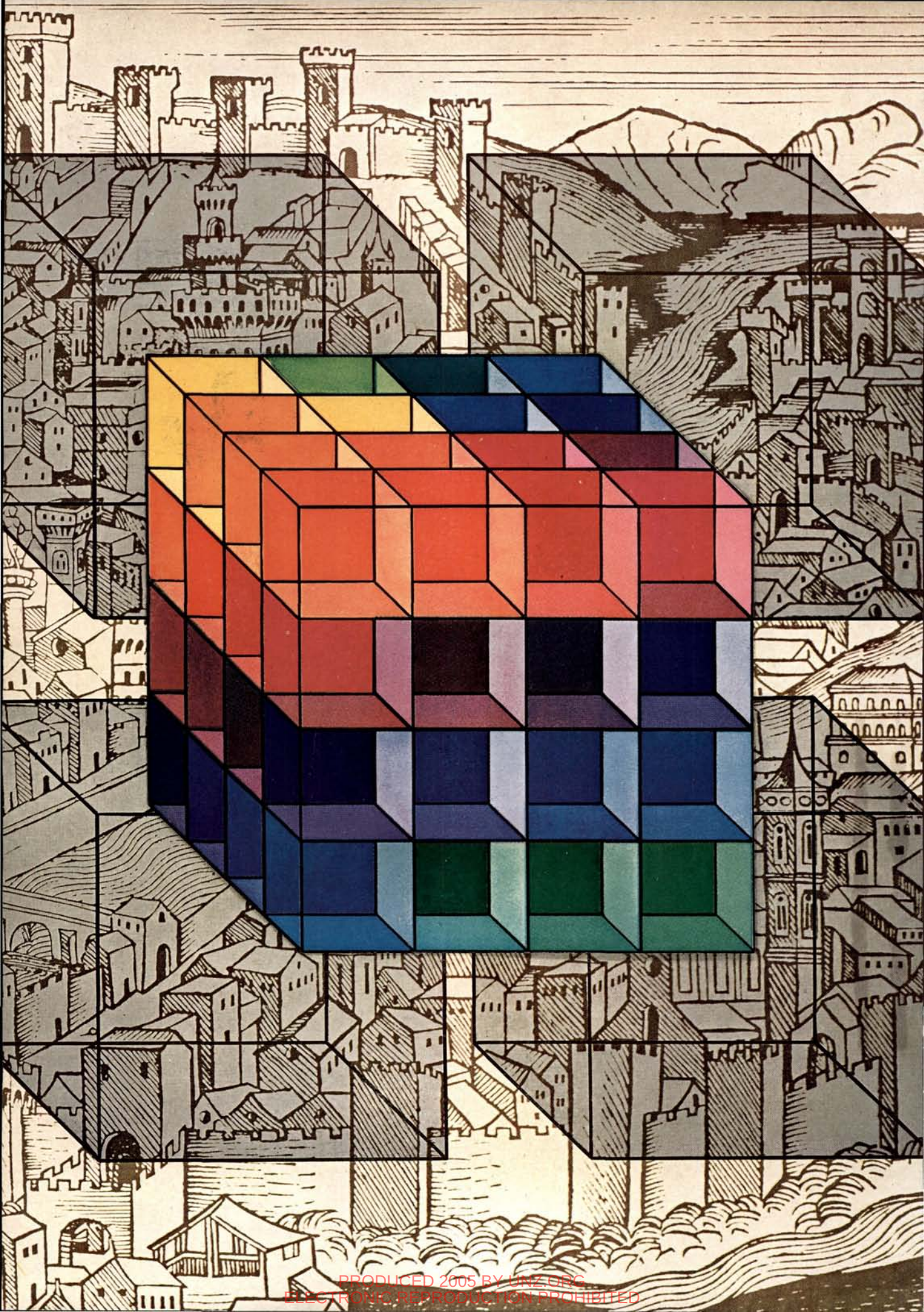

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Are Our Cities Dying?

by EDWARD J. LOGUE
Administrator of Redevelopment, City of Boston

Presidents and pundits, bankers and civil rights workers join other public-minded citizens in expressing their alarm about the state of America's cities. They are right. In a society of rising affluence too much of the inner city is sinking into pervasive decay.

Some observers despair and propose the city be abandoned. Others suggest panaceas, usually governmental, which will allegedly cure urban cancer. Quite recently suggestions have been made that perhaps the present enterprise system should take on the job of curing the city's ills.

In this confusion of analysis and prescription we often seem to lose sight of the basic purpose for which the city exists, of how hard it is to build a great city and how inadequate any alternative to the city proves to be.

I have walked the streets of great cities around the world wondering how and why they came to be. They are marvelous in their diversity. Each city has its own special emphasis—perhaps as a port, a seat of government, a center of manufacturing. Yet they all have one thing in common—the city is a place of exchange—of goods, of course, but equally important, of ideas.

No suburban shopping center, no landscaped industrial park, no elegant, cloistered research center, no system of instant remote communication is going to take away the primacy of the urban center where the jostling of old and new ideas shape the world we will live in.

The city is not obsolete. It is the center of our civilization. In earlier times we accepted this and made our cities, particularly their centers, graceful and proud. Today many deny the city the right to be important, to be beautiful, to be cared about.

Technology has made it possible for the very important people who dominate our economy to use only a piece of the city quite comfortably, regardless of the decay that is never more than a mile from their seats of power. These powerful men are usually those who have done least to make the city livable. As wealth and power increasingly ignore land and political boundaries, it is possible to grow up, prosper and die without ever having been a citizen of a city in the Athenian sense; a fund raiser for alma mater, or a board member on a community chest agency, seems to be the average limit. The idea of active citizenship still is embarrassing to many business leaders.

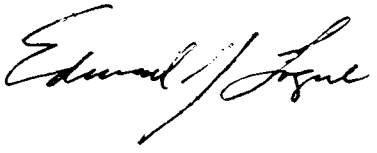
I believe we can improve our cities and we can do so quickly without waiting for the necessary but cumbersome public aid programs, vital as they are. The first thing we can do is to improve their tone, decide we care, allow a concern for the city as a whole and its future to guide private decisions.

When banks redline a blighted area and shut off investment they may protect against short run risk. But there is a cumulative loss of confidence that can change a whole city's faith in itself. Unfortunately, most new investment decisions—a branch bank, a supermarket, a new factory—are made only in areas entirely safe. Do we realize what we do when we rule entire sections of a community off limits? Why are we surprised when those millions thus cut off from society decide that they do not belong and do not care?

I believe our government must have an important role in saving our cities because it, in effect, is saving itself. I believe that the education of a million slum children, giving them a chance to become part of America, is more important than putting a new town on the moon. I believe our national priorities should be reappraised and much more governmental attention given to our cities. Even more, however, I believe that the private enterprise system must face the challenge of the slums.

The imagination and the drive that has made our system the most productive in the world must be turned to the task of renewing our cities.

Maybe it means we should overhaul the Internal Revenue Code to make it as attractive to invest in the slums as it is to buy tax-exempt bonds or search out oil and gas. If we do, we might just connect up 10 million presently forsaken people with the mainstream of American life. There is still time. Let us make a start before it is too late.



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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. L, No. 21, May 27, 1967. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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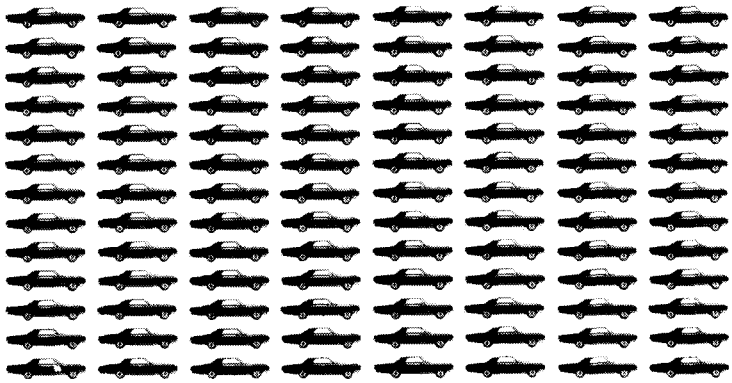

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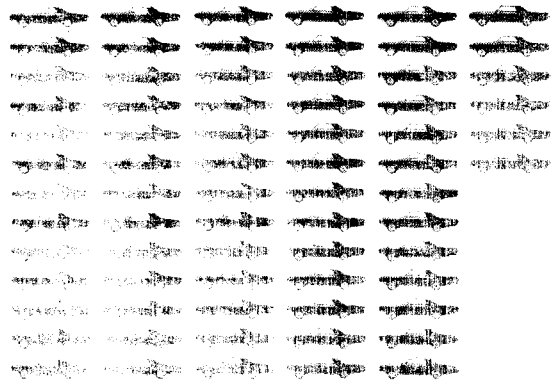

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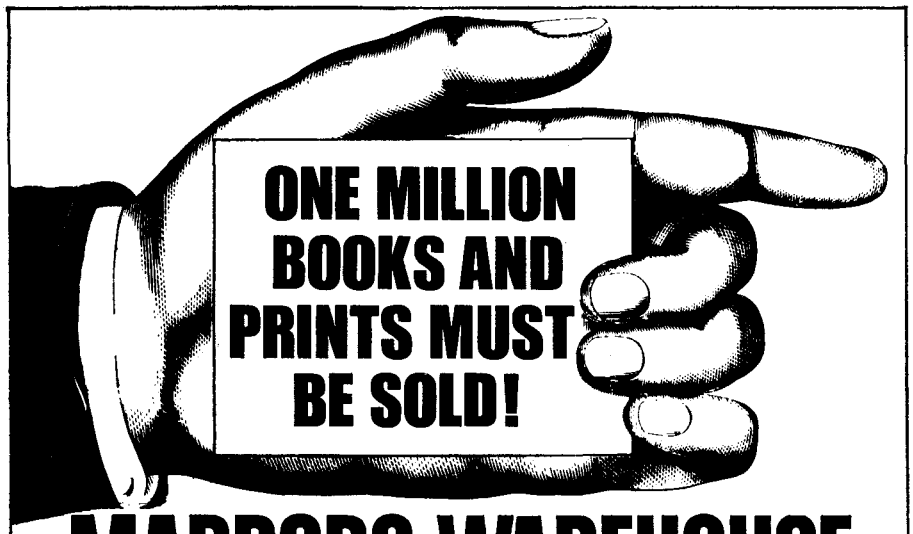

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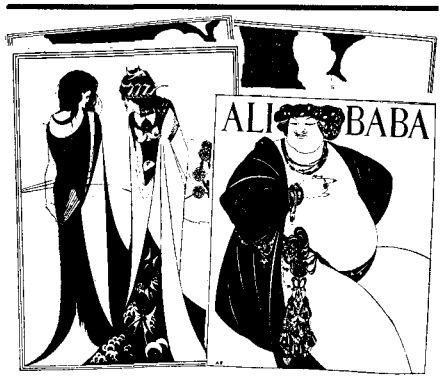

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Canto XVI

Anyone looking for an unusual
rhyme?
Yes. I'm.

—Ira Wallach.

Ages of Media-Man

ALL OF US know that for the last several years we have been living in the Atomic Age, the Space Age, the Ecumenical Age, or a combination of the three. Right? Not according to Standard Rate & Data Service, Inc. Their directory of business publications indicates that 75,500 persons subscribe to the old-fashioned idea that this is *The Iron Age* (although 5,000 people, who have presumably heard of aluminum frying pans, prefer to think of it as the *Light Metal Age*), 7,000 consider it the *Gas Age*, 14,000 believe it to be the *Coal Age*, another 14,000, apparently immune to the lure of both Jim Dooley and in-flight motion pictures, the *Railway Age*, and, despite alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations, a whopping 143,000 still regard our times as the *Motor Age*. At least those are the reported circulation figures for business magazines that go by those names.

According to SRDS, nobody is foolish enough to believe we're still living in the Bronze Age, but thousands of otherwise perfectly good Americans think it's the *Ceramic Age*, *Rubber Age*, *Hardware Age*, *Grain Age*, or *Feed Age*. That's five more Ages right there—the same number of ages into which we used to divide 1.5 billion years of the earth's history. Modern business methods have resulted in Age proliferation: *Frozen Food Age*, *Distribution Age*, *Paper Age*, *Adhesives Age*, *Detergent Age*, *Sports Age*, and *Swimming Pool Age*. Not to mention *Mandatory Retirement Age*. Through the magic of the SRDS index, it is possible to go from the *Chain Saw Age* directly into the *Chain Store Age*.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who wrote that "each age is a dream that is dying or one that is coming to birth," seemed unaware of the possibility of an Age merger. He'd probably be surprised to learn of the existence of a publication called *Coinamatic Age combined with Launder-matic Age*. On the other hand, Voltaire seemed to have *Television Age*, *Advertising Age*, or *Aerosol Age* in mind when he said that "he who has not the spirit of the age has all the misery of it." Respectively, 11,000, 57,000, and 5,500 people have the spirit, or the subscription price, of these three *Ages*, while the rest of us are "out" and miserable.

New Eras

Furriers, chair salesmen, and electricians don't think they're out, though. They go on deluding themselves that we're all in a golden age for their respective businesses. A few thousand of

them receive magazines called *Fur Age Weekly*, *Furniture Retailer and Furniture Age*, and *Volt Age*. No circulation figures are available for a magazine called *Scrap Age*. Standard Rate & Data Service notes, somewhat sadly, "After three requests, publisher has failed to file circulation statement on SRDS form." What's the rush? It sounds as though that *Age* isn't for an age, but for all time. —Lou D'Angelo.

Relatively Speaking

TWENTY-ODD years ago my wife Nelle decided she was going to fly to St. Louis and then work her way into the interior of Missouri, locate the town of Eldon where she was born and fetched up, and have a nice visit with her mother.

She got on a plane at LaGuardia Airport. As the B-nothing or whatever it was thumped along above Jersey, a young rabbi stood up and began praying in a loud voice and an alien tongue. Behind Nelle sat an elderly woman who picked up the cue and began frantically saying her rosary. A man kittygodlin across the aisle crossed himself twice. Nelle said she felt forlorn. She didn't have anything or anyone to appeal to in this non-emergency; she hadn't been at all apprehensive until her fellow passengers began showing desperate concern.

The plane clanked some, and rattled, but arrived safely at St. Louis and in another week or so, as it seemed, Nelle was in Eldon and there was a gathering of the female kin, and for want of something else to talk about, she told of what had happened on the plane. There was a silence, and then her ancient Aunt Grace spoke up, addressing Nelle's mother.

"Anna," says Aunt Grace, "you mind

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This meal no longer exists.

It was eaten in Switzerland, by the writer of this ad, for $2.55

And once for lunch, my wife and I even had half a chicken each, french fries, and salad for only 75¢.

We also got a big kick out of the Swiss custom of serving you enormous portions half at a time. The trouble was you felt like you were eating two meals instead of one. (Several times we ended up dividing one order between the two of us.)

We were also amazed at how reasonably priced the hotels were. Everywhere. In one resort area we found a great little chalet-hotel for just $6 a day. It was a nice double room with a bath. We also had a marvelous view of those snow-capped mountains; great big fluffy feather bedcovers; and breakfast; and even a free shoeshine for our shoes that we put outside our door before we went to bed.

And I haven't even said anything about all those fantastic Swiss cheeses, those great Swiss fondues, that tasty Swiss wine and beer, those endless varieties of Swiss chocolates, that Swiss service and hospitality and cleanliness, those terrific Swiss trains, that romantic Swiss scenery and mountain air.

But, I guess I'll have to wait till my next ad to get into all these selling points.

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the time forty year ago, a Sundy, we was all down to Aurora Springs? Vol was on the Rock Island even then, and had his own handcar, so he invited Uncle Ed to ride it with him all the way from West Aurora to Eldon, and . . ."

"Three mile," put in Nelle's mother, with a wide smile.

". . . and just before he climbed on the handcar Uncle Ed got down on his knees, and then we all fell to *our* knees on the depot platform, and ever'body prayed for a safe journey. Three mile, it was, up to Eldon."

There is significance in this little story, though try as I will I am unable to locate it. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

Smain

ON JANUARY 31, 1967, Los Angeles newspapers headlined a newly-coined word to define the clotted weather that had permeated Southern California on January 30. The word was *smain*. I knew what it meant because I had driven through miles of smain on the way down from San Francisco.

Smain, the papers explained, admixes smog with rain. *Smog*, the papers reminded their afflicted readers, had been created, verbally and atmospherically, by combining man-made smoke with natural fog.

For years, weather folklorists believed rain would cleanse, rinse, or dissemble smog. Then, before 1967 was one full month old, a heavy rain had failed to wash the smog out of the Los Angeles air. The rain had merely soaked the smog into smain.

As man and nature continue to compound new weather phenomena, new words may have to be invented, coined, or constructed to define the conditions.

If *smain*, why not *smight*, too? Areas may be struck with *smight* and *smain*. *Smight* is night smog.

Other words that come to mind immediately as possible definitives in the future are:

SMEET: smog and sleet.
SMAIL: smog and hail.
SMUNDER: smog and thunder.
SMOW: smog and snow. *Snog?*
POW: pollutants and wind. *Wip?*
HEHUM: heat and humidity.
WHA: wind and humidity and acrid odors.

After *smain*, nothing is improbable. For as smain goes, so goes the nation.

—DAVID STEINBERG.

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Chess Corner—No. 115

THE big asset in the technique of the United States chess champion, Bobby Fischer of Brooklyn, is his coolness in complexity. He is best when most of the pieces are cluttered in a maze, presenting a plethora of variations theoretically too involved for solution under time-control.

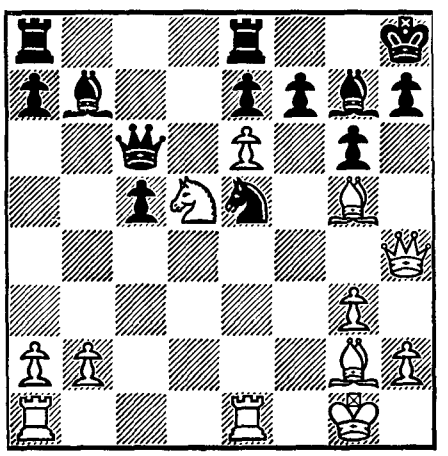
Characteristic of Fischer's style is the Blumenfeld Counter Gambit, from the last Olympiad in Havana, 1966, S. Johannessen of Norway vs. Fischer. Most of the commentators agreed that the Norwegian's position was superior until he played 19 P-K5. Though intrinsically good, the move should have been preceded by 19 QR-Q1.

In the diagrammed position, after 22 . . . N-K4, quite a few post-mortem analysts asserted that White could have prevailed—and they unfolded reams of notes to show how.

Be that as it may, Fischer knew that post-mortem decisions never garnered points. When White played 23 RxN, Fischer saw to it that the sacrifice failed. And, after 26 . . . RxN, White did not jeopardize any chances by resigning.

BLUMENFELD COUNTER GAMBIT

Johannessen White		Fischer Black		Johannessen White		Fischer Black	
1	P-Q4	N-KB3		12	Q-R4	Q-B1	
2	N-KB3	P-B4		13	N-R5	N-N3	
3	P-Q5	P-QN4		14	Q-R4	R-K1	
4	P-B4	B-N2		15	B-N5	Q-B2	
5	P-KN3	P-N3		16	N-B6	B-N2	
6	B-N2	PxP		17	P-K4	N/N-Q2	
7	N-B3	B-N2		18	P-B4	K-R1	
8	O-O	O-O		19	P-K5	PxP	
9	N-K5	P-Q3		20	PxP	NxQP	
10	NxQBP	QN-Q2		21	NxN	QxN	
11	R-K1	B-QR3		22	P-K6	N-K4	



23	RxN	BxR	26	N-B4 RxN
24	PxP	R-KB1		Resigns
25	P-KR3	RxP		

—AL HOROWITZ.

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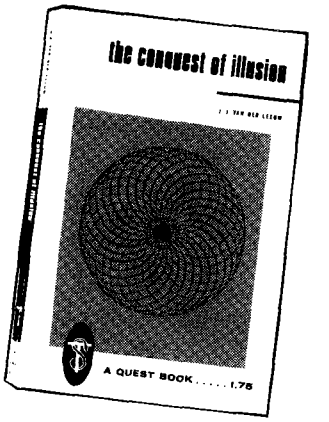

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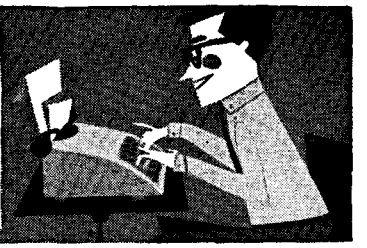

News to Sleep By

VICE PRESIDENT Hubert Humphrey has complained about the bad image America is getting around the world. It's because of our newspapers and the television newscasts.

"Every day, bombs dropping, riots," remonstrated Mr. Humphrey in a speech in Atlanta, Georgia. "You know why?" he asked. "Because that is what some people think is news," he answered.

That was the week the Vice President, who was the key figure in getting the Civil Rights Act of 1964 passed, visited Governor Lester Maddox, who was the key figure in using axe handles to keep Negroes from being served in a restaurant he owned.

"The Democratic party," said Mr. Humphrey while posing for a photo with his arm around Governor Maddox, "is like a big house. There is plenty of room for all of us."

A week later the news media quoted a statement by Mr. Maddox. He said that if the Johnson-Humphrey Administration didn't come up with some changes in the 1968 Democratic platform he could not vote the Democratic ticket. Suddenly Mr. Humphrey was homeless.

This is the sort of disquieting news that keeps Mr. Humphrey awake nights. And not only Mr. Humphrey. All America. It's not Johnny Carson or Joey Bishop or the late movies. It's the 11 o'clock news, the last thing we hear before turning out the light. And nothing seems to lure the gentle sandman to sprinkle his magic grains of Tuinol for one and all.

It is obviously difficult to summon Morpheus by counting the number of our planes downed and the number of pilots missing. Or to count our number of killed as compared to the enemy's killed. Even though their number be higher.

This late-hour sensory overload of bad news is making morning zombies of us all and threatens to disrupt millions of man-hours of early-morning work in our vital industries. What shall it profit a country which boasts it gives us all the news if it results in some factory worker's loosening a screw in an automobile, or overlooking a propeller missing in a plane?

To bring back our needed hours of sleep I suggest we do away with our 11 o'clock newscasts in their present format. The 7 o'clock news, even though it is just as frightening, can be lived with. The mind has reeled, but the shock has been sufficiently dissipated before bedtime.

The new format would require the collaboration of the networks, a program in which Chet and David, and Walter and Eric would combine their talents to give us a lighter, more palatable, and restful account of the day's calamities:

CHET: Another Hollywood movie figure has entered the political picture. At a ceremony in the White House, Mrs. Lyndon Johnson designated Lassie, the famous collie, to head the anti-litter campaign. There was immediate reaction in both houses. A prominent Republican said last night: "Using Lassie as an anti-litter symbol is birth control at its most insidious." David.

DAVID: A squadron of planes from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk flew to the outskirts of Hanoi today and bombed a railroad yard and several munitions factories. Not only did all our planes return safely, but they came back with six more planes than they went out with. Defectors. Walter.

WALTER: The latest political poll indicates that Bobby Kennedy's appeal to our population has fallen from 60 per cent to 50 per cent. At the same time, however, the child population in the Senator's home has risen from nine to ten. For comment on another Congressional matter here is Eric Severeid. Eric.

ERIC: There is a continual and inexorable movement in both chambers of our nation's Legislative branch to equate peremptorily the case of Senator Thomas Dodd with that of Adam Clayton Powell. The Ethics Committees of the two houses voted censure for each. "But," said a Congressman who asked to remain anonymous, "Senator Dodd was only censured. Congressman Powell was given the added ignominy of loss of seniority. There you have it," he summed up, "in black and white." An unfortunate summing up. Anonymity granted. Goodnight, Walter.

"Goodnight, Eric. Goodnight, Chet. Goodnight, David. Goodnight, Chet."

And to all a good night's restful sleep.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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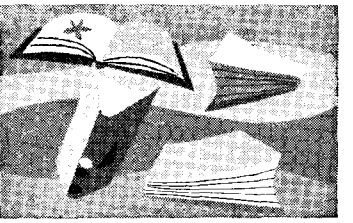
Trade Winds



The New York *World Journal Tribune* is three weeks dead. On the whole, the obituaries published on its demise were tepid. They regretted and deplored, in a genteel kind of way; said it was unfortunate the nation's largest city should be left with only three daily papers. They said it was too bad that Bertram Powers, head of the union whose demands basically were responsible for the folding of the *Herald Tribune* and the *Journal-American* and their merger with the *World-Telegram*, and whose further demands now are responsible for the disappearance of all three papers, had not been more understanding and reasonable. They said, in substance, that Mr. Powers had exhibited a lack of leadership responsibility.

More than 2,500 men and women who had regular work on the *World Journal Tribune* now are out of work. Only a comparative handful will find employment as steady and agreeable. Most of them, for a long period, will be sustained, on a lesser basis, by government subsidies. The truly great burden will fall to the wives, who, with heavier hearts, must continue to manage the homes, and more closely than ever scrutinize the inevitable household bills.

Indeed Mr. Powers has exhibited lack of leadership responsibility. Within the last few years he made it impossible for the New York *Mirror* to stay in business. Only about a year ago his strike shut down three of the New York newspapers for more than four months. Another strike included the Christmas holiday season on which newspapers so largely depend for their advertising revenue. In the end, he won practically all his points. Also, as a result, in a few years, he has killed four newspapers.

One might say that Mr. Powers still, if not sitting pretty, nevertheless is sitting. In his regular office, at his regular desk, no doubt drawing his regular pay. It won't matter to him that four papers that, among other things, once reported on news of the book world, are indecently buried in the growing journalistic graveyard. It will matter most to the publishers of books, and to the people who write them and who read them.

Where, one may wonder, does leadership responsibility end and *followership* responsibility begin? At what juncture does the dues-paying membership of a union begin to assert *its* sentiments, *its* rights—including the right to be informed, to have *been* informed that the closing of the *World Journal Tribune* was imminent and likely if unreasonable restrictions on the introduction of automation, and demands for still higher wages, were not relaxed?

At the end, it was a weasel statement that Mr. Powers made. If only the newspaper had made its financial plight clear, he said, he would have been happy to offer assistance. Of all the excuses for failure I've ever heard, that undoubtedly is the most shameful and shameless, for Mr. Powers well knew that the *World Journal Tribune* was losing at the rate of some $8,000,000 a year.

I remember, in 1964, having lunch with John Hay Whitney, then owner of the *Herald Tribune*. I was in a position to know that Mr. Whitney was pouring millions of dollars into that losing venture. As a reader and advertiser, I wanted the paper to survive. As owner, so did Mr. Whitney. "New York must have this newspaper," he said on that occasion, "and there isn't anything I won't do, within reason and beyond reason, to keep it alive." When it gave up the ghost, Mr. Whitney wrote as honest and moving a statement as ever came from anybody.

So what do the 2,500 *additional* people who have lost their jobs do now? Other than recent "chapel meetings"—called by Mr. Powers on *company* time, which resulted in slow-downs and the consequent loss of advertising revenues—how many members attended other meetings? How many realized, or were given sufficient information by their leader to make them realize, that their employment was in jeopardy? How many of them would have left Mr. Powers to his own peculiar devices, and given him their full confidence?

I live in an apartment house that is twenty-four stories high. Not many days ago the elevators were posted with notices saying that, unless their union demands were met, the operators would strike. Those elevator operators, at least in my opinion, have been pathetically underpaid. Fortunately for everybody, the problems were settled, the strike averted. But regardless of the merits of the case, would it have been sane to leave thousands of families in the city without access to their homes, deprived of the needed services of physicians, without proper means of getting their children up and down and therefore to and from their schools? Regardless of

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the merits of their case, is it sensible, or senseless, for policemen and firemen and taxi drivers and subway motormen and airline pilots and garbage collectors and hospital nurses and telephone operators to leave the general public without their services? In a country like ours, where for all its faults most citizens are better off by far than anywhere else in the world, is there any logic to situations that deprive citizens of basic services, for *any* reason?

Only a fool would look askance at the existence of labor unions or be willing to deny their influence for good, not only for their members but for industry also. Is there no point, however, at which labor unions should be compelled to recognize the fundamental rights of others as well as their own? Is there no point in time when *compulsory* arbitration should become the law of the land, in every area that affects the unoffending public at large? Would labor not likely have *all* its reasonable demands met? Would not the general public *insist* that they be met?

PERHAPS the day is near when followership responsibility should be given a closer examination, by the followership. The weird and wild pronouncements of a Mike Quill did nothing but diminish respect for his kind of union direction, and I wondered often if any of his people were dismayed by his offensive public threats. The unyielding bargaining-table approach of a Bertram Powers can only raise questions among us, who still are in publishing, about the future of the printing business in general and the magazine and newspaper business in particular. All that the traffic will bear is not an untenable union philosophy. What is untenable is what the traffic *cannot* bear.

For the conclusion of this record, let me state that I am *for* unions. Where public service and convenience are concerned, I am *for* compulsory arbitration.

Well – farewell, *Herald Tribune*. Farewell, *Journal-American*. Farewell, *World-Telegram*. Farewell, *World Journal Tribune*. Hail, Mr. Powers.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1728)

MIRIAM A(LLEN) DE FORD:
THOMAS MOORE

Anacreon was a Greek Omar Khayyám without philosophy. It is amazing how well Thomas Moore, who began the translation as a college student and was only twenty-one when the *Odes* were published, takes on the *persona* of this ancient rake.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE HOCHMANN MINIATURES. By Robert L. Fish. New American Library. $4.50.

THE KILLING SEASON. By John Redgate. Trident. $4.95.

THE SEERSUCKER WHIPSAW. By Ross Thomas. Morrow. $4.95.

SILVERHILL. By Phyllis A. Whitney. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

FAMINE—1975!: America's Decision: Who Will Survive? By William and Paul Paddock. Little, Brown. $6.50.

HO CHI MINH ON REVOLUTION: Selected Writings, 1920-66. Edited by Bernard B. Fall. Praeger. $6.95.

LIKE A CONQUERED PROVINCE: The Moral Ambiguity of America. By Paul Goodman. Random House. $4.95.

SECOND CHANCE: The Triumph of Internationalism in America During World War II. By Robert A. Divine. Atheneum. $8.50.

TITO'S SEPARATE ROAD: America and Yugoslavia in World Politics. By John C. Campbell. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Essays

EQUALITY: Nomos IX. Edited by J. Roland Pennock and John W. Chapman. Atherton. $6.95.

THE SEARCH FOR A USABLE PAST: And Other Essays on Historiography. By Henry Steele Commager. Knopf. $6.95.

Fiction

AGAINST ENTROPY. By Michael Frayn. Viking. $4.95.

ANGEL LOVES NOBODY. By Richard Miles. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE APPLE IN THE DARK. By Clarice Lispector. Knopf. $5.95.

BREED OF GIANTS. By Joyce Stranger. Viking. $4.75.

THE EGG-SHAPED THING. By Christopher Hodder-Williams. Putnam. $4.95.

EREV. By Elya Schechtman. Crown. $4.50.

EUSTACE CHISHOLM AND THE WORKS. By James Purdy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

EXCLUDED FROM THE CEMETERY. By Peter Marshall. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.

THE GATE OF WORLDS. By Robert Silverberg. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

THE JOURNAL OF DAVID Q. LITTLE. By R. Daniel McMichael. Arlington House. $6.95.

KNIGHT'S LANDING. By Francine Pinckert. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

MOON IN THE PAIL. By Mordecai Schreiber. World. $4.95.

THE PLOT. By Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE RED TOWERS OF GRANADA. By Geoffrey Trease. Vanguard. $3.95.

SANCTUARY. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $4.95.

SNOW WHITE. By Donald Barthelme. Atheneum. $4.50.

UNDER TWO FLAGS. By Ouida. Stein & Day. $6.95. (New edition.)

History

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: July-September 1940. By Marcel Jullian. Orion. $6.50.

THE INVENTION OF THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES. By Roy F. Nichols. Macmillan. $8.95.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JUDAEAN STATE: A Political, Social and Religious History of the Second Commonwealth. By Solomon Zeitlin. Jewish Publication Society. $7.50.

THE SUNDERED CROSS: The Story of the Fourth Crusade. By Ernle Bradford. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

THE WEST INDIES AND THE GUIANAS. By D. A. G. Waddell. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

WITNESSES TO THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Edited by Roger Pethybridge. Citadel. $6.

Literary History, Criticism

COLERIDGE: The Work and the Relevance. By William Walsh. Barnes & Noble. $6.

HARVESTS OF CHANGE: American Literature 1865-1914. By Jay Martin. Prentice-Hall. $7.50.

PIRANDELLO. By Glauco Cambon. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THOMAS HARDY. By Irving Howe. Macmillan. $4.95.

Miscellany

THE FACE OF VIOLENCE: An Essay with a Play. By J. Bronowski. World. $4.75.

THE ILLUMINATED BOOK: Its History and Production. By David Diringer. Praeger. $35. (Revised edition.)

THE INDIANAPOLIS "500." By Jack C. Fox. World. $10.

THE MECHANICAL BRIDE: Folklore of Industrial Man. By Marshall McLuhan. Vanguard. $12.50. (Reissue.)

THE MIDDLE-AGE CRISIS. By Barbara Fried. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF MAE WEST. Edited by Joseph Weintraub. Putnam. $2.95.

Nature

THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL: Wilderness on the Doorstep. By Ann and Myron Sutton. Lippincott. $4.95.

FAREWELL TO TEXAS: A Vanishing Wilderness. By William O. Douglas. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

GRIZZLY COUNTRY. By Andy Russell. Knopf. $6.95.

HILL COUNTRY HARVEST. By Hal Borland. Lippincott. $5.95.

THE LIFE OF THE KANGAROO. By Stanley and Kay Breeden. Taplinger. $4.95.

Personal History

THE BARON OF ARIZONA. By E. H. Cookridge. John Day. $6.95.

THE CHURCHILLS: The Story of a Family. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Row. $8.95.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON. By Jim Bishop. Random House. $5.95.

THE DEVIL DRIVES: A Life of Sir Richard

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Burton. By Fawn M. Brodie. Norton. $6.95.

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS. By Piri Thomas. Knopf. $5.95.

KHRUSHCHEV. By Mark Frankland. Stein & Day. $6.95.

A LAMP FOR INDIA: The Story of Madame Pandit. By Robert Hardy Andrews. Prentice-Hall. $7.95.

MACY'S, GIMBELS, AND ME: How to Earn $90,000 a Year in Retail Advertising. By Bernice Fitz-Gibbon. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE PAGODA AND THE CROSS: The Life of Bishop Ford of Maryknoll. By John F. Donovan, M. M. Scribners. $5.95.

SOVIET LEADERS. Edited by George W. Simmonds. Crowell. $10.

Psychology, Sociology

CHILDREN OF CRISIS: A Study of Courage and Fear. By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $8.50.

COMING INTO EXISTENCE: The Struggle to Become an Individual. By Raymond Rogers. World. $4.95.

FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY. By Karen Horney, M.D. Norton. $5.95.

STUDIES IN ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Gerhard Adler. Putnam. $7.

Religion, Philosophy

BILLY GRAHAM: And Seven Who Were Saved. By Lewis W. Gillenson. Trident. $4.95.

THE BIOLOGY OF ULTIMATE CONCERN. By Theodosius Dobzhansky. New American Library. $5.

FROM PRIMITIVES TO ZEN: A Thematic Sourcebook on the History of Religions. By Mirea Eliade. Harper & Row. $8.

GAMBLING WITH TRUTH: An Essay on Induction and the Aims of Science. By Isaac Levi. Knopf. $7.95.

THE LIVING TRADITION. By Moses Hadas. New American Library. $6.50.

THE MIND OF INDIA. By William Gerber. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOSOPHY. By José Ortega y Gasset. Norton. $4.

THE SYMBOLISM OF EVIL. By Paul Ricoeur. Harper & Row. $8.50.

THIS DOUBLE THREAD. By Walter Starcke. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE WORLD OF THE PATRIARCHS. By Ignatius Hunt, O.S.B. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

YOU AND THE NEW MORALITY. By James A. Pike. Harper & Row. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45.

Travel, Adventure

THE AUSTRALIANS. By George Johnston and Robert B. Goodman. International Book Society. $18.50.

TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEASON: Roloff Beny in Canada. Edited by Milton Wilson. Viking. $25.

FIELD GUIDE TO DISEASE: A Handbook for World Travelers. By Berton Roueché. Little, Brown. $4.95.

A FIGHTING CHANCE. By John Ridgway and Chay Blyth. Lippincott. $4.95.

ONE CHILLY SIBERIAN MORNING. By Douglas Botting. Macmillan. $4.95.

A SWINGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON. By Piri Halasz. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Saturday Review
May 27, 1967

What Nature Reveals About Peacemaking

Just as cells have evolved into complex organisms, tribes have coalesced into larger units. Does this predestine an international — perhaps interplanetary — society?

By JOHN F. WHARTON

IF A STATESMAN wants to *dictate* peace terms, he seeks the advice of military-minded people. They are the ones who can best show him how to "break the will" of an enemy and obtain unconditional surrender. (The victors in our Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and two World Wars obtained unconditional surrender. They also made a pretty mess out of the dictated peace terms, but perhaps that is irrelevant here.) If a statesman wishes to *negotiate* a peace, he seeks the advice of people who understand more of the complexities of human behavior. A good starting point for the latter procedure would be a study of Wilfred Trotter's book, *Instinct of the Herd in Peace and War*. It was first issued in 1908, then revised in 1915; many of Trotter's speculations are still ahead of the times.

Trotter was an extraordinary man. He was no mere theorist. He was a great biologist and physician, and he was also adept at the practical problems of getting people to do what he wanted. He obtained the election of Sigmund Freud to corresponding membership in the Royal Society at a time when only a few Englishmen had ever heard of Freud. After their first meeting, Trotter didn't see Freud again for thirty years; when he did see him, it was in his capacity as England's greatest authority on cancer.

His book begins with the hypothesis that Mother Nature is a tireless experimenter with living forms; beginning with the simplest, she seeks to develop more and more complex forms. When life began on this planet it was in the form of a simple unicell, an organism driven entirely by the three instinctive drives of nutrition, self-preservation, and reproduction. There were just these three instincts, and, what is more, the organism's reaction to them was invariable. Nature soon found these unicells lacking in interesting possibilities and evolved the multicellular organism.

We do not know *how* Nature evolved the multicells out of the unicells; perhaps the latter split up without reproducing; more likely, as Trotter seems to assume, some force was evolved which physically held together the unicells. In any event, it is clear that such unicells began to live only *as part of* the more complex unit, and began to develop specialized functions, both as single cells and as groups of cells. A human being is probably the most incredible example of a multicellular whole, embodying operative single cells and groups of cells in his brain, nervous system, muscles, bloodstream, glands, etc.

It also seems clear that some unicells fought and successfully resisted the evolutionary drive for combination, and were kept by Nature for possible further experimentation with simple forms. We have many single-cell germs which are actual enemies of the multicells. A simple illustration is found in the infiltration of harmful bacteria in our bloodstream. These are attacked by the phagocytes in our defense; but if the phagoctyes fail, death can follow. In a sense, therefore, a human body at such a time can be looked on as being the subject of a war within its boundaries.

The multicell has, however, far greater potentialities for action (for good or evil, be it remembered) than the unicell. There are more instinctive drives—curiosity is a good example; all the higher animals have it. Moreover, the reactions to the instincts are far more varied: Martyrs deny self-preservation, ascetics deny sex, fanatics abstain from food. So much is this the case that many arguments have arisen over the meaning of "instinct." Is there really such a thing? If there is, is it ineradicable, etc.? Trotter holds these arguments unimportant to his thesis; he would use "instinct," or "reflex action," or "inner drive"—any term to describe a force to which living organisms react in one way or another, noting that the *vast majority* react in much the *same way*. He settled on "instinct" as the most easily understood term.

USING the multicellular organism, Nature evolved forms as varied as the spider and the dinosaur, the inchworm, and the human being. Within these forms a specialization of cells developed which is beyond comprehension: the chromosomes, which determine sex; the organs which have no purpose but reproduction, and hence must be nurtured by the rest of the body— the specializations are infinite and awe-inspiring. Evolution along these lines may still be going on; the cortex may be evolving into a finer and finer instrument; we do not know.

Be that as it may, Trotter believed that *another form* of evolution was surely going on; something planned by Nature thousands of years ago. Somewhere along the line, Nature injected into some, not all, animals an extremely powerful instinct which Trotter calls gregariousness. Gregariousness is the irresistible desire to become a member of a group, and to *live only as* a member of a group, much as the cells of our bodies live only as part of us. The result was a new evolutionary unit consisting of individual multicellular organisms held together, not by a physical force, but by the abstract force of the instinct of gregariousness. Some animals, such as the

John F. Wharton is a prominent New York attorney who has written frequently for SR. He is now working on his autobiography.

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tiger and cat, have no sign of it, but those that have it—wolves, sheep, bees, cattle, certain birds—to a great extent live only as part of the evolutionary unit consisting of the pack, the flock, the swarm, the herd. As such parts they may show variety, just as the cells of the body do, but take away the pack, flock, or swarm and the individual will usually wither away and die.

Human beings are intensely gregarious, so much so that with humans Nature can carry the experiment up another notch. When a group of human beings coalesce into a social unit—for which Trotter uses the term "herd"—Nature goes further and seeks to coalesce the small herds into a larger herd. So the tribe becomes the clan, the clan the county, and the county the nation, which is the largest evolutionary unit in existence today. Tomorrow? We shall see.

Before looking at tomorrow, let us reconsider today.

Trotter points out that gregarious units take three main forms: the aggressive form of the wolf pack, an enormously unmoral, efficient fighting unit; the defensive form of a flock of sheep, where the members warn one another, often vainly, of danger; the social unit, carried to the nth degree by a swarm of honeybees. Human beings show all three forms in shifting variations. When they have a working social unit, they have ethics, morality, a yearning for a better life and world. But they can suddenly become subject to panic and act like sheep, or, at the other end, become more vicious than any pack of wolves.

There are, however, certain characteristics that seem to appear in all phases, and which explain (in part at least) some unique qualities of human behavior.

1) Human beings are intolerant and fearful of solitude, physical or mental. And while the presence of, and agreement with, the herd can solace physical loneliness, it cannot *fully* satisfy the mental side. Man, therefore, says Trotter, "reaches out toward some larger existence than his own, some encompassing being in whom his perplexities may find a solution and his longings peace." This is what we call religious feeling, and therefore religion is a characteristic inherent in the very structure of the human mind; a matter of true dignity and tremendous importance, which must always be kept in mind. Scientists who scorn it are being unscientific. Attempts to make man give up this feeling are doomed to failure.

2) Most men and women are more sensitive to the voice of the herd than to any other influence. They fear to go against it and they revel in its approval. Because of this fear, there is great hesitation in putting forward new ideas; moreover, an attack on proposed change usually meets with approval. Hence, change usually comes slowly. However, when a man (such as Hitler) emerges who can really manipulate the voice of the herd, he can speedily lead people wheresoever he wishes.

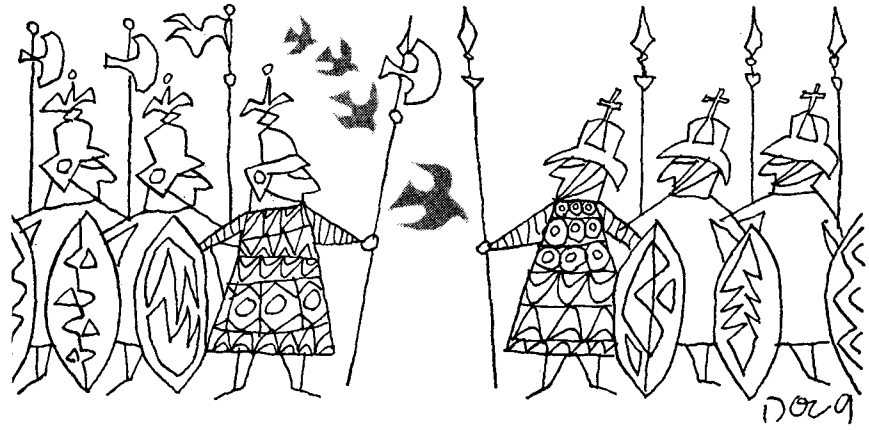
3) Gregarious man is remarkably susceptible to leadership, but the qualities which enable a man to become a powerful leader do not necessarily make him a wise one. The ability to appeal to the herd's emotions, however *irrationally*, is what makes a leader. Hence, we continually find second- and third-rate persons in positions of power.

4) It is of extreme importance to man's relations with his fellows that there be recognition of him as a member of the herd. Trotter suggests, somewhat sardonically, that the need of herd members to recognize one another was one of the conditions that favored the development of articulate speech. Animals use the olfactory sense; humans needed some other means. Conversation is this means. Much as we may like to think of conversation as the exchange of new ideas and information, most of it is exchange of ideas common to both speakers *and known to be so*. Trotter writes:

> The process, however, is nonetheless satisfactory to them for this. The interchange of the conventional lead and return is obviously very far from being tedious or meaningless to the interlocutors. They can, however, have derived nothing from it but the confirmation to one another of their sympathy and of the class or classes to which they belong.

The foregoing propositions may sound exaggerated, but a little reflection will show that we accept them in matters of practical living. We expect a man employed by a great corporation to develop immediately a loyalty to it. We expect a man, when the voice of the herd is loud enough, to march off to war, develop the character of the wolf-pack, even (as was particularly true in World War I) to march into machine-gun fire unflinchingly. We expect people to be susceptible to leadership; government and all organized living would be impossible otherwise. From a pragmatic point of view, therefore, Trotter's propositions are unanswerable.

It is readily apparent that gregariousness *alone* does not necessarily make for an *enlarging* social unit, nor, in the case of human beings, for a stable unit. Nature, therefore, added one very special characteristic to the human gregari-



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ous mind. Nature gave man the capacity to assimilate the interests of another individual to a point of allowing him almost to partake in one's own personality, to see his problems as one's own. This capacity is called altruism, and it is a normal and necessary development of gregariousness; the stability of the herd depends largely on it. It has grown up side by side with man's qualities of ruthlessness and destruction; despite contempt poured out on it, it has increasingly come to be recognized as the supreme ethical or moral law. The development of altruism, therefore, is one of the essential steps to a better and more peaceful world.

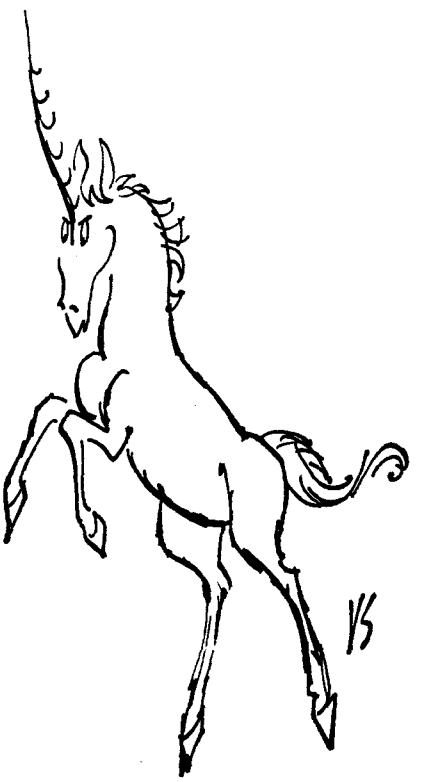
What develops altruism? Trotter's answer is "intercommunication." The extent to which one person can assimilate the interests of another depends on the extent of the intercommunication between the two. As the extent lessens, so does interest fade. "A man has, by and large, more interest in his family than in fellow-townsmen, more in fellow-townsmen than in mere inhabitants of the same country, with an Englishman as against a European, with a European as against an Asiatic, and so on until a limit is reached beyond which all human interest is lost." Today there is such wide intercommunication that, despite its feebleness at the periphery, many people have come to have a vague feeling of being responsibly concerned with *all* human affairs, and they therefore have an even vaguer sense of international justice, all of which makes it impossible for them to regard other human beings as fit objects of massacre *simply because* the voice of the herd declares this to be so. These people are, of course, in a minority today; the majority still are subject to the panic of the protective herd and equally ready to be turned into the human wolf pack, prepared only to kill and destroy "the enemy."

This majority clearly represents today the most important voice of the herd, and it does not hesitate to heap scorn and contumely on the minority, dubbing them pacifists, sentimentalists, cranks and crackpots, one-world do-gooders. This should not mislead anyone; most of man's grossest abuses were attacked first by cranks; legalized torture and slavery were abolished as a result of their efforts. (Incidentally, *large-scale* torture is still acceptable to many Americans. Even our most avid hawks would recoil from the suggestion of beating and maiming children to force their parents into taking some course of action, but they unhesitatingly call for indiscriminate widespread bombing in order to force the North Vietnamese leaders to come to a "peace conference.") Trotter argues that altruism *must* spring from a powerful instinctive drive, because nothing short of that could make an idealist risk the shocking treatment so frequently experienced by the reformer during his life.

ALL of these propositions have a bearing on the practical problems of the negotiator. They make it clear that his greatest needs are the ability to intercommunicate with the opposition and to manipulate the voice of the herd which he represents. The former quality is difficult to find; the means of accomplishing the latter remain largely a secret. We do know, however, that rational arguments are seldom the best; irrational appeals to emotion are much more effective.

Today Ho Chi Minh talks about peace in Vietnam in terms of the "Geneva Accord." Most Americans desire an "honorable peace," and seemingly define the phrase to mean a peace that does not cause us to "lose face" in Asia. It is a mistake to try to change such a viewpoint by a rational argument such as pointing out that France lost its entire face at Dien Bien Phu and ten years later became the most powerful Continental country. But an irrational argument might be effective.

When General Eisenhower was a Presidential candidate, he declared that, if elected, he would go to Korea to end the war. Obviously, this was not a rational argument; such a trip could not affect the issues. But he did go, and thereafter the people were ready to follow his lead and accept his peace proposals—which, by the way, are almost universally forgotten today by our people. Someone has suggested that we should announce that we have won the war, because we have now established satisfactory bases in Thailand; hence, we can withdraw from Vietnam. Obviously, I do *not* advocate this, but sillier slogans have been accepted by the herd when skillfully put before them.



So much for today. Let us return briefly to Trotter's vision of tomorrow.

He predicted two possible fates for man: 1) Man might be deemed a complete failure and be swept off Nature's worktable to make room for another of her experiments; the discovery of atomic bombs reinforces this possibility; 2) there may evolve one world-wide evolutionary unit, in which there shall be perfect intercommunication between all the members. Such a unit will not be Utopia; the sub-units will still quarrel and fight, but these fights will be recognized as *diseases,* not glorious combats, just as lynchings and mob violence are recognized as diseases of the body politic, and just as infections are diseases of the human body. And when this new unit —almost a new creature—acts for good, then, declares Trotter, "to its million minded power and knowledge, no barrier will be insurmountable, no gulf impassable, no task too great."

Trotter did not live to see the formation of the United Nations, which surely augurs the possibility of such a unit. Nor, of course, did he see space travel, which augurs that even the one-world unit is not the end; Nature seems to be preparing for an interplanetary unit. But if we let our imagination go any distance with Trotter, we suddenly see the world today in a startling light.

We are witnessing the climactic struggles of an experiment by Nature which began before recorded history—the experiment with gregarious man; can he evolve the one-world herd, or will some herds defeat the experiment, just as some bacteria defeated the multicell, and the tiger and cat defeated the concept of the gregarious herd? Will it be defeated by an atomic holocaust? To most people, human evolution has always been deemed too slow a process to be observable. But in this issue, we can, in our own lifetime, see the development going on. We *may see* the final result.

In the light of such a struggle the questions of Geneva Accords and "losing face" fade rapidly to minor issues. Johnson, Rusk, McNamara, and Ho and Mao all appear as spokesmen for little organisms seeking to stay out of the development which Nature seeks as her grandest experiment to date. We see the world as a common humanity in which the struggles of little men clinging to little dreams of sovereignty reduce to what they are. In that light, perhaps we can hope that if altruism is still too weak to serve the cause of a better world, humility may be a temporary substitute.

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NOISE POLLUTION: A GROWING MENACE

By MILLICENT BROWER

PROGRESS is being made in the fight against air and water pollution, but a third jeopardy—noise pollution—has only recently begun to gain attention. The ever increasing and unchecked din that envelops all of us has escalated to a roar; a noise-harried public is beginning to ask what can be done.

Noise is no longer merely an annoyance. It is expensive. Hearing loss resulting from exposure to excessive noise has long been a concern of industry, where claims made by workers now mount to $2,000,000 annually. Noise-induced hearing loss is a recognized occupational hazard with boiler-makers, riveters, pilots, aircraft maintenance workers, and men exposed to gunfire. Experiments have been made in reducing sound in previously noisy offices and shops; results are inconclusive, but there seems to be a relationship between a quieter atmosphere and greater productivity, as well as less absenteeism.

Writers long have been among those most affected by noise. Schopenhauer railed against the noise of coachmen's whips; Marcel Proust worked in a soundproof studio. Playwright Peter Weiss, bothered by traffic noises in the street below his Stockholm apartment, rented a quieter studio for writing. In Israel, the government has erected a sign near the home of Nobel Prize winner S. Y. Agnon: QUIET. AGNON IS WRITING.

But the greatest tragedy is the adverse effect of noise on health. In the United States alone, 11,000,000 adults and 3,000,000 children suffer some form of hearing loss. Noise is not typically associated with one of the two main types of hearing loss—conductive deafness, in which something interferes with the conduction of sound to the auditory nerve. But a certain proportion of cases of the second type of deafness—nerve deafness—are clearly related to exposure to excessive noise. The loud noises damage the hearing mechanism to a point where the sensory nerve function is depressed. Hearing loss results, and in all probability the changes are irreversible.

Presbycusis, which is hearing loss accompanying old age, is common in civilized countries, and recent studies show that presbycusis apparently occurs to a greater degree in noisy environments. Because the hearing loss usually begins in the higher frequency sound ranges, beyond the range which is critical for speech discrimination, it often goes undetected until it progresses into those areas affecting understanding of speech.

Two physicians, Dr. John D. Dougherty of the Harvard School of Public Health and Dr. Oliver I. Welsh, chief of the Audiology Unit of the Veterans Administration Outpatient Clinic in Boston, made a study of loss of hearing in the high frequencies. Their report was published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. In the process of hearing, they explained, sound waves are transmitted to the inner ear's cochlea, a shell-like chamber which is lined with hairlike sensors. High-frequency sounds are analyzed by the ear at the front of this chamber, while the low-frequency sounds are dealt with all along the path of the inner cochlea. Consequently, there is persistent wear in that one small area where the high-frequency sounds impinge; this area wears out first. The two physicians also noted marked tissue changes in the hair cells during noise exposure. According to Dr. Dougherty, "the hair cells regenerate themselves after noise exposure; but after long-term exposure, it is entirely likely that they will wear out altogether."

Dr. Dougherty has noted increasing deafness in the general population. "There is incriminating evidence that community noise levels are causing hearing loss," he says. Even the average kitchen is guilty, he believes: the whirring and whining of kitchen machines is too loud for comfort and health. Also on Dr. Dougherty's guilty list in the rising decibel count are autos, trucks, buses, subways, power lawn mowers, and outboard motors. Sirens and police whistles, too, are dangerous to hearing, he asserts, because they affect the sensitive high-frequency range.

As yet, Drs. Dougherty and Welsh point out, individual hearing loss in noisy environments cannot be predicted, although it is known that some ears are more prone to hearing loss than others. Certain decibel levels, however, have been generally recognized as a threat to hearing. Long-term exposure to decibel readings over 80 is known to cause hearing loss. Temporary deafness can be caused by short exposure to levels between 100 and 125. Listening is painful between 125 and 140. Beyond that, at 150, the ear can be damaged enough to

"Can't you stop saying 'Scout's honor?' You're 52 years old!"

Millicent Brower is a fiction writer, actress, and journalist who lives in New York City.

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cause permanent hearing loss even with short exposures. "Acoustic trauma," also mentioned in the doctors' research, is loss of hearing resulting from a sudden burst of noise, such as gunfire, or a firecracker going off near the ear. Hearing acuity diminishes; the loss may be temporary or permanent. Skeet shooters, gunnery instructors, soldiers exposed to gunfire—all have a high incidence of permanent hearing loss. Doctors advise persons who must spend a considerable portion of their time in noisy environments to wear ear protectors. Dr. Dougherty goes even further: He advises limiting the amount of time spent in noisy surroundings. In his opinion, it's all right to put the wash in the machine, but don't sit there listening to it get clean.

A dedicated foe of noise, and a man who terms noise "one of our most severe health hazards," is Dr. Samuel Rosen, consulting ear surgeon at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. In an effort to determine the effects of noise on man, Dr. Rosen studied the Mabaans, a tribe in the Sudan, where the noise levels are extremely low. The Mabaans are a peaceful people, living in the stage of development of the late Stone Age. Undisturbed by civilization until 1956, the Mabaans use neither guns nor drums. The loudest noises they might hear are a neighbor's beating a palm frond with a stick, the roar of a wild animal, thunder, and their own shouting and singing at festivals, which occur only a few times a year.

Dr. Rosen found the Mabaans to be generally healthy; there is no obesity, and little incidence of caries. When they do get sick, they get malaria, dysentery, pneumonia, pulmonary tuberculosis, yellow fever. Venereal disease is minimal. There are the usual childhood diseases. All illnesses are still treated by the local witch doctor. In the Mabaan culture there is a total lack of hypertension, coronary thrombosis, ulcerative colitis, acute appendicitis, duodenal ulcer, and bronchial asthma—ailments common in Western civilization.

AUDIOGRAMS and electrocardiograms, blood pressure and blood chemistry tests were given to 541 Mabaans, aged ten to ninety. The first important discovery Dr. Rosen made was that the ten-year-old and the ninety-year-old Mabaans have exactly the same blood-pressure levels; the blood pressure of the Mabaans remains unelevated throughout life. The tests also showed normal cardiograms and low cholesterol levels. In Americans considered normally healthy, blood pressure levels increase progressively with age, especially after forty. Another finding was that the systolic blood pressure of the Mabaan men is consistently lower than that of the women; here the pressure is higher in men up to age forty-five, after which the pressure of women exceeds that of the men. The second important discovery Dr. Rosen made was that the Mabaans suffer very little hearing loss in the high frequencies with advancing age. The hearing of the elderly Mabaans was far superior to older people in civilized countries; and the Mabaans had superior hearing to any other group of humans ever tested.

In still other tests on the Mabaans, Dr. Rosen studied the effects of noise on blood circulation. Previous tests had been made at the Max Planck Institute in Dortmund, Germany. Loud noises in the 95 to 110 decibel range were played to volunteers whose fingers had been wired to record the reaction of the arterioles. The loud noises caused definite constriction of the tiny blood vessels.

The Mabaans were similarly tested during a five-minute period of a loud noise. Vasoconstriction occurred; in some cases, it lasted for twenty-five minutes after the noise ceased. The constriction of the blood vessels resulted in a diminishing of cardiac output; a compensatory effect was bradycardia, in which the heart slows down to gain momentum for a big push of blood through the system. Another change noted: The pupil of the eye greatly dilates during a loud noise burst.

Comments Dr. Rosen: "Every time a person hears a loud noise, the precapillary blood vessels constrict. With prolonged noise exposure, whether intermittent or continuous, the contraction goes on along with the noise. But this contraction may continue after the noise stops and may become permanent. This contraction alters the supply of blood throughout the system; less blood goes to the nerve of hearing; this malnutrition causes hearing loss. It is possible that such continuous noise could ultimately cause elevation of the blood pressure."

Dr. Rosen also finds a relationship between the constriction caused by noise and cardiovascular illness. The United States, he reminds us, has the highest incidence of arteriosclerotic heart disease in the world. "Noise is a factor," Doctor Rosen believes. "There are many other causes. Studies made all over the world indicate that high blood pressure, excessive smoking, overweight, high cholesterol levels, and high-fat diet favor the development of arteriosclerotic heart disease."

Dr. Howard Bogard, who is chief psychologist at the Queens Hospital Center, told a New York State hearing on jet noise of several ways in which noise can seriously affect mental well-being: "A person who is under personal stress and who is subjected to a barrage of noise will be further aggravated by the noise; his ability to cope with his personal problem will be lessened. The noise could trigger this person into a neurosis. Without the noise, he might be able to deal adequately with his problem. . . ."

Dr. Bogard characterizes noise as "an intruder . . . the uninvited guest at the party. Noise is disturbing; it interferes with concentration and communication; it disrupts rest and sleep. When a person hears an unwanted noise, the person has a massive feeling of impotence and frustration. He thinks, what can I do? About many things, he can do something. About an unwanted noise, he cannot. . . . Loud, unwanted noises push everything in your consciousness out. The noise takes prominence over everything else. You cannot study and concentrate when there are distractions. Intermittent noises cause intermittent distractions. It is certainly not neurotic to dislike noise."

Why aren't we more conscious of such insidious effects of noise?

European countries have already recognized noise as an environmental pollutant. England prepared an exhaustive report on noise and has adopted a national noise reduction code; noise abatement laws are also in effect in France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Moscow bans horn-blowing, and General de Gaulle, on the New Year, outlawed transistor radios in public places in all of France. To date, however, noise abatement programs have been limited in this country. But in scattered areas there are signs of an awakening.

On the national level, Congressman Theodore R. Kupferman has made a

SOUND-PRESSURE levels are measured in decibels, named after Alexander Graham Bell. For long-term exposure to any sound of 85 decibels or above, the U.S. Air Force recommends use of ear protectors to prevent hearing loss. Here are decibel readings for various sounds:

10—Breathing.
20—Whisper.
40-50—Low street noise.
60-70—Conversation.
81—Rush-hour traffic outside Grand Central Station, New York City.
93—Food blender.
94—Pneumatic jackhammer.
99—Auto in tunnel.
104—New York subway train rounding curve.
107—Loud power mower.
111—Loud motorcycle.
117—Jet airplane passenger ramp.
130—Machine gun.
150—Jet plane at takeoff.
175—Jet rocket launching.

—M.B.

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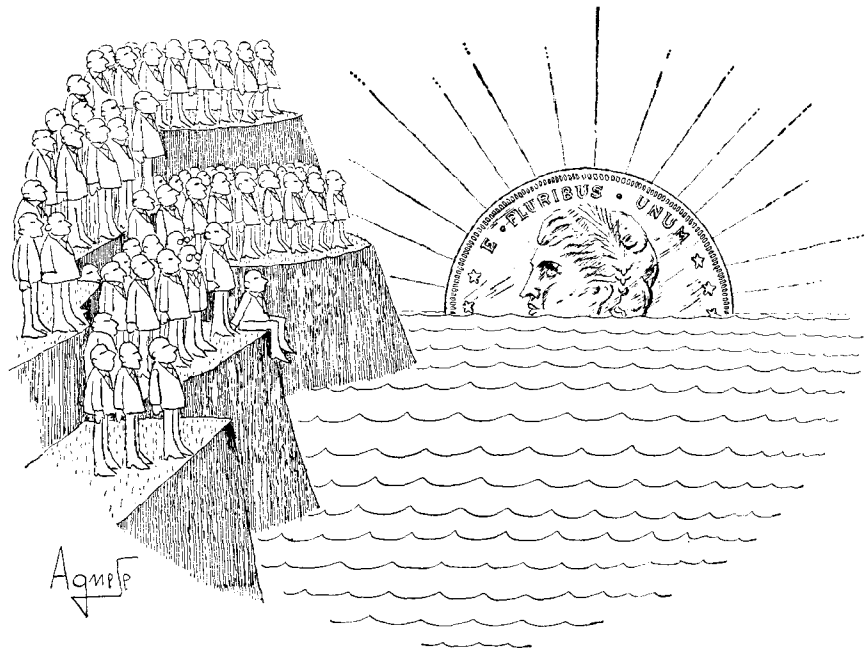
forward move in national noise reduction by introducing a bill, H. R. 14602, that would establish an Office of Noise Control within the Office of the Surgeon General. The bill would allocate funds for control, prevention, and abatement of noise, and for research.

In New York City, Councilman Robert A. Low has introduced resolutions in the City Council calling for the banning of transistor radios in public places, and for hearings on noise. New York City already has drawn up a building code that regulates noise in new apartment dwellings. The code, not yet approved by the City Council, calls for the reduction of airborne noises traveling from one apartment to another through wall partitions or floors or coming from a public hallway; for the quieting of machinery such as central air conditioning; and for limitations on noises transmitted through ventilators, shafts, ducts, and outlets, as well as noises emanating from a neighboring building. The new code has its limitations, but it is hoped that it will reduce the amount of acoustical garbage seeping from one apartment to another.

Mayor John Lindsay, strongly determined to do something about noise, established a Task Force on Noise Control several months ago. The Task Force currently is preparing recommendations for the Mayor. Already it has made one substantial change: The police, after a meeting with the Task Force, agreed to discontinue using a new "banshee" siren which has a very irritating pulsating sound. The noise not only bothered the public but also proved ineffective—drivers did not know from which direction the sound was coming. In Task Force discussions it has been suggested that the ultimate solution to the siren problem might be an electronic signal device in each car which would light up to warn the driver of the approach of an emergency vehicle. Besides doing away with the nuisance of sirens, the device might also cut down on the high accident rate of emergency vehicles.

"This city has an obligation to protect its citizens against all forms of violence, including assault by decibels," says the Mayor. "In a modern industrial civilization, I suppose we have to be prepared to tolerate some increase in the sound level, but I see no reason why this city or its people should have to put up with battering, shattering noises."

Trucks on tollways and public highways are limited by New York State Law to a decibel count of 88. This law is enforced along the Thomas E. Dewey Thruway at Larchmont by state police who are stationed at toll booths and use a hand decibel meter. Truck noise has been reduced, and fleet owners are quieting their own trucks. Acoustic experts recommend that truck noise be federally regulated because of heavy interstate traffic. Neither the truck law nor the new building code is tough; but these codes point the way. In time, the decibel count for trucks will be lowered and the building code will be made more stringent.



AIRCRAFT noise remains a big problem. Last year a Presidential panel suggested that perhaps the Federal Aviation Agency should be given the authority to set maximum noise levels allowable for aircraft. This seemed like a good idea until the FAA recommended setting a level of 105 perceived noise decibels for a jet plane three miles from takeoff—a level which would interfere with normal activities such as conversation and phoning. The very active town of Hempstead, Long Island, and residents around Kennedy and LaGuardia fields have taken a firm stand against FAA authorization of such a high noise level and have suggested 85 PNdb. as acceptable.

Recently, jet aircraft engines have been developed that generate less noise, although they are not yet in use. These new quieter jets will cost money; if the public wants quiet in the skies, it must exert pressure on the aircraft industry and the government to get it.

Another area where relief from noise is urgently needed is in construction. A quieter pile driver has already been invented; and similar less noisy equipment could be developed. Silencers and adequate mufflers could be attached to present equipment, or it could be isolated or enclosed. Another look should be taken at laws such as one which allows unlimited construction noises between 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. in New York City and elsewhere. Why should millions of people be awakened by drills and jackhammers at 7 a.m.?

Echoing in our noise future, too, is the sonic boom, that double thunderclap that creates a fifty- to eighty-mile noise carpet beneath the supersonic jet. The boom breaks windows, cracks plaster, and causes what doctors term a "startle" reaction in humans.

In the opinion of Dr. Dougherty and others, we must begin to act on such problems now, and opinion leaders such as the press must help. News media, for example, could rate every consumer machine, whether an automobile or a home machine, not only on its style and efficiency but on its quietness. Community planners could carefully place noise-producing businesses away from residential and highly populated areas. In line with this view, residents of midtown Manhattan who live adjacent to the Pan Am Heliport have asked for removal of the site to a nonresidential East River location and for routing of copters over the waterways. To further mitigate noises in communities, Dr. Dougherty urges that citizens attempt to have legislation passed that will limit the amount of sound generated by a horn, motor vehicle, or any noise-producing machine. Limits in the subways should be set for the levels of noise inside the cars, as well as outside.

Machines are getting bigger, and power is getting more powerful. In urban areas, the noise level rises one decibel each year. According to the logarithmic ratio of progression, that means that in ten years New York City and other cities will be twice as noisy as now.

Are you prepared for that?

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Saturday Review

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Visit to Tuscaloosa

A DECADE ago, the University of Alabama was in the nation's headlines when Mrs. Autherine Juanita Lucy, a Negro, attempted to test her right to secure an education at a public university, as sanctioned by the U.S. Supreme Court. The news stories at the time told of severe resistance by white students and even faculty members.

Today, more than 300 Negro students are enrolled at the University of Alabama and more are being trained and recruited under a program set up by President Frank A. Rose, who came to the university in 1958. (Already, Negro enrollment at the U. of A. is greater than that of many Northern universities, Columbia and Harvard included.) What is even more significant, perhaps, is that thirty-five university students are currently participating in the tutorial program for helping Negroes to upgrade their high school studies. U. of A. students were also among the nation's first to apply for a federal grant to participate, along with other community agencies, in "Head Start" centers in the Tuscaloosa area.

This is not to say that the campus of the University of Alabama is totally without agitation or excitement. When I visited the campus recently, students were collecting signatures for a mass petition demanding freedom from censorship. Contrary to the usual situation, this petition was in support of the college administration; in particular, of President Rose's stand upholding the right of the students to publish their periodicals without faculty censorship.

What had happened was that *Emphasis '67*, a student publication, contained an article by Bettina Aptheker severely critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Another article was by Stokely Carmichael, articulate and volatile exponent of the "black power" concept.

Inevitably, perhaps, *Emphasis* came to the attention of state legislators, who vigorously protested the use of state funds for dispensing what they termed alien doctrines. President Rose defended the right of the students to publish without administrative censorship. He reminded his critics that one of the most frequent and emphatic concerns expressed in recent years has been that individualism is on the decline. It was difficult to call on one hand for individual freedom and on the other to limit or prescribe its manifestations. The statement did not satisfy the legislators, who renewed the attack. It was at this point that the students demonstrated in support of the president, producing 3,000 names on a petition in short order. It wasn't necessary for Dr. Rose to confront the legislators with the petition. Enough support had meanwhile developed throughout the state, especially within the business community and the state legislature itself, to make a showdown unnecessary.

The fact of President Rose's victory was clear enough, but it was typical of the president's quiet style that he never claimed it or sought to press his advantage publicly. A large part of Frank Rose's effectiveness is the result of his ability to create and maintain a consensus. He enlarges the area of common sense just in the act of appealing to it. He gives strong support to educators and community leaders who recognize the need to pursue constructive policies in the field of race relations. In Tuscaloosa, where the influence of the university is naturally strong, public school integration is now virtually complete. A year ago, state officials sought to block integration in Tuscaloosa but failed. Despite all the thundering predictions, Tuscaloosa has been singularly free of chaos and calamity.

ALL this in a state whose Governor is Lurleen Wallace, wife of former Governor George C. Wallace. George Wallace is regarded as the nation's foremost exponent of segregationist policies. It would be a mistake, however, to believe that a public showdown between Frank Rose and the Wallaces is imminent or inevitable. President Rose has no need for confrontation and Governor Wallace apparently has no desire to precipitate the kind of cleavage within the state that would result from an open break with Dr. Rose. A unique situation exists at the University of Alabama under which its president is appointed by and is responsible to a self-perpetuating board of trustees. The Governor is a member of the board but has no direct authority over it. Dr. Rose, therefore, is substantially free of political interference, although, to be sure, attempts have been made to get his support for the Governor's policies. Governor Lurleen Wallace recently called on the state's educators to endorse her plan to expand the Governor's jurisdiction over public schools. Dr. Rose refused. President Rose also had a major part in blocking the attempt of the Alabama legislature to enact a law that would set up controls over outside speakers coming into the state. Again, student leaders and faculty rallied behind the president.

Frank Rose has no taste or flair for public dispute, but he has managed to hold his own—without polemics or fireworks. Over the years, the view the nation has had of the U. of A. has centered largely on its football team. In 1966, Alabama was again undefeated. However, like Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, Frank Rose has his eye on other distinctions. He is determined to make his university one of the finest centers of learning in the nation, serving as the state's most important resource. And the people of the state know it.

There has been demonstrable progress in moving toward this goal. Frank Rose gives credit to students and faculty and to the support of professional and business organizations in the state. He seeks the advice of student government lead-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Writers and the Universe

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in "Must Writers Hate the Universe?" [*SR*, May 6], decries movies, plays, novels, and poems devoted to "abnormal sexuality, violence, cruelty, or at least the nihilism of the absurd."

It seems to me, an average reader, that much of our so-called avant-garde literature possesses only the same morbid appeal as an old-fashioned freak show, and exerts just about as much influence upon mature thinking and behavior; having visited the freak show, we do not come away with any desire to be freaks.

CHARLES L. KOENIG.

Hudson, O.

THANK YOU for Mr. Krutch's article. Surely there is more to life than the sordid and the ugly. These we have always had and always will have, but do we need to wallow in them to be thought intelligent?

Those who need escape could do worse than read Peter Rabbit; though I dare say some artists will find a hidden maladjusted sexual angle in Mr. McGregor's garden.

MRS. EDWARD LEIBROCK.

Newport, Tenn.

A CORRELATIVE QUESTION is "Must Critics Hate the Universe?" For, while wholesome books appear regularly (see *SR* RECOMMENDS), critics choose to shower their encomiums on those with unwholesome themes. The extolling of them has become the shortest route to the limelight.

(Mrs.) RUTH SMOCK,
Associate Professor of English,
Montgomery Junior College.

Rockville-Takoma Park, Md.

ART HAS LOST its politeness because politeness leads mostly to hypocrisy. Horror now is the only mechanism remaining to the arts, the only emotion not yet hopelessly contaminated with the antimorality of technology.

FRED L. BOOKSTEIN.

Cambridge, Mass.

GALSWORTHY pointed out that the optimists, not the pessimists, are those who hate the universe, for when they portray it they distort it and "clean it up." Mr. Krutch seems not to distinguish the artist's hatred from his anger, nor does he allow that to write about an act is not necessarily to advocate it.

TOM K. GREENFIELD.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Toynbee and World Government

ARNOLD TOYNBEE's article, "Peace, Empire, and World Government" [*SR*, Apr. 29], raises questions about the value and feasibility of world government. His vision sounds like something from George Orwell: "This would not be a democratic world government. . . . As a start, we could well be content with any arrangement—for instance, a Russo-American . . . dictatorship—that would exclude the possibility of an atomic war."

What is going to convince the other nations of the world to accept this dictatorship by their own consent, as Professor Toynbee suggests, and without the use of force?

Perhaps, instead of trying to fashion a new civilization from a dream, we might better . . . build a greater equity and higher standard of living among the nations—thus working from the place in history where we now are.

(Rev.) DONALD R. REPSHER,
Minister, Church of
The Good Shepherd.

Willingboro, N.J.

I WAS GREATLY pleased to read Dr. Toynbee's views.

I believe that if the right kind of world constitution can be set up we can have world government of a democratic nature. This does not mean that Soviet Russia must become a democratic country, but . . . that the world government's authority must be limited to those powers delegated to it, and those powers must leave internal problems to be settled by each nation independently.

ZACHARY WINOGRAD.

Phoenix, Ariz.

Peace Demonstrations

AS ONE who walked with his wife and two young boys in the San Francisco peace demonstration April 15, I am in agreement with N.C's. editorial "Public Opinion and Vietnam" [*SR*, Apr. 29], which was somewhat critical of some of the speakers. Many of us feel that our emphasis should be a "March to the U.N.," but how can we utilize the U.N. symbolism to help express our objection to international anarchy?

Are there candidates committed to world peace through world law for whom we can vote? Are there spokesmen who can appeal to the many as well as the few? What are we, the people, to do?

WILLIAM HENRY YOUNG.

Meadow Lakes, Calif.

"He's got to be dumb enough to believe that we think he has a chance of winning, but not so stupid that the voters'll think we're not serious about the two-party system—and it can't look like we're holding back our good guys until 1972."

"Beautiful Square"

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "The Environment of Language" [*SR*, Apr. 8], treats a subject long of interest to many persons. A relevant sentence could well be added: The Russian *krasny* means both beautiful and red.

A native Russian, now a professor in this country, confirms that what we call Red Square in Moscow is really Beautiful Square, so named when the Kremlin was built in the fifteenth century.

HELEN S. EATON.

Duxbury, Mass.

History's "Little" Men

RUTH GRUBER is to be congratulated on her article "The Heroism of Staszek Jackowski" [*SR*, Apr. 15, 1967]. It is the smaller men, the unsung heroes, the rare beings such as Staszek Jackowski to whom humanity must ultimately stand indebted for maintaining its faith in itself and its future.

The history of nations is the history of great men who made great revolutions; but the history of humanity is the history of small men who made small revolutions, who refused to bow to injustice.

KALMAN SULTANIK.

New York, N.Y.

Expo 67

ALMOST EVERY magazine has presented articles on Canada's Expo 67. No magazine, however, has succeeded to the extent you have in giving such a glowing picture of Canada and Canadians and their ambitious exhibition ["Expo 67: Canada's Centennial at Montreal," *SR*, Apr. 29].

Your articles by Horace Sutton, Irving Kolodin, Margaret R. Weiss, and DuBarry Campau are superb. I felt even more pride than before in being a Canadian.

MRS. PAUL W. KOZIEY.

Laramie, Wyo.

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New "Swan Lake," "Paradise Lost"

THE BALLET battlefield in New York City does not pretend to use even the limited space provided by the plaza at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. It is, quite literally, a next-door neighbor feud. At the new Metropolitan Opera House, Great Britain's Royal Ballet is in residence, and at the adjacent New York State Theater —customarily the home of the New York City Ballet—the American Ballet Theatre is out to hold its own against its royal, and gloriously subsidized, neighbor.

How can the balletomane decide where to go? Indeed, how can the average theatergoer make up his mind? And "theatergoer" is, perhaps, the better term, for in a period spanning less than three months, and in only two theaters, more than half a million persons will have attended dance productions.

At the instant, these theatergoers are concerned only with two ballet troupes and two repertories. But decisions are not easy. Both the American Ballet Theatre and the Royal Ballet have full-length *Swan Lakes*; productions (one historic and one modern) of *Les Noces*; *Romeo and Juliet* as a spectacle or as a love duet; *Les Sylphides* as Europeans inherited it or as Fokine himself staged it for maverick Americans in the last year of his life.

Performers? There lies the greater question. Is it the Danish-born Erik Bruhn, long associated with the American Ballet Theatre, a prince among dancers, a rare breed called the *danseur noble*; or is it the wild-haired, sullen, passionate creature from Tartary, an escapee from Russia, Rudolf Nureyev? Is it the most incandescent of ballerinas, Dame Margot Fonteyn, or is it a newcomer? Let us look—hard and clear.

There is no question that the American Ballet Theatre's *Swan Lake* (which opened its New York season) is the best production to be found anywhere of the most popular ballet in the world. It was staged—and this is ironic—by David Blair, a principal artist of Britain's Royal dancers. But the British production is now not simply the Petipa-Ivanov original of 1895 (the 1877 Moscow premiere by a bad choreographer and an even worse ballerina is happily forgotten by all but historians), but an adaptation of the Tchaikovsky musical masterpiece which includes new dances and scenes by Sir Frederick Ashton, the Royal Ballet's brilliant artistic director.

The Bolshoi Ballet's *Swan Lake* is the work of several choreographers of several eras. Mishmash might describe it best. Mr. Blair went to sources. He went to Sergueeff who knew Petipa, who was associated with the great 1895 premiere, and who with a notated score (in the Stepanoff method) first staged *Swan Lake* for the Royal Ballet (then the Vic-Wells and subsequently the Sadler's Wells). Blair, with a photographic memory, has recreated this Sergueeff mounting.

Much of it is, of course, old-fashioned. There is a great deal of the quaint pantomime, and one might even say that some of the choreography is "square," not merely in the slang sense but in choreographic terms which use more block formations, more straight lines than today's swirling choreographic concepts. Blair, in fact, points out that the movements for the corps de ballet in Act II (the act which is frequently given as an independent ballet) consist chiefly of three steps (*chassé, temps levé, pas de chat*). But how masterfully, and in what glorious variations, they are used!

So it is that the American Ballet Theatre's *Swan Lake* avoids the tamperings of time in order to rediscover and renew an old masterpiece. New, however, is the sumptuous production itself with towering sets by Oliver Smith and stunning costumes by Freddy Wittop.

The first act alone is as endlessly fascinating as a Brueghel painting not simply in the juxtaposition and mixing of bright peasant dress with the rich costumes of the aristocrats, but also in such charming details as a peasant couple imitating, with amusing gaucheries, the elegant gestures of the lords and ladies.

This *Swan Lake*, furthermore, is expertly danced by the American Ballet Theatre's always lively and disciplined corps and by several casts which include, among them, the prima ballerina Toni Lander and Bruce Marks (a one-time modern dancer who has grown into

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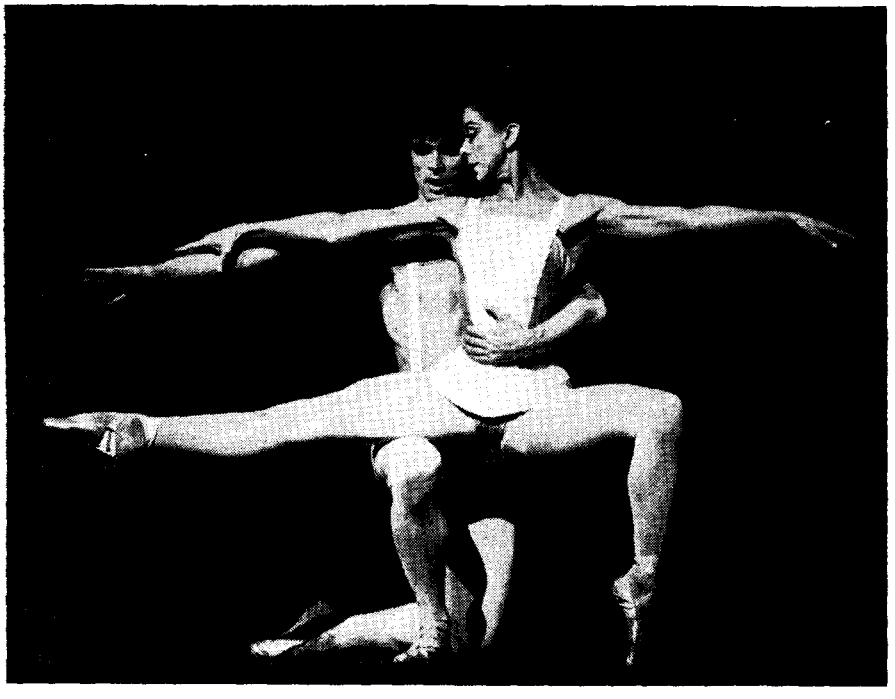

—*Reg Wilson.*

Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in *Paradise Lost*—"enormously effective showpiece."

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32 "All Green Shall Perish and Other Novellas and Stories," by Eduardo Mallea; "The Futile Life of Pito Pérez," by José Rubén Romero
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35 "Brave Day Hideous Night," by John Rothenstein
36 "RFK: The Man Who Would Be President," by Ralph de Toledano

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Novelist as Newspaperman

FOR SOME time now, it seems to me, I have been unable to comment on either books by or books about Ernest Hemingway without expressing rather serious misgivings concerning the man and his career. It is, therefore, a pleasure to report that *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*, a selection of his journalistic writings edited by William White (Scribners, $8.85), contains 478 pages that I have read, for the most part, with marked satisfaction.

White, a professor of journalism at Wayne State University, candidly repeats what Hemingway said around 1930 to a bibliographer: that the "newspaper stuff I have written . . . has nothing to do with the other writing which is entirely apart. . . . The first right that a man writing has is the choice of what he will publish. If you have made your living as a newspaperman, learning your trade, writing against deadlines, writing to make stuff timely rather than permanent, no one has any right to dig this stuff up and use it against the stuff you have written to write the best you can." But, White points out, Hemingway sometimes made use of this journalistic "stuff" in his serious books. What is more important, his journalism taken as journalism is almost always first-rate, and sometimes it is as truly literature as anything he ever wrote.

In the last essay included in this volume, published in *Look* magazine for September 4, 1956, Hemingway observed that journalism "is not whoring when done honestly with exact reporting." From 1920 to 1924 he supported himself by writing articles for the *Star Weekly* and the *Daily Star* of Toronto, and White has selected twenty-nine of the 154 pieces he wrote for these publications. They demonstrate that he was an honest reporter and an increasingly skillful one. Most of the time he wrote what used to be called "human interest stories," rather than analyses of international developments, though there is a prescient portrait of Mussolini in 1923. What he could do best was shown in his several dispatches about the evacuation of the Greek refugees from Thrace, which are lit up again and again by brilliant descriptive flashes. There is an account of the first bullfight he witnessed, exhibiting a remarkable grasp of the techniques involved and foreshadowing *Death in the Afternoon*. A companion piece about the running of the bulls at Pamplona indicates the origin of a famous passage in *The Sun Also Rises*.

It is important to remember that while he was writing these dispatches Hemingway was working on the short stories that appeared in 1925 as *In Our Time*. Many of these stories, as Philip Young and others have demonstrated, reveal Hemingway's preoccupation with the most somber fears and doubts. Of course he was too sensible to parade his woes in the *Star*. He wrote about the things that interested and excited him, and he wrote about them with great gusto. In later years his gusto sometimes seemed forced, but here it is quite genuine. This gaiety was as much a part of Hemingway as the unhappiness that shows through the stories and the novels.

The second part of the volume is made up of so-called "letters" that Hemingway wrote for the newly founded *Esquire* magazine from 1933 to 1936. When he wrote his last article for the *Star* in 1924 Hemingway was completely unknown; when he wrote his first letter for *Esquire* in 1933 he was one of the most highly esteemed and most popular novelists in the United States. Arnold Gingrich, *Esquire's* editor, who was delighted to have Hemingway's name in the magazine, gave him a free hand. He wrote a good deal about catching big fish off Cuba and shooting big game in Africa—often very well but sometimes in rather tedious detail. He also wrote some completely serious articles about war. By 1935 he was convinced that there would be war in Europe, and he wanted the United States to stay out. ("We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we never should be sucked in again.") Occasionally the kind of nasty vindictiveness that spoiled *A Moveable Feast* crept into the *Esquire* pieces, but most of those White has selected are sound and rather better than I had remembered.

In spite of his disillusionment with war, Hemingway wanted to see any war that was going on, and he went to Spain as a reporter in 1937. (He soon became an ardent partisan, raising a large sum of money to buy ambulances for the Loyalists.) His articles about the Spanish Civil War, which were published in the *New York Times* and syndicated by the North American News Alliance, were made up entirely of personal impressions, with little attention to political issues and military strategies. They don't impress me now as much as they did when I read them in the *Times* with my tongue hanging out, but some, especially the account of the fall of Teruel, still seem very fine.

The articles that Hemingway wrote for *Collier's* in 1944 and 1945 are of the same personal kind; but earlier in World War II he showed that he had a remarkable grasp of broad international issues and strategy on the grand scale. Sent to China in early 1941 by *PM*, he produced an analysis of Japan's aims and probable policies that was soon to be proved essentially sound. As for the pieces from

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France, the description of the landing on D-Day and the account of the entrance into Paris are splendid examples of what Hemingway could do while holding to his resolve to report nothing but what he had seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears.

Of the few pieces written for magazines after the war, the only one of much interest is Hemingway's long account of his two nearly fatal airplane crashes in Africa. The method here is understatement of the most extreme sort, and there is a good deal of the kind of willfulness and sometimes waspishness that were to become more and more disturbing in the last decade of his life. Now and then he sounds like a bad boy, and we have to remind ourselves that the bad boy was in great pain and was trying to be stoical about it.

There are many newspaper articles, especially from the early years, that White has not included. I can't speak about them, of course, but most of the seventy-seven pieces that he has republished are good reading. This is a volume that could be enjoyed if the by-line were Joe Doakes, but it inevitably has a special interest for students of Hemingway and for all his admirers. Writing was probably the only thing in life that Hemingway was consistently serious about, and many witnesses have told us how hard he worked when he was trying to do his best. What this collection makes us realize is that he worked just as hard as conditions permitted when he was writing for newspapers and magazines. He need not have worried that this "stuff" might be used against him, for the volume can only enhance his reputation. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1242

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1242 will be found in the next issue.

K ZKY VG XYJEY NM SCR PJZ-

WKYM CR JUTKYVLRG.

—KZNUJGR NVRUPR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1241

A host is like a general: it takes a mishap to reveal his genius.

—HORACE.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Grotesque

MONICA STIRLING'S PORTRAIT of Jean-François Steiner [*SR*, May 13] is grotesque. To describe an ignorant man as "a devout student of the Talmud" (the most complex and most technical of all Jewish writings) and to attribute "dramatic" maturity to one whose childish misunderstanding of the reality of Treblinka is obvious, is to reveal as much about Monica Stirling's immaturity as anything possibly could. I was dismayed to see her piece on the same page as the review by Alexander Donat.

RABBI ALLEN RUTCHIK,
Director,
United Synagogue of America.
Coral Gables, Fla.

Adam's Sin

DAVID POLING SHOULD BE ASHAMED of himself [*SR*, Apr. 22] for accusing Adam Clayton Powell of pirating choice statements from the late, beloved Halford Luccock. Hal would have liked nothing better than to have his sharp, distinctive prose used by one of the Cloth. We who knew the finest pulpit man in America and loved him for his creative art have used him repeatedly. Adam's sin was that he didn't preface his words with rightful ownership.

SHERIDAN W. BELL,
Minister,
Grace Methodist Church.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Subconscious Let-Go

IN HIS LETTER [*SR*, May 13] DALE HARRAH blasted Dr. Donald B. Louria's comment on the use of LSD [*SR*, Apr. 22], stating that this showed "a total lack of respect for the thinking subscriber." To my mind, the thinking person cannot think too wisely when he only has one side of the story. I thank you for giving this reader a chance to think through both lines of argument.

Although ingestion of LSD may afford much apparent insight of the world to the individual, I do not believe that this necessarily brings the person closer to God. It may mean that the person's brain cells are functioning in an especially unique way rather than that the individual was brushed by the finger of God. It may be that this insight is composed of unconscious thought which, through the stimulation of psychotomimetic drugs, becomes conscious, a sort of dreamlike state while relatively awake.

In any case, the fact remains that LSD is a dangerous drug which can produce violent temporary, and sometimes chronic, psychotic behavior. If the theory of released-subconscious-thought is true, this sudden unmasking of the subconscious may overwhelm the individual to the extent that he withdraws from all reality or continually over-reacts to this subconscious-let-go. On the other hand, the effect of LSD may be a purely physiological phenomenon, elicited solely by altering the biochemical processes in the brain. Here again, the user may be changed permanently by the physical effect of the drug.

MICHAEL A. ROGOFF.
Ithaca, N.Y.

Buried Under Praise

ANY OF ALLAN NEVINS'S works would receive my careful attention, if not my total agreement. Therefore, I have no objection to Frank E. Vandiver stating that Nevins has provided a fine introduction to *Messages and Papers of Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy* [*SR*, May 6]. But if Professor Vandiver thought he should pay a gracious tribute to Nevins, did he find it necessary to do so at the expense of the book he was supposed to review? Anyone interested in buying a Civil War sourcebook, totaling 1,403 pages and priced at $28.50, would like to have a fuller examination and discussion of the *Messages and Papers*. The review of the book has been buried under the praise for Professor Nevins.

ROY ROGERS.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Testimony of Righteous Action

I WAS A BIT PERTURBED at Rabbi Bokser's comments in Letters to the Book Review Editor, Apr. 15. His defense is plausible—but I must disagree with him. To put this into the simplest terms possible, he asks for a policy of religious co-existence in which Jews refrain from converting Christians, and Christians refrain from converting Jews. But central to Christianity (as Rabbi Bokser himself complains in his book, "The Christian prayer . . . *persists* in claiming . . . that only through faith in Jesus can man attain salvation") is its mission of sharing its truth. Rabbi Bokser views Judaism as a nonmissionary religion, and then tries to force Christianity into that same structure. As I indicated in my review, there are liberal Protestant theologians who have sympathy with this point of view; but one cannot define all of Christianity on that basis! While Bokser lists Bultmann's arguments, he does not listen to him.

Is then the road to "the gate of righteous action" the cessation of missionary work by all religions? As a rabbi, I do not feel that Judaism can surrender its role of being God's witness in the world; and I disagree with Christianity's claims to uniqueness. But until Christians cease believing in Jesus as the Christ, I would expect them to speak to me concerning this central belief. Dialogue is not achieved by silencing conflicting views. It is achieved—and here Rabbi Bokser and I certainly are on common ground—by the testimony of righteous action which eschews force, subterfuge, and the appeal to prejudice.

ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER.
London, England.

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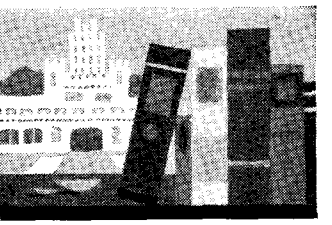
Perspective



A Drug Is a Drink Is a Smoke

NEW YORK, vital, beautiful, opulent, is smeared with slime—poverty, decadence, decay, and drugs. Amidst the power and glittering riches there are pools of human débris, lives broken by abundance as well as by poverty. Who can ever forget the haunting story of young Friede, crawling the gutters of the Lower East Side in a hired car with his girl dead in its trunk, wandering aimlessly like some mindless, battered insect, stopping and starting, remembering and forgetting, caring and not caring? Wealthy, well-educated, replete with advantages that would have seemed paradisaical to the hungry and ambitious adolescents of Latin America or Africa, he and his girl had frittered their lives away with dope. Dick Schaap in a piece of effective reportage, *Turned On* (New American Library, $4.95), brings back the sad, gray story, nauseating in its futility and witlessness. At the thought of such young wasted lives the bile rises: surely the Narcotics Bureau should be strengthened; surely the penalties imposed on pushers and traders should become really punitive.

The Friede case was but one sensational event in what is rapidly becoming a flowing tide that will engulf more and more of the younger generation in drugs. Universities are particularly prone: Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and Berkeley acquire increasing numbers of addicts, as well as experimenters playing, it is true, mainly with hemp and LSD rather than with heroin. What the youth of America and England do today, the youth of Europe, East and West, will do tomorrow or the day after. There will be other sensations, other Friede cases, perhaps even more terrible and more haunting: personal tragedy will sear homes from which want, disease, and cruelty have been banished. Why can this be?

The spread of drugs gives the castigators of our civilization a wonderful time. They trot out all the old clichés about youth's loss of Christian morality, about the breakdown of the family and marriage, the artificiality of modern life with its emotional emptiness and boredom in an age of machines, the lack of those deep satisfactions felt by the peasant and craftsman, hungry and downtrodden though they were. Is the very affluence that gives youth much leisure but too little work, much security but too little direction the key to its wantonness? If the bread line were just around the corner would the desire for dope vanish? After all, the youth of Athens and Cairo are not riding high on LSD, amphetamines, heroin, and the like. Few Jeremiahs have had it so good as those who prophesy the doom, and revel at the decadence, of today's Western youth. And too many, far too many, ordinary decent liberals go along with them, at least half the way. Where drugs are concerned, much of the adult population suffers a semantic blockage and, as ever, they rarely think historically. It is hard to get drugs into perspective.

What society in recorded history, save perhaps a few of the most aboriginal, has not tolerated, indeed sometimes welcomed, the use of stimulants or drugs? None that I know. Once invented—maybe very, very early in the Neolithic revolution—the use of alcohol by kings, priests, and people spread like a bush fire. The earliest farmers in England were buried with their beer beakers, presumably to enable them to wassail through eternity. And peasant societies do not just take alcohol; they get drunk. Look at Brueghel's pictures, or at films of festivals in Nepal or the Andes or wherever primitive agrarian production is the dominant way of life. In industrial society, of course, millions of men and women get high on alcohol week in and week out. The mutilated and lifeless bodies that result from automobile accidents by drivers overdrugged with alcohol are the price society seems willing to pay for its addiction to drink. Add to the wrecked cars the broken homes of alcoholics, their self-destruction, the huge waste of social capital invested in human lives that drink brings about year after year.

Yet temperance is akin to crankiness. Without alcohol, magazines as well as men would wilt. I am addicted enough to loathe the prospect of a world without wine. We accept alcohol, we have socialized it, and we have shut our eyes to the immense damage that total addiction causes because we handle our own addiction competently, well within the tolerance that our temperaments and

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by DONALD S. CONNERY

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physiques permit. But let us be honest: we need a chorus of Gertrude Steins chiming in our ears, "A drink is a drug is a drug is a drink is a drug."

"What about Islam?" one may inquire. "There, surely, is freedom from alcohol." Yes, but not from hashish, which is as common in Islam as drink in the West. In most Oriental and Near Eastern societies as well as in Mexico, the Caribbean, and Central America, marihuana has been socialized as alcohol has been by us, although almost certainly at a lower cost in human wastage. Addiction is less, the results physically not so destructive. That is why *The Marihuana Papers*, edited by David Solomon (Bobbs-Merrill, $10), should be carefully studied by anyone concerned over the growing spread of reefer smoking in North America and Europe. What is regarded as perfectly normal and respectable in Karachi, Cairo, or Algiers is antisocial and illegal in San Francisco, Boston, and New York.

The outlawing of marihuana makes odd reading. Way back in the Thirties Fiorello La Guardia set up a high-powered commission of doctors, biologists, educators, and sociologists. They found that marihuana was not being peddled in high schools, that it was not breaking up families, plunging adolescents into degradation, or inflicting physical or mental breakdown on its users. Indeed, on the face of this evidence, reefers would seem to be far less harmful than not only alcohol but also tobacco—another killing drug that we permit, knowing its evil, long-term effects on the human body. But as yet no government in the world, whether bright red or deep blue, whether dictatorial or democratic, has made anything but token gestures to reduce or suppress tobacco addiction. Once more let us have a chant by the Gertrude Stein chorus, "A drug is a drink is a smoke is a drug is a drink."

James I hated tobacco—a beastly, filthy habit that he naturally associated with subversives as well as decadents. New drugs to those who do not use them always seem the peculiar prerogative of subversives. When James I's grandson, Charles II, came to the English throne, he grew very apprehensive about the spread of coffee-drinking and particularly coffee-houses, where he felt opponents of his régime came together not only to indulge in the brew, but to breed sedition. He subjected them to rigorous control, even thought of suppressing cafés altogether, but again the drug won. As did tea. Tea was initially regarded as such an effeminate drink that the heavy manual worker sneeringly stuck to his early morning beer; however, once his prejudices were overcome, he found a deep reddish brown brew of Indian tea to be a more effective stimulant. In fact, energized by tea, he was a better worker. But still a drugged one—as are the caffeine addicts of America or Europe.

DRUGS everywhere abound. And when anything abounds there is investment, private and public. Vast fortunes can be, indeed are being made from alcohol and nicotine, caffeine, and the host of minor drugs and sedatives and stimulants that we all use. Because of these strongly vested interests there is always resistance to anything that will cut sharply into profits. Thus, whatever their drain on human life, nicotine and alcohol are not going to be added to the Narcotics Bureau's list. Moreover, human beings are odd, curiously persistent, and often very lawless where legal restriction cuts across their needs: if the industrial West wants to adopt marihuana, or anything else for that matter, punitive actions will be as useless as Prohibition was in the Twenties.

It should be realized that drugs become less harmful when socialized; if alcohol could be purchased only in the company of alcoholics it would be infinitely more dangerous. With technological advance more drugs will become easily available; like most human addictions, they need long, dispassionate, and scientific appraisal. Perhaps sensible permission is indicated rather than punitive prohibition. For a society that bans marihuana and permits alcohol is ripe for the satire of a Swift. However, we are not alone in our folly; after all, Islam permits marihuana and bans alcohol. Will mankind ever be truly conscious of its absurdities? To that question the historical perspective gives a gloomy answer. —J. H. PLUMB.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

LADY WITH A PEN

Mary Henry Dotterer of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, gives us some tittle-tattle about ten famous authors, all women, and asks you to identify them in the list at the right. Answers on page 29.

A French baroness, famous for her affairs with a poet and a composer, she wrote novels about free love. ( )

Quaker-born winner of the Newbery Medal in 1942, she went to Japan in 1946 as tutor to the Crown Prince, and was awarded the Order of the Sacred Crown. ( )

A member of the Bloomsbury group, she employed the stream of consciousness and committed suicide by drowning. ( )

She studied medicine at Johns Hopkins, settled in Paris in 1903; her autobiography appeared under another name; she wrote an opera libretto. ( )

Author of best-selling novels under her own name as well as under the pen name of John Sedges, she translated a Chinese classic and won both the Pulitzer and the Nobel Prize. ( )

Germantown, Pa., was the birthplace of the woman who wrote for young people the most popular fictional account of life in Massachusetts. ( )

She was a gay, gentle, and loving wife and mother, but her violent, terrifying stories led her to be called "the Virginia Werewolf of séance fiction." ( )

At the age of 18, Mlle. Quoirez wrote the first of her successful novels under her famous nom de plume. ( )

Granddaughter of Sholom Aleichem, she has proved that teaching pays. ( )

A novelist and essayist, she was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire; her son by H. G. Wells is a novelist and critic. ( )

1. Louisa M. Alcott
2. Pearl Buck
3. Shirley Jackson
4. Bel Kaufman
5. Françoise Sagan
6. George Sand
7. Gertrude Stein
8. Elizabeth Gray Vining
9. Rebecca West
10. Virginia Woolf

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Loser on El Dorado Trail

GOLD is where you find it, they used to say in the Old West's mining camps, and by now everybody has heard—to the point of asphyxiation by gold dust—about those who did rack up the big score. You know how it goes, in more stories than you would care to shake a bar of bullion at:

Bold young Argonaut setting forth from tree-shaded, drowsy New England town, eyes flashing at prospect of adventure and wealth, surrounded by weeping females in crinoline. Toil and troubles on the way, Indian varmints and uncouth fugitives from genteel society. Over the Sierras and down into the Mother Lode country, early failure and, suddenly, overnight fortune, followed by battle to preserve it from poachers.

Then, a) return to that New England town with a shipload of shining nuggets ("Think of it, Priscilla, a carriage and team and a house as big as Squire Brown's—ours, all ours"); or b) a long, happy life as a California tycoon, the pride of his state, looking out across the Golden Gate and boring his grandchildren with the same old tales of the good old days.

Moreover, it did sometimes happen about like that. But across the back of your mind, as you came upon the old story in novels and movies, there must have flickered the notion that it couldn't *always* have been that way. There must have been at least a few losers, though of course the fictionists couldn't be expected to worry about them. Who buys a loser? So it went, until the occasional, actual instance became the full-fledged legend that wound up as the accepted par for the course.

But wait a moment, please. The losers may be coming into their own, too late to do them any good in El Dorado but well enough to insure their place in history along with the lucky ones. Consider one of them, whose journal of his Overland Trail trek in 1849 eventually found its way into the archives of the University of Kentucky. For some time it was thought to be the original, which, however, turned out to be at the Huntington Library in California. Apparently a comparison of the original with the copy suggested to Professor Thomas D. Clark, of the U. of K.'s History Department, that here—properly edited and annotated—were the makings of a book; result: *Gold Rush Diary*, Being the Journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins on the Overland Trail in the Spring and Summer of 1849 (University of Kentucky Press, $8.75).

Professor Clark's hunch, if that's what it was, was right; and if a literature of Gold Rush losers is imminent, the hunch was well timed. For Elisha Douglass Perkins of Marietta, Ohio, was no ordinary loser but a complete loser, by all the standards of the era. He crossed the plains. He found no gold to speak of. He almost starved. He died wretchedly of dysentery at age thirty in Sacramento, leaving behind a wife to whom he was devoted and a son he was never to see. It had all, as far as he could then be aware, been a total failure. How could he know that his jottings would one day be a book so handsomely published and historically valuable as this, with first-rate maps and notes linking his journal with other similar writings of the period?

If you had no idea how his story was to end, you might think as the diary opens that the script is to be the old, familiar one. To be sure, Elisha hadn't had much success in business back home, and perhaps a touch of the born loser was evident as early as that. Still, his future seemed bright in that May of 1849 when his big adventure got under way. He was twenty-six, intelligent, observant, reasonably well educated, physically rugged, a crack shot, and by nature an optimist. You can almost see him in a movie as he tells his well-born wife, Harriett, that he is off for the gold fields with five other Marietta men, and will be back before too long with all they will ever need.

He is, it goes without saying, a *good* young man, with no visible penchant for alcohol, gambling, and other divertissements. Surely Providence will watch over him, protecting him on the way and getting him to California before those roughnecks out there scoop up all the riches.

And Providence did seem to be keeping an eye on him the greater part of the time. The Marietta party went to St. Louis by steamboat, changed there for another one to St. Joseph, Missouri, bought supplies, and joined the mighty legion headed west. On the way to St. Jo, at sight of a river ship on which seventy passengers had lately died of cholera, Elisha may well have been given pause. The pause was fleeting. He was nothing if not good-natured. Violent storms, leaky tents, broken wagons, mired mules seldom bothered him. Above all, he had an eye for detail—the weather, vegetation, birds, gruesome medical remedies, the character of his companions. That, and a sense of wonder. When the party crossed the wide Missouri they saw for the first time the great Kansas plain stretching out before them. Elisha wrote what many another young traveler must have felt:

> Now we were out of civilization & the influences of civilized society entirely, & cut loose from the rest of the world to take care of ourselves for a while. I confess to a feeling of lonliness as I thought on the prospects before us, & all we were separating ourselves from behind.

If there is something appealing in

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that self-conscious patch of introspection, there was the cockiness of youth in the somewhat patronizing scorn with which he heard a party of defeated emigrants on their way home. Their cattle had given out, they said. Elisha wasn't having any of that. He suspected they were merely discouraged or frightened. As for grizzly bears, he was told their ferocity was overrated. Someone was certainly kidding him, but he believed it.

He was unusual, as Professor Clark points out, in that he consciously felt himself a part of a great historical movement. But what mattered most to him (and to us) were those small, revealing details: the personality and costume of a mountaineer who had served with John Charles Frémont; the vermin-ridden Snake Indians; the pathetic cattle dying of thirst by the roadside.

Until this point we have been riding and walking along over the endless trail, across South Pass and over the Continental Divide, through the fierce, parched Humboldt Sink, enjoying his company even while we were poignantly aware of what lay ahead of him—a poignancy the greater because he himself was so young, confident, fearless. But once he has arrived in the presumably golden place, his tone changes. The miners at Bear Creek were as hungry as he. A long day with a placer pan brought $1, the price of a bowl of soup. He damned Frémont and all the others whose enthusiastic accounts of California had lured him west. He despised Sacramento and predicted a short life for it. A Marietta friend died, and the happy youngster of a few months before somberly envisioned his own death and seemed to wish for it. Then, abruptly, the diary ends, and almost three years later he too was through. His silence, as a diarist, must be significant, but how? Professor Clark speculates:

> . . . one may conclude that he had a great deal of pride, and refused to go home until he could make a reasonable amount of money. On the other hand he might have become, in three years, enamored of California and reluctant to leave it.

All patriotic Californians will naturally prefer the second interpretation, but in any case the reader's sense of loss is acute. Somewhere the script went wrong. Elisha was a good man. He should have been a success—which, belatedly, he is, thanks to Professor Clark and others.

Today, in four hours or so, a plane crosses country it took Elisha months to cover. It's enough to make a man feel more than a little guilty. The next time I am in Sacramento I think I will visit his grave and apologize, and tell him that he really wasn't such a loser, after all. —JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Death of a Duchess

A Crime of Passion, *by Stanley Loomis (Lippincott. 301 pp. $5.95), speculates on one of the most sensational murders in French history, the slaying of the Duchesse Fanny de Praslin. Orville Prescott is the author of "In My Opinion."*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

WHEN the head of the *Sûreté* entered the blood-spattered room where the body of the Duchesse de Praslin was found, he declared: "This is not the work of a professional thief or murderer. It is a vile business clumsily done. It is the work of a gentleman."

That gentlemen make clumsy murderers is a provocative notion if not an axiomatic truth. That the 1847 murder of the Duchesse Fanny de Praslin in the bedroom of her Paris mansion was one of the most scandalous and sensational crimes in French history is more certain. According to Stanley Loomis in this elaborate history of the case, the murder was one of the causes that contributed to the Revolution of 1848, which ended the eighteen-year reign of King Louis Philippe.

Stanley Loomis is the author of an excellent biography, *Du Barry*, and of a notably well-written and controversial history, *Paris in the Terror*. A diligent researcher and a man who likes a well-turned sentence, Mr. Loomis takes particular pleasure in speculation and in theory. "After all," one can imagine him thinking, "whose book is this? If I can't fill it with generalizations about society and character and with my own opinions, why should I take so much trouble to write it?" In any case, his present book is a sound and interesting narrative of a spectacular crime much enlivened by personal commentary.

The murder of the Duchesse de Praslin has many aspects that appeal to connoisseurs of crime. Victor Hugo was fascinated by it. In the 1930s two popular novels based on the story appeared: *Lucile Cléry: A Woman of Intrigue*, by Joseph Shearing (republished as *The Strange Case of Lucile Cléry*), and *All This and Heaven Too*, by Rachel Lyman Field. The killing was certainly no common outburst of sordid violence. The Praslins, one of the richest and most aristocratic families in France, were personal friends of the royal family. The Duc, prime suspect in the case, took arsenic and died horribly six days after the slaying. Psychological mysteries abounded.

If anyone was ever destined to be murdered it was the Duchesse de Praslin. A proud, self-indulgent, irrational, and emotional woman, she bore nine children in fifteen years, lost her health and (Mr. Loomis thinks) her mind. She made her husband's life a hell on earth with frantic jealousy, screaming scenes, tantrums, tears, and a daily bombardment of letters apologizing, lamenting, upbraiding. Fanny was an impossible wife and a dreadful mother. Mr. Loomis believes that she was afflicted with paranoia, masochism, and frustrated sexuality.

THERE was another woman in the case whose presence adds much to its interest. Henriette Deluzy, a bastard, an orphan, and a woman of charm and intelligence, was hired by the Duc to give his children the responsible care his wife could not. Mlle. Deluzy won the love of the children, and loved them in return with intense emotion. Naturally, her presence raised the already high temperature in the Praslin family. The Duchesse seethed with jealousy and psychotic rage. The Duc, a weak and timid

Stanley Loomis—"an individual way."

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man, grew steadily more desperate.

Three-fourths of *A Crime of Passion* is a gruesome and expert narrative of an appalling marriage. The last quarter describes the murder, its discovery, and the events that followed. Mr. Loomis has quoted copiously from the Duchesse's letters and diaries, all of them well written in the overblown, rhetorical, exclamatory style of the Romantic period. They make pitiful and morbidly interesting reading. He has also quoted from the governess's letters, which are almost as wildly emotional and almost as well written.

THE following remarks about the Duc's parents show how Mr. Loomis combines an individual way of writing with an individual way of thinking:

> This couple were heirs to the rational attitudes of the eighteenth century when marriage was considered to be a natural source of unhappiness and all domesticity as despicable. Unlike the Romantics they belonged to a generation in which the disturbances of the married state were accepted as inevitable but susceptible to a commonsense solution without undue agitation of the emotions. Their station in life would in any case have imposed upon them that self-control which distinguished the aristocrat from other people. So, masking their mutual loathing by a veneer of fine manners, each had gone his own way in life. From time to time, in order to perpetuate their race, they had had a baby.

Mr. Loomis makes many comments on the social and cultural atmosphere of the time, which illuminate the background of his garish story. His speculations about the unknown motives of some of his characters are highly personal efforts to fill gaps in the record with probabilities. These can only be inconclusive. They leave the reader still in doubt on several key issues, particularly the ambiguous character of the governess. Was Henriette Deluzy a heroine or a cold, crafty schemer?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 6, 8, 10, 7, 2, 1, 3, 5, 4, 9.

Criminal Record

Frame-Up: The Incredible Case of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings. *By Curt Gentry. Norton.* $7.50. On July 22, 1916, while thousands of San Franciscans lined the streets to watch the Preparedness Day parade, a bomb explosion at a crowded street corner killed ten spectators. Two radical labor leaders were charged with the crime. President Woodrow Wilson (who had himself marched in the New York Preparedness Day parade) intervened to stay Mooney's execution, but Mooney and Billings remained in prison twenty-two years. Mooney died in 1942, Billings is still living. This veritable encyclopedia of the case and its aftermath is frankly ex parte, but that does not detract from its importance as a contribution (perhaps the bulkiest) to the already huge existing documentation.

The Meaning of Murder. *By John Brophy. Crowell.* $5.95. Shrewd observation and analysis plus absorbing case histories make this book a natural for the true-crime shelf. American examples are numerous. Author gives high marks to Edward Radin for his work on the Borden massacre, and concludes that here we have an "unsolved, and almost certainly unsolvable, mystery."

A Man Called Lucy. *By Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet. Translated by A. M. Sheridan Smith. Coward-McCann.* $5. This is the all but unbelievable account of the career of a German-born anti-Nazi publisher who, operating from Switzerland, got to know "before the rest of the world, details of Hitler's every decision from 1939 up until the end of April 1945." He was Rudolf Roessler (code name, Lucy). No cloaks here, no daggers—the real thing.

Great Mysteries of the Air. *By Ralph Barker. Macmillan.* $4.95. This is the best book yet written on an ever fascinating subject: the why of vanished aircraft. The fact that the minute study of available data can end only in conjecture enhances rather than minimizes the suspense factor.

An Expensive Place to Die. *By Len Deighton. Putnam.* $4.95. Author of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin* scores heavily again with an espionage chiller that terminates in the predictable gory climax. (The "place" of the title is, you may be sure, Paris.)

The Tour. *By David Ely. Delacorte.* $5.95. The locale of this authentic rip-snorter is an invented Latin-American country in which a group of *norteamericanos* encounters crises and creatures infrequently met with on a bus ride.

The Sabre Squadron. *By Simon Raven. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Cambridge B. A., exploring papers of deceased German math wizard in Göttingen, encounters opposition, warnings, threats, and the hostility of the native population. A tract for the times, with startling dénouement.

Those Who Walk Away. *By Patricia Highsmith. Crime Club.* $4.50. This story ends on a friendly note uncommon in the crime-suspense field, but there's plenty of action before that, plus some noble waterscapes of Venice.

Death and Taxes. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Putnam.* $3.95. Mac, Chi eye, loses client when guns blaze, and where is that million in cash which client had earmarked for his own daughter? Usual straightforward and effective job.

The Big Still. *By Roderick Wilkinson. Walker.* $3.95. Ken Daly, Canadian peeper operating in Britain, trails hijackers who raid a goods train loaded with whisky (no *e*, please, because this is *Scotch* whisky); ad men figure big here. Well-thought-through noisemaker.

The Case of the Good Employer. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $3.95. Ludovic Travers, urbane London shamus, crosses Channel to track down kin of Frenchman wronged by conscience-stricken Englishman years before; murder on the home grounds ties into the plot. Somewhat involved, but everything straightens out satisfactorily.

The Gift Shop. *By Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. Murder of L. A. eye seeking tycoon's missing daughter triggers wild sequence of events as far away as Ireland; piggy-bank is a vital clue in this breezy, often light-hearted novel.

Murder in Our Midst. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $5.95. Assembled here in an all-Miss-Marple omnibus are *The Murder at the Vicarage* (1930), *The Body in the Library* (1941), and *The Moving Finger* (1942); the stories are fully independent, but all the action and all the detection are in rural England. In whatever size, Agatha Christie is always a treat. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Trysts with a Typist

***The Horrors of Love,** by Jean Dutourd, translated from the French by Robin Chancellor (Doubleday. 665 pp. $6.95), recounts the course of a liaison between a married, middle-aged deputy and an empty-headed young typist. Henri Peyre, Sterling Professor of French at Yale, wrote "French Novelists of Today."*

By HENRI PEYRE

THIS strange, unwieldy, hybrid book —an original mixture of some fictional elements with autobiographical ones, of sundry reflections on literature, art, and delectable eating interspersed with vituperations against the modern world —must have wearied its skillful translator. It may well exasperate a good many readers, even in our age of hurried people with angelic patience: 665 pages of talk, with no happenings, no conflict, no thrill or suspense. But it was written with zest by one of the few contemporary French writers who, in the dour era of de Gaulle, Couve de Murville, and the anti-novel or the anti-theater, still insist upon laughing at life, at others, and even at themselves. And it sparkles with intelligence. Intelligence, of the cynical kind that Stendhal, Mérimée, and Maupassant liked to display, may not make the greatest works of fiction. But it saves some not too imaginative novelists from lapsing into insipidity or sentimentality.

The title is misleading. Few Frenchmen, not even those who, like Proust, have unweariedly denounced love as nothing but a reciprocal torture, are really convinced that the horrors of love are frightening. The theme of the book is the banality and the dreariness of adultery (committed by the male). We see a cowardly man in his fifties, anxious to preserve his family life, the services of his devoted, unsuspecting wife, the security and comfort of a home and of a position of respectability. That man, Roberti, a deputy, meets a twenty-five-year-old girl, a pretty typist, naïve, trusting, who falls in love with him at first sight. Responding to such evident adulation on her part, he initiates Solange into gastronomy and conversations on art and literature. She is thrilled.

She soon expects more from a man of experience. Their first physical conjunction, in a dreary hotel bedroom, is only moderately successful. Trapped in his own plot, remembering Stendhal a little too embarrassingly (as does M. Dutourd, who wrote an entertaining book on him), the middle-aged lover suffers a fiasco. He must then redeem himself, and the subsequent encounters are exhilarating; the little secretary's senses are, as males like to put it, aroused. She wants more of his time than he, a good family man, is eager to give. It is so reassuring for the deputy, after his mid-afternoon or preprandial adultery, to go home for dinner and a family visit to the movies. He once takes Solange to Italy for a week, but trembles when colleagues of his at the Chamber of Deputies come across him and clumsily ask to be introduced to the "charming young Mrs. Roberti."

Dutourd now and then exalts his bourgeois, unheroic hero to the stature of a plotting Faust, tormented by the midday demon and dazzling his untutored Gretchen. Solange, like Goethe's heroine, has a brother, naturally called Valentin, who sets himself up as the defender of his sister and of the family honor. She has sacrificed brother and parents to her passion; but she shares too little of Roberti's life and is jealous of the legitimate spouse. Still, she would like to have a child by her lover. He prudently recoils. Gradually, while he becomes truly, almost unselfishly enamored of her, Solange, whose perspicaciousness has been heightened by the loss of her innocence, sees through her quinquagenarian lover.

Roberti's main concern in life is to retain his self-control, not to yield to sentiment, and to nurture a horror of love, if love must dim a strong male's clear-sightedness. He is outwitted by life's little ironies and by a simple, sentimental, not very bright little woman, exactly as Julien Sorel was. But, unlike Julien Sorel, he has no poetry, no hidden tenderness in him, no admiration for anyone else, no romanticism. A paltry hero indeed, and a paltry lover.

The character is never presented directly in his behavior, gestures, deeds, or language. He is already dead when the interminable conversation on him begins. For the novel, like whimsical and lively stories by Diderot and Sterne, is a dialogue between "He" and "I." The "He" who knows all about Roberti relates the story to the author, who will make a novel out of it. They talk while walking on Paris streets, eating a superb meal, sitting at a café terrace. The questions of the "I" who interrogates soon become monotonous and dreary. The narrator himself tires of them, and of spinning his endless yarn. The reader will be lucky if he summons an enduring interest in Roberti.

But he may be amused by Solange, empty-headed at first and sketched by a cruel misogynist, then quite seductive after love for a married man has served as a brain-opener for her. And the innumerable digressions, satirizing the boredom of the "new novel," the coquettish tricks of Gide, the stupidity of snobs and tourists, the clichés of feminine prattling, the mediocrity of the modern world, are often biting, refreshingly cynical, and worthy of the eighteenth-century moralists and their successor Stendhal.

Jean Dutourd, who will soon be a member of the French Academy, was better in his shorter novels, such as *A Dog's Head* or *The Best Butter*. He has, as he is nearing fifty, inevitably become inclined to upbraiding and preaching. Nevertheless, he still manages to picture the "horrors" of love as alluring; and he writes in a sprightly style.

—*Studio Pietri.*

Jean Dutourd—"refreshingly cynical."

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Back Home to a Stern Heritage

The Fish Can Sing, *by Halldor Laxness, translated from the Icelandic by Magnus Magnusson (Crowell. 287 pp. $5.95), demonstrates the Nobel Prize-winner's skill in making a gripping narrative form of his country's traditional family saga. Barry Jacobs is assistant professor of Scandinavian and comparative literature at Harvard University.*

By BARRY JACOBS

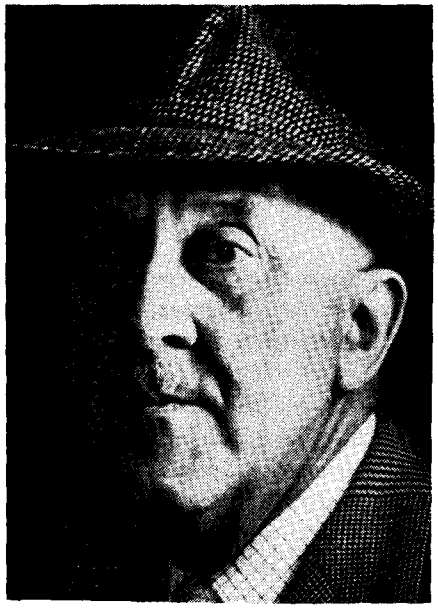
PERHAPS no Western country has been so deeply absorbed in its own past as Iceland, where the sagas are still popular literature. A number of nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers, particularly the Scandinavian Naturalists, have been attracted by the narrative power and the complete objectivity of these family sagas. But whereas a few writers—Selma Lagerlöf, Knut Hamsun, and Sigrid Undset among them—have successfully extracted certain stylistic features from the sagas and incorporated them into modern novels, most attempts to imitate the sagas have only resulted in slightly comic pastiches. Nobel Prize-winner Halldor Laxness is the one writer who has been able to resurrect the saga and make it into a viable narrative form. *The Fish Can Sing*, his most recent novel to be translated into English, is a perfect illustration of the stylistic synthesis he has achieved.

As a young man Laxness deplored the low level of culture in his native land and longed to escape from its provincialism. He spent years in Europe, where he struggled to develop a complex modern prose style and to free himself from the Icelandic literary tradition. Later, as an unsuccessful film-writer in Hollywood, where he felt threatened by middle-class culture—what he called our "humbug culture"—he learned to appreciate the value of Icelandic individualism. Indeed, he began to think that the stubborn self-knowledge and self-assertion of these unpretentious people were more to be admired than the sophistication he had longed for in his youth. But even though Laxness came to believe that the novelist's best material is to be found in the proletariat, his rejection of middle-class concerns was never complete, and the ambiguity of his attitude toward the conflict of cultural values accounts for the mixture of humor and pathos that is characteristic of all his novels.

Alfgrim Hansson, the narrator of *The Fish Can Sing*, begins to unfold the story of his childhood and youth at Brekkukot, a cottage near Reykjavik, with the strict impersonality and methodical objectivity of the sagas. His childhood is dominated by his foster grandparents, two silent, self-sufficient figures who seem to have stepped directly from the saga-world into the twentieth century. The Icelandic title of the novel, "The Annals of Brekkukot," emphasizes the importance of this humble farm, which represents the traditional culture of Iceland. At Brekkukot, for example, "Words were too precious to use—because they meant something." Alfgrim's grandfather, Bjorn of Brekkukot, is a poor fisherman, but his actions are governed by the same code of honor that prevailed in the heroic age. Old Bjorn is the ethical center of this novel, and from his example Alfgrim learns how a man should react to life. Viewed from the inside, this laconic world of Brekkukot is noble and dignified.

We do not, however, always see Brekkukot entirely from within, and Bjorn sometimes appears to be ridiculous, as he does in the chapter entitled "What Is the Value of the Bible?" When it was translated into Icelandic in the sixteenth century, the Bible cost the equivalent of one cow. As far as Bjorn is concerned, values are immutable; thus when a Baptist missionary offers him a copy of the Bible, he feels compelled to accept it and resigns himself to parting with his only cow. The astonished missionary takes to his heels, and the Bible is returned. Because of Laxness's masterful synthesis of styles, he can create richly comic scenes like this one, which simultaneously ridicules and affirms the values of Brekkukot. The irony that results from this double point of view informs the entire novel.

Opposed to the Brekkukot way of life is that of Gudmund Gudmundsen, whose mansion stands on the former site of Brekkukot. In his youth Jon Gudmundsen was a seaman like Bjorn, but he became a merchant and amassed a fortune. Now the Gudmundsens control the economic life of the town and own the newspaper. They represent the corrupt business morality of the modern world. To them Bjorn of Brekkukot is a crude peasant with no ambition; what the Gudmundsens value is European culture. By far the cruellest satire in the book is aimed at merchant Gudmundsen, who attempts to appear cultivated by lacing his after-dinner speech with phrases from a German primer. This time there is no redeeming irony.



Halldor Laxness—"masterful synthesis of styles."

Alfgrim has great intellectual and musical gifts, and his grandparents make sacrifices in order to send him to school. Although he is drawn more and more closely into the middle-class world of the Gudmundsens, he never outgrows his ambition to be a fisherman like Bjorn. The real plot of this novel, however, concerns the way in which Alfgrim's development is influenced by a mysterious relative, Gardar Holm. According to the newspaper, Holm is a world-famous singer, but at Brekkukot no one ever mentions his name. He seems to regard Alfgrim as his own true self, before he was corrupted by fame; consequently, he takes great interest in the boy. Though Alfgrim longs to hear Holm sing, his Brekkukot heritage causes him to distrust art and to reject all fictions, which he calls "ghost stories."

The trouble is that Holm is a kind of ghost himself. He is a fraud and a failure; his triumphant career is nothing but fantasy. In love with that dream, Gudmundsen's daughter allows herself to be seduced by Holm, who is really a sort of Icelandic Peer Gynt. The whole complexity of his character is contained in the paradox of the singing fish, which merchant Gudmundsen introduces into his ridiculous speech. He means that fish cannot sing, and neither can Gardar Holm, who has returned to Iceland to face himself and become reconciled to his heritage, as Laxness once did.

Nevertheless, for all his faults, Holm has understood that art must embody the dream of a better life. Thus, the fish *can* sing.

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Man Trapped by Tension

All Green Shall Perish and Other Novellas and Stories, *by Eduardo Mallea, translated from the Spanish by John B. Hughes (Knopf. 431 pp. $7.95), and* ***The Futile Life of Pito Pérez,*** *by José Rubén Romero, translated from the Spanish by William O. Cord (Prentice-Hall. 151 pp. $4.95), show man in search of his authenticity in two very different Latin American environments. John A. Crow, who is the author of "Mexico Today" and "The Epic of Latin America," is a professor of Spanish American literature at the University of California at Los Angeles.*

By JOHN A. CROW

SINCE World War I Latin America has produced a literature that is as varied, abundant, and beautiful as any in the world today. Many of the best works have been ably translated into English, and these offer a representative cross-section of the output of the southern republics. From Mexico have come such novels as *The Underdogs,* by Mariano Azuela, a graphic account of the Mexican Revolution; *El Indio,* by Gregorio López y Fuentes, a symbolic story of the Indian in Mexico's *mestizo* society; *The Edge of the Storm,* by Agustín Yáñez, a powerfully poetic Freudian picture of sexual repression in an isolated village of Jalisco, and *The Futile Life of Pito Pérez,* by José Rubén Romero, a revival of the lusty picaresque tale and Mexico's best-selling novel for the past twenty-five years.

Argentina has produced novels of a very different sort: *Don Segundo Sombra,* by Ricardo Guiraldes, an evocation of the gaucho as the basic element in Argentine character; *The Bay of Silence,* by Eduardo Mallea, a story of rootless souls in search of a viable creed; two suspenseful psychoanalytical novels, *The Winners* and *Hopscotch,* by Julio Cortázar; several collections of fascinating short stories by Jorge Luis Borges, and now the anthology *All Green Shall Perish,* also by Eduardo Mallea, who along with Borges is one of the outstanding Latin American writers of this century.

Mallea reminds some readers of an Argentine Camus. His style is just as pungent and his probing of the human predicament is equally dramatic. "Time is out of joint," Mallea says; "all great art must now keep before it the mission of discovering how to rearticulate it."

"All Green Shall Perish," the title work in the anthology, is a fine novella by anybody's standards. It bears comparison with the best works to come out of Europe or the United States. The scene is a farm in Argentina, after forty-four days of drought; but the symbol is universal: man defeated and withered by his sterile heart. The two central figures are a man surnamed Cruz (Spanish for "cross"), and his wife, Agata, named by her embittered, drunken, inadequate Protestant father for the agate on his desk which her dying mother used to stare at. Cold and impervious as the stone, Agata is all concentric circles, leading to an inner core of sterility. Nicanor Cruz is equally withdrawn and unmalleable; he is made of "ambition, reserve, mistrust." After fifteen years of failure to make anything green emerge from the barren pampas soil, Nicanor and Agata live on separate emotional islands, surrounded by a sea of bitterness and silence, an almost biblical wasteland.

IT had not always been so. Before her marriage Agata had had a great appetite for passion. "That was the peak. But below, at the foot, slept the feminine lake. One day, one of the stones flung by that sad and tenacious being [Cruz] touched the surface of that lake. . . She raised her eyes and saw, in that body she did not like, the shadow of a misfortune. It was the first time she had really looked at him. No woman needs more than this. To look just once. The seed is in the earth." Agata then felt that it was her destiny to create, out of two griefs, peace. She was also in search of her own fruit: a child.

Almost at once their painful journey toward silence began. Agata took refuge in her own compact coldness. Cruz continued to fight doggedly on, blind to all consequences. "His was the bitterness of the defeated male, thrashing about in apocalyptic helplessness, overwhelmed by a reality which resisted all human endeavor and then mocked and laughed at him for good measure. She was hurt; she carried a desert in her womb and a desert in her soul and a desert in her heart and a desert in her mind: she had been dragged by that man against her will to his own recesses of darkness and taciturnity. He was resentful; she was hurt. And both were launched upon life like lepers of time, mutually stripped of charity."

Mallea tells this story of a modern marriage with consummate skill. In the tragedy of Agata and Cruz we see the tragedy of modern man, rootless and sterile, making the wrong crucial decisions, already beyond the point of intelligent communication, doggedly plodding toward what seems an inevitable destruction.

"FIESTA in November" and "Chaves," the two other novellas in this anthology, throw further light on Mallea's central theme of spiritual isolation. The

first story echoes in Argentina the execution of the Spanish poet Federico García Lorca. While the intellectuals engage in vapid parlor conversation, people are being killed in the streets.

"Chaves," on the other hand, attaches a symbolic significance to words. Here is a man who is intimate with nature, but is unable to express his feelings in language. In order to win his beloved he compels himself to talk, to invent themes of conversation. He sacrifices a part of his authenticity because words are the essence of love. But when his Pura dies, Chaves again becomes the victim of his silence. Man is always the victim of his silence; or, if he is one of those who speak easily, he is the victim of the inadequacy of his language, which can never express his true feelings. "Words do not exist so that we can understand each other," Mallea writes. "Words exist only that we may be able to comment upon each other."

What happens in Mallea's novels is of less importance than what goes on in the minds of his characters. As John B. Hughes points out in his introduction: "Mallea's characters are alive to the extent that they are aware of their plight and struggle against it. Above all, they are alive to the extent that they are capable of suffering. The capacity to suffer as men and women is equated with

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authenticity and, as such, emerges as the supreme human value in Mallea's art."

The Futile Life of Pito Pérez, by the Mexican Romero, is of less substance than *All Green Shall Perish,* but it is easier to read. It even contains a number of dirty stories that have undoubtedly added to its popularity. Romero has clearly based his fictional characters on people he knew in his small provincial town. Pito Pérez is the local bum. The author gives to him and his antics all the flavor of the picaresque anti-hero.

Pito Pérez is a child of the Mexican Revolution, that great whirlwind that swept one ruling caste out and another in. But Pito is not interested in social reform; his entire life is an attempt to integrate his own battered, disjointed, embittered personality. He finds all social standards and institutions to be rooted in pretense. He points this out and guffaws loudly, feeling a certain superiority as he receives the blows that are dealt him in return. Society brings him to his knees, but even in this position he continues his denunciations. Humor is his sharpest weapon; nothing is too sacrosanct for him to mock. The closest he ever comes to finding real brotherhood is among the jailbirds, who like himself are the outcasts and dregs of the accepted social order. But even here his companions decide to go through a mock crucifixion, with Pito cast in the role of Christ. He is trussed up and the merriment goes well, until suddenly his companions turn away and abandon him to his agony, just as the mob had turned away from Jesus.

Pito is not a man of great physical courage. The best he can muster is a few symbolic gestures. He is society's thermometer or measuring rod, revealing the degree of fever, the degree of sickness. In one of his drunken hallucinations he sees into heaven, and finds as many injustices there as on earth. Again, he dreams that he is a tree, and birds of many colors come to take refuge in his branches. They are the thoughts of his lifetime, and he is in tune with their various songs. But he is soon cut down by reality, and returns to his own sterile form.

The Futile Life of Pito Pérez and the novellas of Mallea all cast man in a state of perpetual tension against the background of societies in a state of flux. The search for identity is foredoomed to failure, but proceeds compulsively. Both Romero and Mallea have created characters symbolic of a neurosis that transcends the national: the paralysis of the intelligence confronted with critical human problems.

We have the last word for graduation gifts.

grad·u·a·tion (graj′o͞o ā′shən), *n.* **1.** the act of graduating; the state of being graduated. **2.** the ceremony of conferring degrees or diplomas, as at a college or school. **3.** marks or a mark on an instrument or a vessel for indicating degree, quantity, etc. [< ML *graduātiōn-* (s. of *graduātiō*). See GRADUATE, -ION]

gift (gift), *n.* **1.** something given voluntarily without charge; present. **2.** the act of giving. **3.** the power or right of giving: *Job offers are a politician's gift.* **4.** a special ability or capacity; natural endowment; talent: *the gift of saying the right thing at the right time.* —*v.t.* **5.** to present with as a gift; bestow gifts upon; endow with. [ME < Scand; cf. Icel *gift;* c. OE *gift* (ME *yift*) marriage gift; akin to GIVE] —**gift′less,** *adj.*

—**Syn. 1.** donation, contribution, offering, benefaction, endowment, bounty, boon, largess, alms, gratuity, tip, premium, allowance, subsidy, bequest, legacy, inheritance, dowry. See **present**[2]. **4.** faculty, aptitude, capability, bent, forte, genius, turn, knack.

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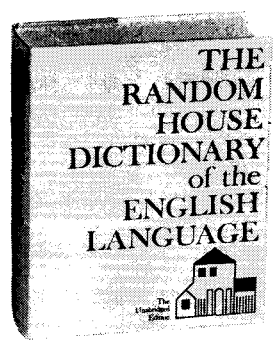

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Characterized by Singularity

***Variety of Men,** by C. P. Snow (Scribners. 270 pp. $5.95), applies the scientist's detachment and the novelist's absorption in human behavior to portrayals of nine leaders in an assortment of callings. J. Donald Adams edited "Treasure Chest."*

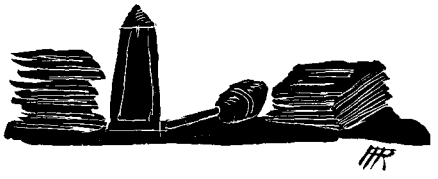
By J. DONALD ADAMS

SUFFERING as we have from a surfeit of Kennedy biographies and interminable explorations of "entertainment personalities," it is a stimulating relief to have C. P. Snow's incisive portraits of a "variety of men." Lord Snow's triple-barreled career as physicist, government official, and novelist provides the key to the wide range of this book. Three of his subjects—Lord Rutherford, G. H. Hardy (the mathematician), and Einstein—were scientists; two, H. G. Wells and Robert Frost, were primarily literary figures; the remaining four—Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Dag Hammarskjöld, and Stalin—were statesmen. With the exception of Stalin, Lord Snow met them all, and some were friends. To these appraisals he brings the comparative detachment of a scientist and the intense interest of a serious novelist in human behavior. His book is crammed with insights and illuminated by empathy.

That prolific biographer the late Hesketh Pearson (a shallower writer than Lord Snow but a skillful one nevertheless) remarked in preface to a similar collection of portraits *(Extraordinary People)* that singularity of character is the flesh and blood of enduring biography," and that the art "thrives, not on great feats, exceptional valor, epic endurance, hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach, but on eccentricity, idiosyncrasy, comicality, the stuff of gossip and scandal." He was also of the opinion that "human nature at its least amiable is far more interesting than human glory at its most spectacular." I doubt whether Lord Snow would subscribe to these statements in their entirety, but certainly much of his book lends reinforcement to them, as do books otherwise as far apart as Aubrey's *Brief Lives* and Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson.*

Certainly every one of the men portrayed by Lord Snow was distinguished not only by his measure of achievement, but by his singularity of character. Some, indeed, were downright eccentric, and one or two demonstrably pathological: Stalin's later years were marked by paranoia and extreme perversity, while lingering jealousy and bitterness were outstanding flaws in the character of Frost. We are all fascinated by the peculiarities of the people we know or read about. This was probably true when early man huddled in caves; it is markedly true today, when a man's breakfast preferences are public property; it will conceivably be true even in that problematical future when each citizen of the Superstate, his serial number neonlighted against the dark, tries desperately to distinguish himself from his fellow robots. As he unfolds his computer-fed newspaper in the morning he will be thinking, How can I be more than a number today?

I don't mean to imply that all quirks are products of free will. When G. H. Hardy, possessor of a first-class mind, covered all the mirrors in any hotel room he entered, lest he encounter his own by no means ill-favored visage, when Einstein refused to don formal clothes for any occasion, when Churchill held out his wrist to Lord Moran three times in a day, with the command, "Take my pulse, Charles," they were not merely being capricious; they were obeying a deep-seated compulsion.



Enough of trivialities, engaging and enlightening though they may be. None of Lord Snow's portraits is a failure; all succeed in either bringing these men alive for us or in helping us to understand them. Primarily a tribute to a great scientist, the picture of Lord Rutherford is discerning; Hardy's and Hammarskjöld's are lit by compassion for the tragedy of their closing years. Except among physicists and mathematicians Rutherford and Hardy were little known to Americans. Now, thanks to this book, we can see and hear two very remarkable men. Fortunately, the young Snow was close to them both—in particular Hardy, whose obsession for cricket was one of the strangest things about him; even this (cricket being a game incomprehensible to most Americans) Snow makes understandable, as he does the peculiar qualities of the mathematical mind, which, like musical genius, manifests itself at a very early age in contrast to great literary capacity, which sometimes flowers late.

The study of Stalin, in certain respects the most interesting in the book, both gains and suffers by Snow's interest in and knowledge of Russia, a land which has attracted him since youth, and one to which he has made frequent and extended visits. Lord Snow sees Stalin correctly, I think, as the man of action incarnate, without whom the Soviet state might not have survived. Most Americans, and probably most Europeans, think of him as a cultural ignoramus; Snow makes it clear that Stalin was a man deeply read in the literature of his country. When he would not permit the publication of Dostoevsky's works during his régime it wasn't because he failed to recognize Dostoevsky's greatness as a writer; it was because he thought his books were inimical to the state he was bent on keeping alive.

But Lord Snow's devotion to the welfare state, his hope that something splendid may still emerge from Lenin's crafty concepts, however distorted and deflected by Stalin, plus the compassion that underlies his effort at detachment, lead him, I think, into some overstatements. Can one say of Stalin that "in all history no other great political leader has come from so deep down in the population"? What of Lincoln, reared in a dirt-floored cabin? What, even, of Huey Long, the only political rival that Franklin Roosevelt feared? Then, too, although Lord Snow has played an important role in public affairs, he is fundamentally the man of ideas, the contemplative, the scientist *and* artist; such men tend to be overly impressed by the man of action, which Stalin was to the nth degree. In spite of these objections, I find the chapter on Stalin a fascinating study of a man whose demonic singleness of purpose has affected the lives of us all.

The portrait of Churchill, although it does not in the slightest diminish the magnificence of his achievement during the Second World War, is a valuable corrective to unthinking adulation. There were chinks in the armor, as Lord Moran testified, and some clay about the feet. Snow's picture is skillfully balanced. Of what other great leader can we say, as Lord Snow reminds us, that "If he had died at sixty-five, he would have been one of the picturesque failures in English politics," like his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. In the light of the aura that surrounds him now, and no doubt will for a long time to come, it is difficult to realize how greatly and how widely Sir Winston was once disliked.

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Ex-Titan of the Tate

Brave Day Hideous Night: Autobiography 1939-1965, *by John Rothenstein (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 386 pp. $6.95), concerns to a large extent the anguish suffered by the author when he was charged with maladministration of London's Tate Gallery. The American poet Edouard Roditi, now teaching at San Francisco State College, lived twenty years in Europe, where he was a correspondent for U.S. art publications.*

By EDOUARD RODITI

TO AMERICANS the second volume of memoirs by Sir John Rothenstein will likely prove to be less delightful than the first, *Summer's Lease (1901-1938).* In it Sir John described, with additional details and from a different angle, much the same world his father had depicted in an autobiography which revealed that Sir William—the Camille Pissarro or Max Liebermann of English Impressionism—could be as delicately perceptive in his writings as in his paintings and drawings.

Brave Day Hideous Night is too deeply involved in defending, from the slander and libel of malicious or hysterical critics, Sir John's policies and actions as director of London's Tate Gallery, one of Europe's greatest museums of contemporary art. Such apologetics distract the author from relaxing into the evocative narrative that charmed many readers of *Summer's Lease.* All too often an American might be puzzled here by administrative or legal details with which he cannot be familiar and which are only of interest in England, where controversy over alleged maladministration of the Tate Gallery made headline news a few years ago and inspired venomous debates in both houses of Parliament.

It was necessary, however, that Sir John publish his own version of this regrettable scandal, especially since the frankness of his previous volume of memoirs had committed him to relate his subsequent dealings with various celebrities. These range from Utrillo, Oskar Kokoschka, Picasso, and Henry Moore to Sir Winston Churchill and, alas, Graham Sutherland and the art critic and collector Douglas Cooper, both of whom are revealed as what one of John Galsworthy's characters once described as "snakes of the purest water."

One can only hope that some day, all passion spent, Sir John may rewrite the present volume, so as to devote more attention to significant memories of the truly great. He might then also be inclined to provide a more colorful and less bitterly legalistic interpretation of the vituperative hysteria of Cooper and of the psychopathic intrigues of the late LeRoux Smith LeRoux, an otherwise obscure employee of the Tate Gallery who was the sole instigator of the troubles and scandals in which Sir John became innocently involved. LeRoux might lend himself to the kind of analysis that could illuminate the psychology of some of the more odd and haunted fictional characters of E. T. A. Hoffmann, Gogol, Dostoevsky, and Conrad. In real life such characters are disastrous.

In spite of its insistence on details of policy and administration, *Brave Day Hideous Night* contains much that might be of general interest. Again and again, Sir John puts his finger judiciously on the basic fallacy of much current discussion of art, on "the tendency in contemporary criticism to equate innovation with excellence." As a result of this our museum curators live under a veritable reign of terror: on the one hand, they are constantly accused of perversely ignoring new trends or their true representatives; on the other, they are just as often charged with "wasting public funds" on expensive nine-day-wonders of modern art that may, within a few years, be of no interest or commercial value.

Yet his administration of the Tate Gallery proved Sir John to have been the most brilliant and efficient director in the museum's entire history. When he came to it in 1938 the Tate's antiquated collections, archives, and library were in a shocking state of chaos and neglect. A few years later its very premises had been destroyed by German bombs. Not only did Sir John manage, with very few

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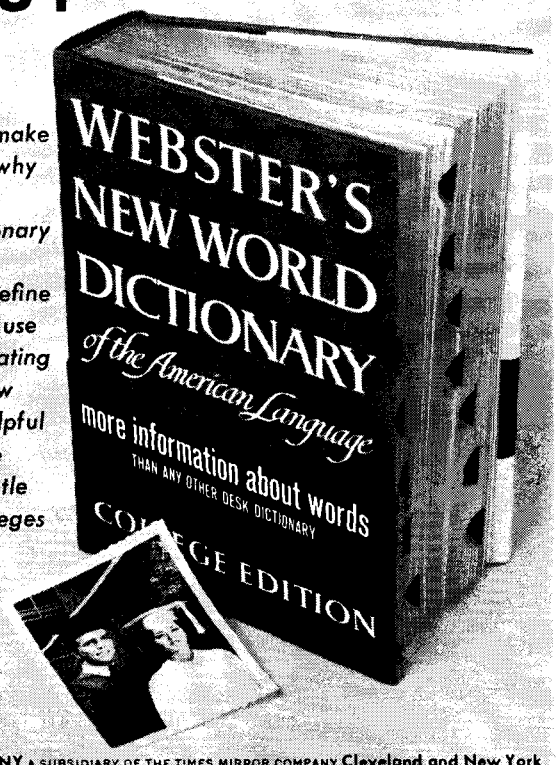

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exceptions, to save the museum's collections from the ravages of war, but he added numerous important acquisitions, both old masters and moderns, though he was hampered by an absurdly restricted budget. In addition, he salvaged from oblivion in the gallery's storerooms nearly all of Turner's unknown later masterpieces, which had never been shown and were rapidly deteriorating until he restored them. Then Sir John rebuilt the whole museum and made it more popular with the public than ever before.

In 1939 Sir John visited the United States. What he writes about the American painter Kenneth Hays Miller's memories of his master, Albert Pinkham Ryder, is quite fascinating; readers will also enjoy Rothenstein's few remarks about John Sloan and Charles Burchfield. Sir John's interest in American art was that of a pioneer: immediately after the war he instigated the first major exhibition of American painting to be shown in a British public gallery.

His services to English art, which he promoted successfully in a number of outstanding exhibitions in the United States and Europe, were of course more important. But American historians should also pay attention to his account of the curiously paradoxical psychology of Lord Jowitt, who, after having been Lord Chancellor in a British Labour Government, made an unholy mess of the affairs of the Tate Gallery as the president of its Board of Trustees.

Sir John promises to report in a later volume the gist of his conversations with Churchill about painting, and especially about what Sir Winston generally called "my daubs." Having myself once discussed these with Churchill when I chanced on him painting one of them in the gardens of the Mamounia Hotel in Marrakech, I look forward to reading more of Sir John's memoirs.

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The Junior Senator from New York

RFK: The Man Who Would Be President, *by Ralph de Toledano (Putnam. 381 pp. $6.95), sees the present New York Senator as ruthless, vindictive, and ready to adopt any position that will lead him to the White House. Louis W. Koenig has written frequently on the Presidency.*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

THIS volume is the first of a promised flow of books on Robert Kennedy, who, by dint of his family's own principle of political primogeniture, stands as its contender for the Presidency. Ralph de Toledano, whose political inclinations are toward the Right, presses an indictment that moves unbroken throughout his pages. Among the leading counts is the charge that Kennedy is rude and ruthless toward his fellow men, whether they be foes or friends of his cause. In the 1960 campaign he is well remembered for knocking heads together, cutting corners, and treading on those who stood in the way. He could deliver an ultimatum to Governor Michael Di Salle of Ohio, threatening to destroy his political career unless he endorsed JFK, and rendered in language described by Di Salle associates as hardly fit for mixed company. In the Wisconsin primary Robert went about the state invoking the specters of Jimmy Hoffa and the multimillionaires of Texas, implying that they were in Humphrey's camp.

In a second indictment the author portrays Robert Kennedy as an unrelenting feudist, a master of the vendetta. In the pursuit of his quarry he shows scant concern for human dignity, the processes of law, or the elements of fair play. Jimmy Hoffa, who would never win a national popularity poll, was harried and jailed by Kennedy through methods that vexed civil liberties advocates. Against Lyndon Johnson he has waged a warfare, sometimes open, sometimes subtle, but more persistent and unyielding than any other President in history has had to face.

Even when RFK took positions similar to those of the White House, "there was an edge of contempt to his formulations which neither Lyndon Johnson nor the Washington press corps missed." By the simple expedient of holding that the country should "do more" and "do it better," he chose ground from which he could attack at will Johnson's domestic program. In the intractable Vietnam situation Kennedy could move toward the position of the war's staunchest critics, and, though always careful not to link himself too definitely with them, he has achieved a high ground from which to snipe against the President.

The author further sees Kennedy as a man of modest talent raised to high place not by ability but by family fortune and the coattails of his martyred brother. RFK came into the post of Attorney General without an unusual law school record and with only the sketchiest of orthodox legal experience. He was "saved," de Toledano's argument runs, by the appointment of exceptionally able deputies. His record as a partisan leader is unimposing. He supported Abraham Beame in the New York City mayoralty race, and antagonized both the local Democratic "Reformers" and the Liberal Party. He brought forward no candidate who could win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. After the smoke and dust had cleared from the 1966 election, the Democratic Party in New York State, despite a lopsided advantage over Republicans in the registered vote, controlled only one top office—Kennedy's.

DE TOLEDANO obscures Kennedy's positive and vital contributions to political life. In times of vast change, established policies and ways of thinking need reconsideration; new ideas are a precious commodity, and Kennedy is at the forefront both on the national and world scene as one who responds constructively and indefatigably to these needs. Mr. de Toledano does not acknowledge Kennedy's capacity for growth—how, for example, despite a limited professional background, his tenure as Attorney General was one of the most distinguished in recent decades, particularly in its civil rights and antitrust records.

The book suffers from excessive prosecutorial zeal, which makes the selection and interpretation of evidence highly arbitrary and subjective. Thus Kennedy is condemned for his part in the 1961 Cuba fiasco, but he is not praised, or even recognized, as an astute and discreet counselor in the brilliant resolution of the 1962 crisis. His candidacy as a small-boned, underweight recruit for the Harvard football team is viewed as a clue to overreaching ambition. It could also signify courage.

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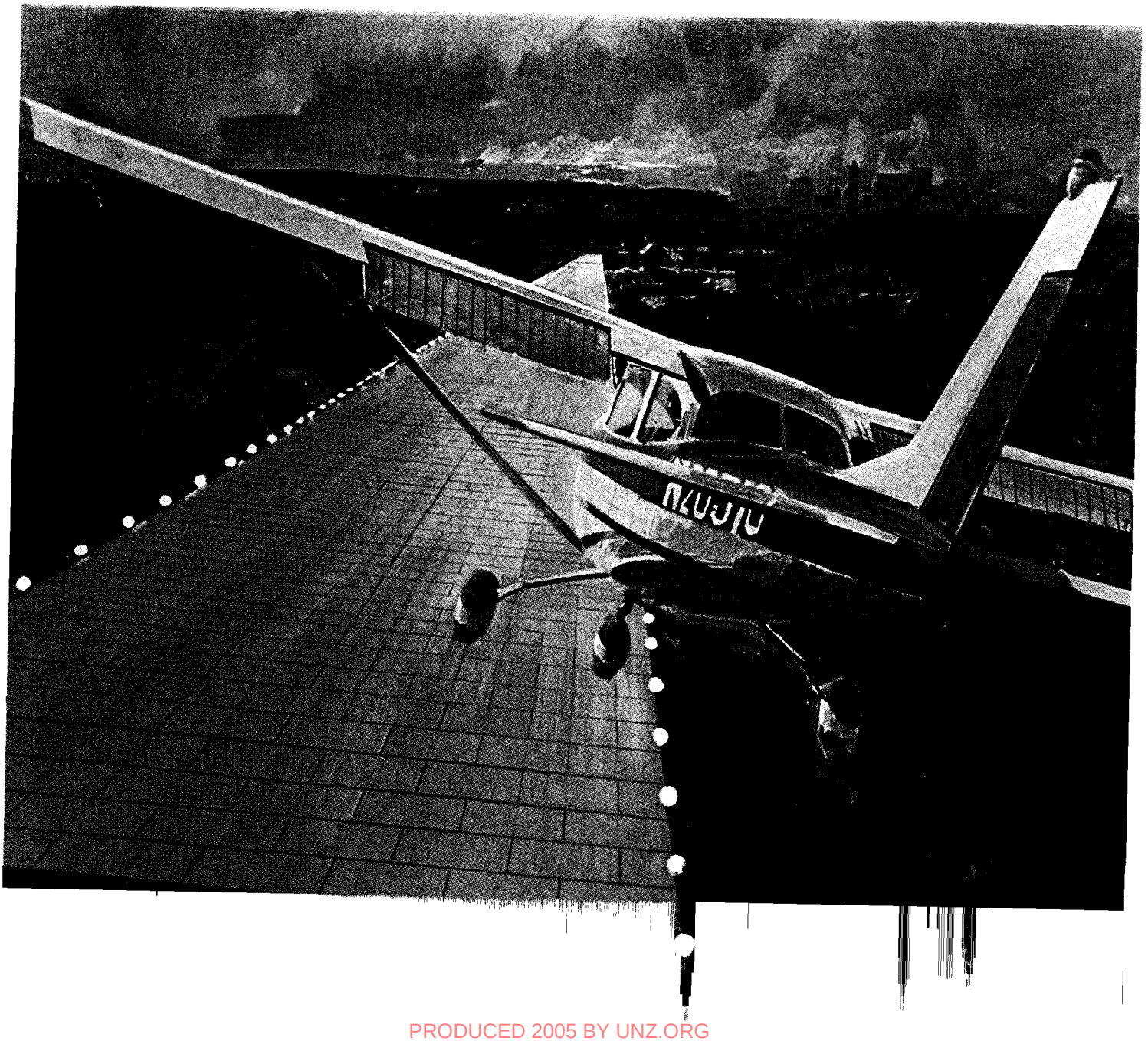

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How Grand It Was!

"THE GRAND TOUR!" The phrase has a potent sound. It comes by that rightly, for this most popular of the world's travel routes began to be beaten into a broad highway by English bluebloods and gentlemen of quality as far back as Henry VIII's time. Reaching England from Italy, the Renaissance animated the upper classes with a passion to visit Venice, Florence, and, above all, Rome, to expose themselves to the new culture. Now Americans by tens of thousands yearly follow the same there-and-back trail: from London to Italy by way of the Low Countries, the Rhine, and Switzerland, and home via Paris. Or in reverse. A circle tour, elliptical in shape.

Grand Tourists from Shakespeare's time and until that of Thomas Cook traveled by coach, on horseback, or on foot. They took a year or as much as five years. Armed with letters of introduction to princes and savants, they stopped off for sojourns at the courts of petty princelings and at such universities as Heidelberg, Padua, and Bologna to learn languages and polite manners and study the arts. Wine, women, and song were regarded as also part of a young gentleman's education. In their baggage travelers brought back bits of classic marbles, paintings, tapestries, whole fireplaces, walls, and ceilings. Back home, Milord built a new neoclassic or Renaissance wing to his stately home to hold these treasures—which are there for the contemporary Grand Tourist to see.

The travelers of the Grand Tour (the phrase was not invented until 1676) and the exciting stories and glamorous objects they brought back drew from the chimney nook city merchants, poets, and artists. (Shakespeare never made the tour, but such was the magnetism of its destination that he laid several of his plays in Italy, among them *The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet,* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*) In the seventeenth century the elite were followed by plain citizens seized with sudden wanderlust, of whom the epical wanderer was William ("Cut-lugged" Willie) Lithgow, who logged 36,000 miles, mostly afoot, and wrote a travel book which appeared in 1614 as *The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painfull Peregrinations of long Nineteen Yeares.*

That was six years before the Pilgrims landed at the Rock on a different "painfull peregrination." Two hundred years later, their descendants began crossing to Europe armed with letters of introduction, and set out on the Grand Tour: Washington Irving; Longfellow; N. P. Willis, the "Broadway magazinist"; Bayard Taylor; artists and art students; bookmen; and scions of wealthy New England and Virginia families. The raw United States yearned for culture and sophistication in its turn.

The Grand Tour as done by Americans today is somewhat different from that of Lithgow's day and even Regency times. The travelers of old all went "independent"—there was no other way. No travel agencies or brochures existed, no travelers checks or credit cards. The first conducted group to the Continent consisted of sixty-four ladies and gentlemen from London, led by Cook in 1863 through Switzerland by railway, boat, diligence, muleback, and afoot. They thought nothing of tramping up the Rigi (today conquered by funicular), the ladies in long, heavy skirts. In those days maxi-skirts down to the ankles, not mini-skirts, were worn; the well-dressed lady of fashion wore dozens of yards of cloth. There were heroines in those days.

The railway made a revolution in travel like the one later achieved by the motorcar. In 1800 the word "Tour-ist" had come in with timid hyphen; in 1880 "tripper" was added to signify those who traveled in a hurry and in wholesale lots. John Ruskin, who gave tourism an impetus with his books on painters and architecture, looked down his nose at the "modern steam-puffed tourist." In his autobiography he tells how they did it before steam.

He had his first taste of travel as a boy of fourteen when his parents took him and his sisters on the Grand Tour in 1833. The private carriage they traveled by was carefully chosen, for it would be their home for five or six months. It had to be roomy enough for a family of five, plus luggage, and in bad weather, the courier. The coach's inside was as ingeniously outfitted as a ship's cabin, with concealed drawers, underseat stowage, and windows of precise fit to exclude the dust. This heavy vehicle, drawn by four sturdy horses (the postillion mounted on one), did its seven miles an hour, stops included, averaging 40 to 50 miles a day—and never on Sunday!

Papa Ruskin was a wealthy wine merchant, but was not rich enough to afford an *avant-courier* to go ahead and book the next inn's choicest rooms and arrange for fresh horses at posting stations. They had the next best thing, a courier who rode with them. The function of this new class of professionals, as the author explained it, was:

> to make all bargains and pay all bills, so as to save the family unbecoming cares and mean anxieties, besides the trouble and disgrace of trying to speak French or any other foreign language. He, farther, knew the good inns in each town, so that he could write beforehand to secure those suited to his family. He was also acquainted with the sights. . . . He invariably attended the ladies in their shopping expeditions, took them to the fashionable shops, and arranged as he thought proper the prices of articles.

Charles Dickens ten years later came along in his own coach-and-four. Here is part of his account, boiled down, for he wrote it as if paid by the word:

> You have been traveling along stupidly enough, as you generally do in the last stage of the day; and the ninety-six bells on the horses have been ringing sleepily in your ears, and it has become a very jog-trot, monotonous business, when at the end of the long avenue of trees a town appears, and the carriage begins to rattle and roll over horribly uneven pavements. . . .
>
> And here you are—rumble-rumble clatter-clatter in the yard of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or; and everybody comes out open-mouthed for the opening of the carriage door.
>
> The landlord dotes to that extent upon the courier that he can hardly wait for his coming down from the box, but embraces his very legs and boot-heels as he descends. "My courier! My brave courier! My friend! My brother!" The landlady loves him, the chambermaid blesses him, the waiter worships him. The courier asks if his letter has been received. It has, it has. Are the rooms prepared? They are, they are.
>
> The door is opened. Breathless expectation. The lady of the family gets out. Great Heaven, Madam is charming! The sister of the lady of the family gets out. Ah, sweet lady! First little boy gets out. Ah, what a beautiful little boy! First little girl gets out. The landlady, yielding to the finest impulses of our common nature, catches her up in her arms. The baby is handed out. Angelic baby! The baby has topped everything. All the rapture is

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expended on the baby. Then the two nurses tumble out; and the enthusiasm swelling into madness, the whole family are swept upstairs as on a cloud.

Dickens was traveling with his wife and sister-in-law, five little Dickenses, and two nurses, all tucked into one carriage. The brave courier rode on top.

The bourgeois Ruskin-Dickens kind of journeying Englishmen became known along the Grand Tour as "milords." It was they who pioneered modern travel and put on the pleasure map such places as Spa and Baden Baden, Lucerne and Interlaken, Nice and Monte Carlo. It was ungracious of Ruskin years later to describe the travel-agented, train-toted tourists he saw as "the poor modern slaves and simpletons who let themselves be dragged like cattle through countries they imagine themselves visiting." For, after all, the milords were being carried along, too, dependent on a courier, unable and unwilling to speak the language of the country—cattle, in short, but first-class.

It is easy enough to imagine what Ruskin would say about today's 100 per cent American tourist (or tripper) on his transatlantic jet crossing to his hurried, packaged descent on "eleven countries in twenty-one days." The Ruskins took half a year. The original Grand Tourists did six countries in about 1,100 days. How pokily things went in the old days!

Another thing that has changed is the travails of travel. You are aboard the Paris-Le Havre boat-train, or at the airport waiting for the world's most experienced airplane. Around you are your countrymen homebound from their Grand Tours. What a wonderful time they've had! Venice—fabulous! The view from the Jungfraujoch—wow! The women go on to talk of shopping triumphs while the men trade amazements at Europe's prosperity, especially Germany's.

Sooner or later someone remarks that everything would have been perfect but for Salzburg (or Nice, Brussels, Heidelberg), where their confirmed reservations were not honored and the desk clerk was so rude!

Ha! Now the fat is in the fire. One comes to the post mortem of every trip: the catalogue of woe. The fat man got dysentery in Rome. The thin lady's luggage went astray. Mr. Tumulty's raincoat was stolen, and in a cathedral at that. Mrs. Spoonbill arrived in London at 7:30 a.m. and couldn't get into her room until check-out time at 2 p.m. Add the hotel that was dirty, the palms that were always outstretched, the wildcat strike that tied up the railways, and the cab drivers you were sure cheated you, though of course how could you count in that money?

It might ease the minds of homing Grand Tourists if they knew the worse woes which beset sixteenth- to eighteenth-century travelers. Then, the least of one's trouble was that it took a minimum of five days to reach Calais from Paris, and that, arrived there, one often waited ten days for a favorable wind for the cross-channel voyage. Young Washington Irving's ship, bound from Genoa for Sicily, was captured by pirates with knives in their teeth. They plundered it, but after reading Irving's letters of introduction to celebrities, touched their forelocks and left his trunks unopened. Humorous amateurs, they left behind a receipt for what they took.

Boswell's Grand Tour diaries are full of unhappy matter. "A dreary inn it was. . . . At night we were laid thirteen in a room, beside a Danish woman and three children. . . . Sad travelling. About 12 at night as the wagon was rumbling down a hill one of its wheels fell into a deep hole, and there we stuck fast." Now and then he was lucky. "I had a genteel large alcove with a pretty silk bed. I find my happiness depends upon small elegancies."

FROM the sixteenth century for some years into the nineteenth, travelers were stopped at thirty-one different customs stations between Cologne and Basel. Every little duchy and palatinate took its bite. One could bribe one's way, but bribes added up to formidable extras. At Channel ports customs officers confiscated what they liked from one's luggage. Through the centuries the innkeeper-robber was in business. He scorned itemizing a bill, and from his inflated round number it was silly to appeal to the local magistrate. And there was no travel after dark.

In many parts the roads were so infested by bandits (deserters, usually, from crazy wars) that travelers journeyed in groups, like Chaucer's pilgrims. In Fôy-Notre Dame, Belgium, a festival commemorates those days. Soldiers escort villagers attired as pilgrims to the miracle-working church as they once escorted genuine pilgrims through the woods. The inveterate traveler Tom Coryat was terrorized in 1608 by two tramps near Baden Baden (now one of the most tramp-free places in the world), but so successfully did he pretend to be a mendicant friar that they gave him some pennies.

The seventeenth- and eighteenth-century travelers were troubled by two other plagues besides banditry: disease and religious differences. The English, having broken with the Pope in Bluff King Harry's days, were at times set upon in fanatical regions. Disease was bound to be communicable when inns slept travelers a dozen to a room and three or four to a bed. Vermin abounded

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and fed off all. At the common table guests dipped into the common wooden bowl groping for bits of meat with hands generally dirty. No tableware was furnished; every man carried his own knife. Coryat in 1607 was astounded when in Italy he saw people using a strange pronged instrument, the fork. A wonderful idea! He bought several with which to astonish the home folks.

Nor was England the foreign traveler's Utopia. When Voltaire visited London, some toughs took exception to his Frenchy looks and flung mud and insults at him. The philosopher mounted a stone horse-block, harangued them as brave lads, and regretted not having been born an Englishman. They hurrahed him and carried him to his lodgings on their shoulders.

This recital of old tourist troubles leads to Ye Olde Travell Kitte, designed to anticipate and counter not only misfortunes but boredom. Although nothing like a Muirhead or Baedeker guidebook was invented until near the middle of the nineteenth century, many early Grand Tourists published, along with their experiences, advice on What to Pack. Here is a roundup of some objects considered essential or helpful for a travel kit:

A brace of pistols. A dagger. A stout walking stick "in case of meeting a surly dog or stranger."
Tablecloth, napkins, bedding.
Knife, fork, spoon.
Spices.
A bag of oatmeal. Silver teapot, tea leaves, and a kettle [as an American today carries powdered coffee].
Pocket detachable door-bolt. [Many inns had no locks to their doors.]
Rug for cold marble floors. Long woollen drawers.
Medicine chest: dental forceps, castor oil, laudanum [as a pain-killer].
A clay pot of earth kept moist to hold under the nose to avoid seasickness. [Keeping in touch with Mother Earth?]
A bottle of vinegar for fumigation of one's quarters. Heat the fireplace shovel red-hot on being shown into your room, and throw vinegar on it.
A flute to while away dull hours. [Today, crossword puzzles, solitaire, detective stories.] Sketching materials. [Today, camera.]

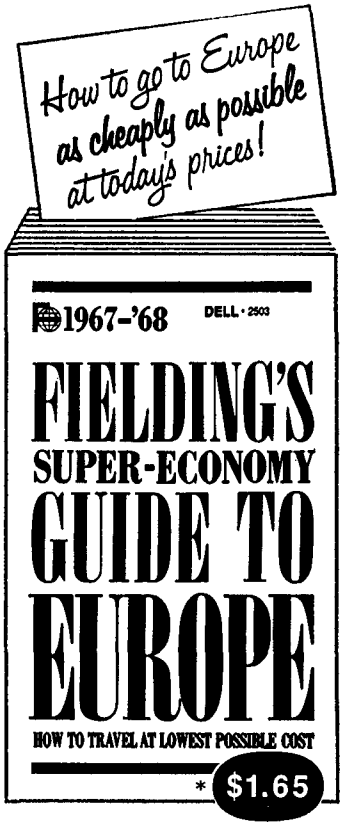
The last word is to Shakespeare:

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness.

In short, "Drop me a line—'Wish you were here.'"

—LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN.

This article was adapted from the Martins' new book *Europe: The Grand Tour!* published this month by McGraw-Hill.



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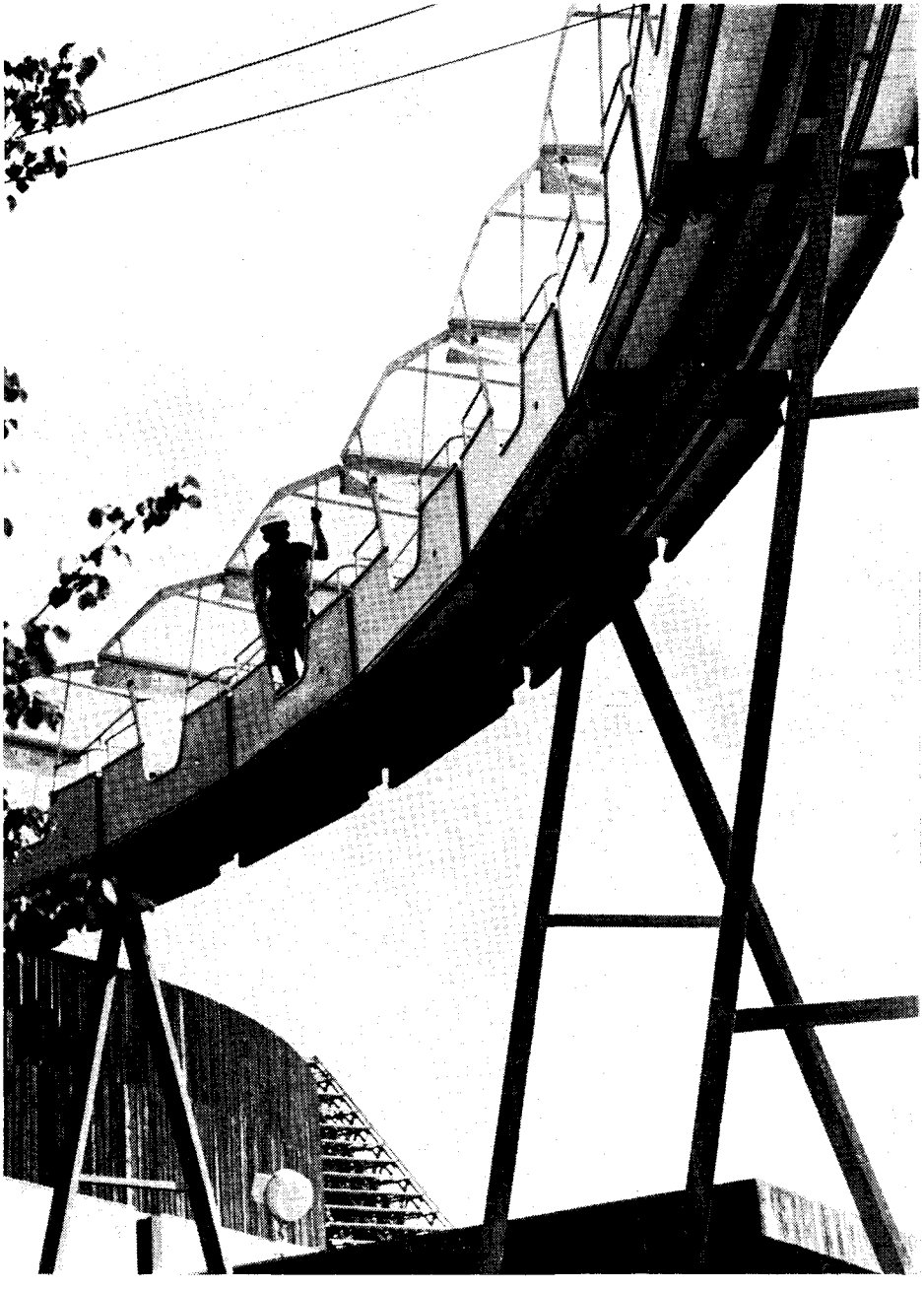
Art and Its World at Montreal



Minirail train at fairgrounds—"an enticing itinerary."

FOR THE ART enthusiast, Montreal's Expo 67 offers a heady menu, richer than normal eyes can absorb in a short visit. Topping a prodigious round of paintings, sculpture, and architecture are Canada's splendid International Fine Arts Exhibition, France's comprehensive survey of Gallic art, and occasionally spotty but often stimulating group shows in other national buildings. Even more impressive are numerous outstanding achievements in contemporary architecture, notably the German, American, and Dutch Pavilions, to say nothing of the shimmering Gyrotron, a simulated space ride in the amusement area.

All these buildings, either hung from or predicated on interrelated self-supporting metal bars and tubes, are freed from the orthodox columns of routine glass and steel architecture. As such, they become open translucent structures eminently suited to flexible modern needs, which, to be sure, are nowhere better exemplified than in a temporary international exposition. Industrial design, too, is admirably served, in contrast to its often haphazard vulgarity at New York's recent fair. Outdoor lights, plastic telephone booths, directional signs, spacious new Métro stations, and, not least, the entire conception of the Minirail, from its comfortable cars to its enticing itinerary, testify to thoughtful overall planning.

Expo 67 is geographically immense, including several islands and literally acres of buildings. To cover only its most important art concentrations demands sturdy legs no less than agile eyes. Among these concentrations, the No. 1 triumph belongs to Canada and to its official Fine Arts Exhibition effectively housed in a newly erected museum. The show encompasses 188 works spanning all periods and representing every corner of the world. Many are familiar masterpieces from the great museums of Japan, India, Egypt, the United States, Mexico, and from most of Europe's important art centers. The U.S.S.R. and France have been especially generous, the Louvre alone having lent no fewer than eleven fine works.

To accommodate Expo 67's main theme, the show deals with "Man and His World." Divided into nine different sections, such as "Man and Work," "Man and Love," "Man and His Ideals," the exhibition rises above these arbitrary classifications because it was selected

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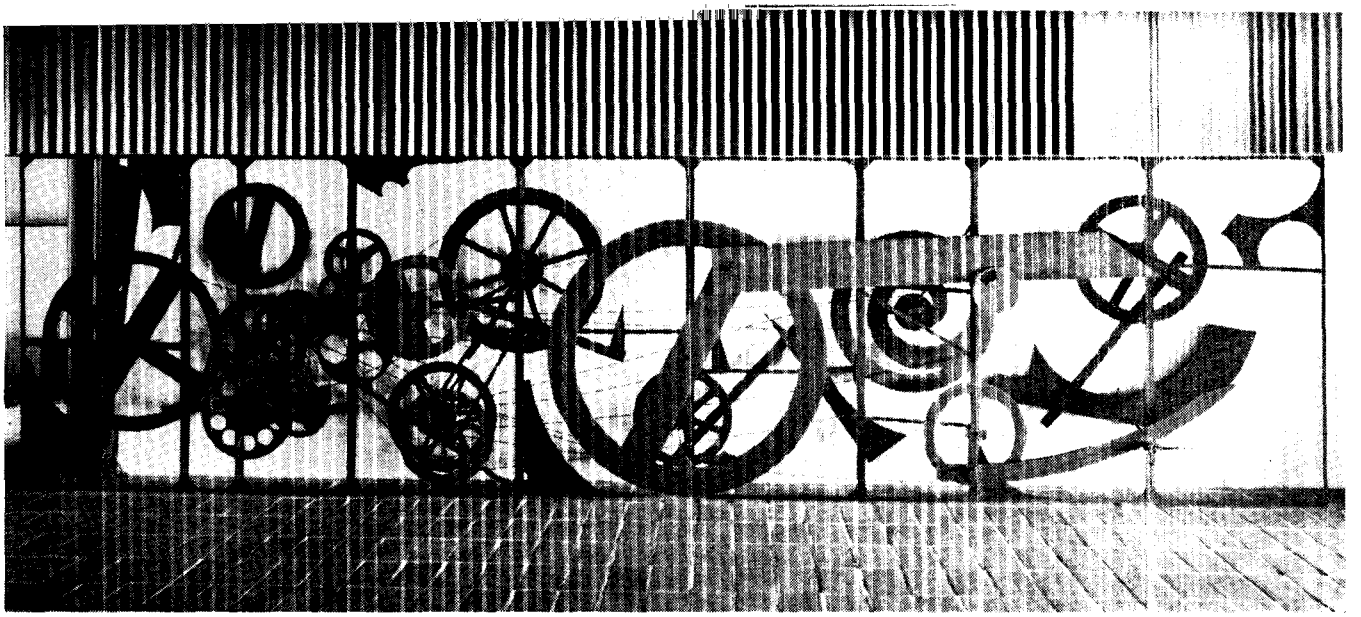
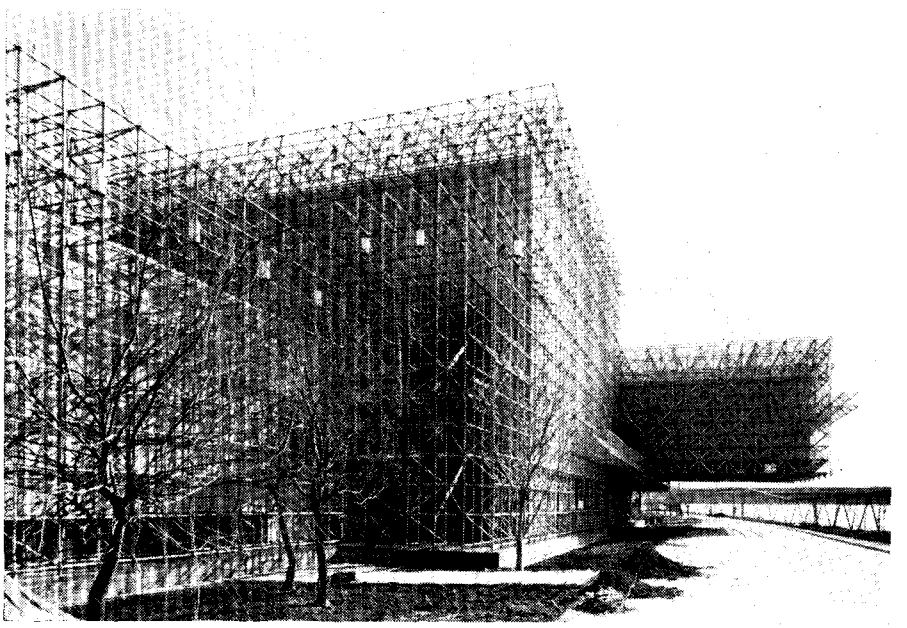


Requiem to a Dead Leaf, by Jean Tinguely (on exhibit in the Swiss Pavilion).

with rigorous respect for quality and installed with the utmost dignity and sensitivity. Then, too, these slightly silly categories have been approached so loosely as to melt away. We remember only the works of art, which fortunately never take on the role of illustration. Indeed, they are far too assertive to be codified in any way. Yet the juxtaposition of outstanding paintings and sculpture from totally different ages and places presents new relationships that are sometimes curiously revealing. Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*, painted in 1890, is surprisingly enhanced by its stylized neighbor, a haunting twelfth-century *Head of Moses* from Mantes. No single work is overdramatized, and still each is given its due.

To my mind the rarest object in the show is Jan van Eyck's meticulous likeness of his wife, Margaret (see cover). Lent by the Musée Communal Groeninge of Bruges, this touchingly honest Flemish portrait, painted in 1439 on oak panel, can easily hold its own esthetically, if not romantically, with Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*. Other artists seldom seen so splendidly represented are Piero di Cosimo, with a mysterious large canvas from Canada's National Gallery in Ottawa, and the extraordinary twelfth-century French sculptor Gislebertus, whose serene romanesque stone carving was lent by the Cathedral of Autun.

The French Pavilion, a huge building full of modern architectural clichés but less ungainly than its pretentious British next-door neighbor, devotes two upper floors to art. Here, an ambitious exhibition selected with care and installed chronologically traces the entire development of French painting and sculpture; also the decorative arts, from medieval times until today. The show is large (more than 200 objects) and distinguished by such famous painters as Georges de La Tour, Watteau, Fragonard, Poussin, David, Ingres, Delacroix,



Netherlands Pavilion (note unusually large cantilever at right).

West German Pavilion—One of many sculptures by Canadian artists stands in the right foreground.

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Manet, Cézanne, Degas, and a host of other celebrated French names. In addition, it includes foreign artists who have worked in France. The whole impact of this country as a creative art center unfolds before our eyes. The exhibition brings us up to date. We see the latest avant-garde experiments but we also see what they came from. Surrounding the building are several large metal constructions by important French sculptors or by colleagues living in France. Not as strictly nationalistic as most of the other native displays, the French show demonstrates the full sweep of Gallic involvement with the arts everywhere.

All of which brings me to the United States Pavilion, a miracle of architectural beauty, yet a letdown as far as contents are concerned. One approaches the building with a sense of pride, for wherever one looks, the lightly poised dome of the United States dominates the landscape, partly because of its size but more because of the radiant purity of its structure. Designed by Buckminster Fuller, the vast, glowing bubble is composed of a transparent plastic and glass skin supported by a filigree of metal. The interior presents a dazzling enclosed yet unobstructed space, ideal for exhibition purposes. All the more reason to sorrow that our government has seen fit to fill this soaring masterpiece of modern technology with trivial blownup trinkets and homey folk art. The over-obvious desire to play down America as a power symbol and present the country as a cozy, naïve young nation seems to have backfired. If the hope was to capture a certain imaginative American vulgarity, this, too, failed, for the show is tame—even tedious.

Polychromed wood sculpture, by Kuan-yin Bodhisattvu (Chinese, twelfth or thirteenth century), lent by Nelson Gallery-Atkins Museum, Kansas City, to the International Fine Arts Exhibition.

Collections of rag dolls, decoy ducks, a variety of oddball caps and hats (intended, could it be, to stress U.S. emphasis on individuality?), handmade quilts, cowboy paraphernalia, desultory Indian artifacts, magnified photographs of movie stars (including, ironically, Charlie Chaplin), and, at the entrance (shades of the Soviet Presidium!) a huge benign likeness of President Johnson—all of this does little to present the "creative America" that the pavilion claims to typify. In a special area hang outsized Op, Pop, and minimal paintings (some 53 feet high) by the usual "in" names; paintings incorporating numerals, neon lights, and all the repetitive advertising accoutrements we have come to know by heart. Decorative? Yes. Gay? Yes. Empty? Alas, also yes. Except for an absorbing section devoted to American space probes, the U.S. Pavilion is a pseudo-sophisticated debacle. Could it be that in the search for a lighthearted contrast to our present aggressive image we foundered, and instead of witty urbanity produced childish regression?

I am not suggesting that we supply a wealth of humorless didactic installations such as pack the Soviet Pavilion, but at least we might have honored our serious writers, painters, sculptors, photographers, and inventors by acknowledging their existence. Many of the other countries were wiser, though rarely as successful architecturally. Take, for example, Switzerland, with its outdoor sculpture display of works by Giacometti and Max Bill, and its inside wall reliefs by Kemeny and Tinguely, the latter with a beguiling mechanistic requiem to an almost invisible dead leaf. Also claimed by France, Tinguely has installed perpetual-motion constructions on the roof of the French building as accompaniments to Niki de Saint-Phalle's *outré* plants and animals. Genuinely sophisticated and genuinely amusing, these combined works act as an appropriate background garden for an outdoor bar.

Belgium has brought single paintings by Rubens and Jordaens, also examples of medieval and Renaissance treasures, but somehow the impact of these fine works is dimmed by seeing them next to a garish, overlighted reproduction of the Ghent Altarpiece, at once an indignity to this peerless fifteenth-century polyptych as well as to the noteworthy original works nearby.

Almost all the Europeans feature contemporary sculpture outside their pavilions. In many instances these works seem far less progressive than the buildings they surround. In fact, Expo 67, with its wealth of modern sculpture, presents a certain dilemma. Can these myriad metal and plastic constructions compete with the sources that spawned them? Are they as handsome and meaningful as their useful prototypes—as, for instance, the machines, architectural structures, and industrial inventions from which they take their inspiration? Too often the sculptor repeats what he sees rather than transforms what he senses. His work, whether highly complicated or reduced to an absolute minimum, becomes sterile, even contrived, when removed from the isolated protection of museums and galleries. Often it cannot stand the exuberant presence of those motivating influences which we now accept as part of our daily lives. Who wants to look at the sculptor Kricke's chic twists of metal outside the German pavilion when that fascinating tent-roof structure of steel and plastic is adjacent? Designed by Frei Otto and Rolf Gutbrod, the building seems actually to breathe, to expand and contract with exhilarating vitality.

Wandering from pavilion to pavilion, one is repeatedly struck by the monotonous repetition of motifs that recur in

***Head of Moses* (twelfth century), lent by Dépôt lapidaire de la Collegiale Notre-Dame, Mantes, France, to the International Fine Arts Exhibition.**

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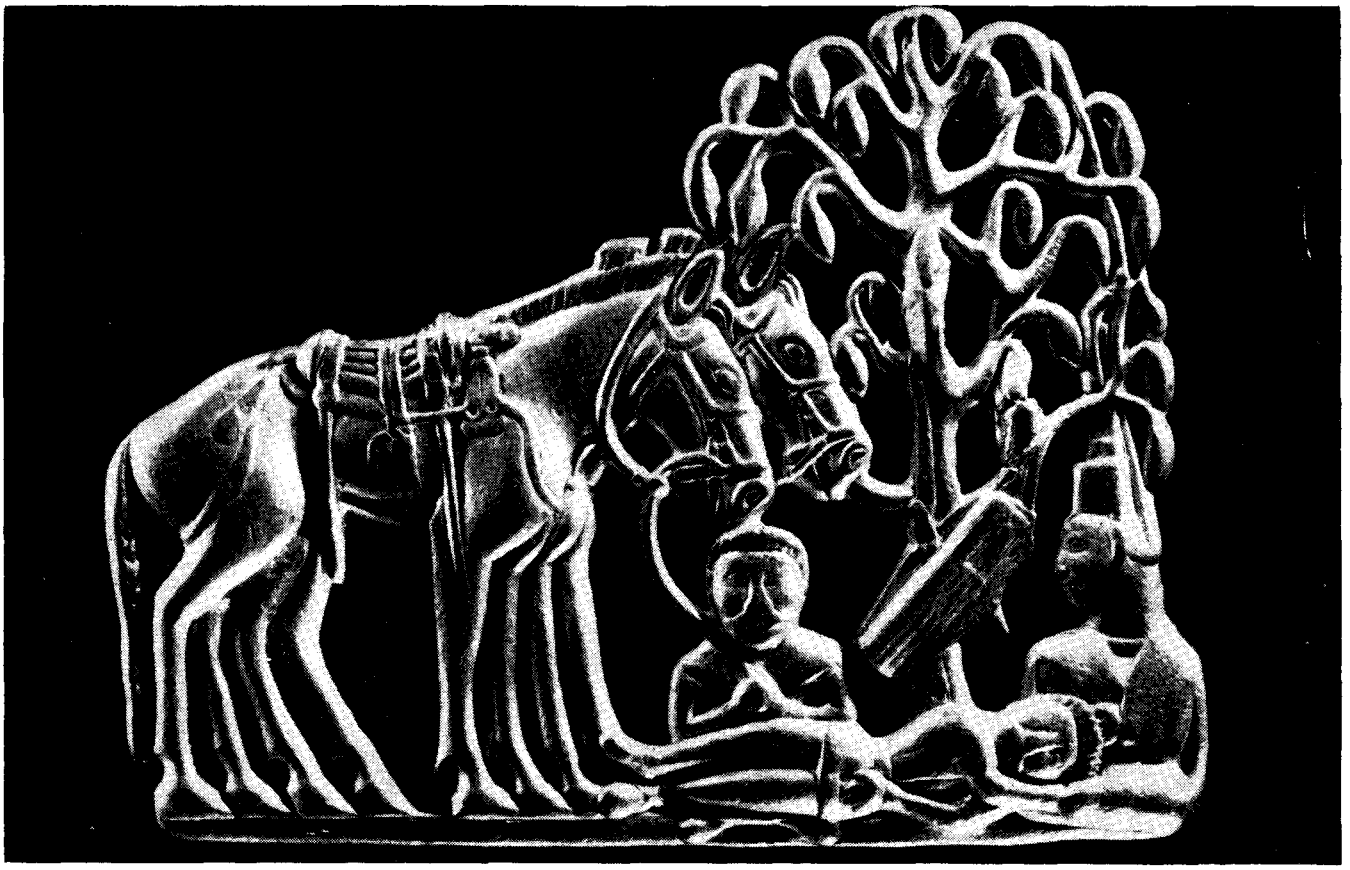

Horsemen Seated Under a Tree **(Siberian, third to fifth century b.c.), lent by the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, to the International Fine Arts Exhibition.**

much of the contemporary sculpture on view. Here, individuality is less evident than in Expo 67's architecture. If, at times, the latter is vulgar, at least it is also enterprising. Whether produced in Austria, France, Scandinavia, Canada, or almost any other Western country, sculpture of the last ten years adheres to a common vernacular. It does not lead; it follows. One need only observe the work of some thirty young Canadian sculptors who were commissioned to design for specific public areas at Expo 67. Depending as a rule on aluminum, cast iron, epoxy, or wood, these native artists turned out highly proficient constructions which nonetheless I sometimes confused with hoists, cranes, and other machinery still at unfinished sites.

In contrast, the extensive and well-selected International Exhibition of Contemporary Sculpture installed on a hill of Ile Sainte-Hélène shows none of the same conformity and yet remains equally puzzling. For though all the renowned twentieth-century names are present, starting with Rodin and continuing to Ipoustéguy, most of the sculpture for some reason seems overwhelmed either by the surrounding landscape, by neighboring pieces, or by Bucky Fuller's nearby gleaming sphere. Because many earlier sculptors here exhibited were deeply involved with personal expression, these important single samples of their work appear strangely at odds with one another. An uncompromising, brightly painted iron construction by David Smith is scarcely at home with Matisse's expressionist *Slave* or with a tender bronze by Manzu. Unlike a painting show where walls supply needed isolation, an outdoor sculpture exhibition provides a simultaneous experience. Perhaps the only hope for monumental three-dimensional art is to plan its site and its relation to neighboring architecture well in advance—indeed, when the architecture itself is being planned.

But even this does not always pan out. Take Sandy Calder's 67-foot-high stainless steel construction which was commissioned by the International Nickel Company. Too large, too inert, it is neither architecture nor sculpture. There it stands, squashed into a small space, literally and figuratively riveted to the ground, fighting with the skyline, and sadly bereft of Calder's usual rhythmic poetry. Everything the artist stands for has been sacrificed to sheer size, a size that has little meaning since this particular stabile is less a heroic conception than a playful gesture. It should never have been frozen into monumentality.

A final word about Expo 67's setting. Man-made islands threading the St. Lawrence River combine with the vertical profile of Montreal to turn this site into an overall work of art. See for yourself. Take a ride on the Minirail.

—Katharine Kuh.

Desire, **by Aristide Maillol, lent by the Musée National d' Art Moderne, Paris, to the International Exhibition of Contemporary Sculpture.**

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From Anxiety to Identity

IT IS NOT without meaning that the most interesting characters in Arthur Miller's television version of his Salem witch-hunt play, *The Crucible*, were those who had doubts about themselves or were candid about their faults or were willing to admit openly that they were torn by conflicting, ambivalent emotions and convictions. This is, perhaps, the theme of the play, the wider truth that the author was attempting to communicate: Communities are healthier when they do focus skepticism on their rigid certainties, when they are ready to debate reasonably, to recognize and examine differences of mind. Danger exists, in such a view, when all doubts are exorcized, when people accept transcendent beliefs in which total good meets total evil in an irreconcilable struggle.

Four characters carried the burden of this theatrically compelling division in the human spirit; it is also of moment that not all were on the "right" side. John Proctor (George C. Scott) and his wife, Elizabeth (Colleen Dewhurst), the central figures in *The Crucible*, are basically good folk whose strained personal relationship makes them targets for the wild arrows of hysterical accusation loosed in the panic of fear of demonology in the repressive, theocratic Massachusetts colony. Reverend Hale (Fritz Weaver) enters the play as a fire of Christian certitude, but exits in guilty horror at his own role in the fantasy of corruption; and Mary Warren (Catherine Burns), the Proctors' servant girl, does not arrive at the betrayal of her master without fits and sobs of intense vacillation.

The turns in behavior, prompted by self-scrutiny and conscience, gave the four actors who played these roles richer opportunities for virtuosity than were afforded the rest of the cast. Generally, the other actors realized only single-dimensional, unfulfilled outlines. They were sketches of real people, moving the narrative along, personifying moral abstractions—even the "good" ones, who knew their minds so well that they never wavered in their resistance to the witch-hunt, even to their death. Some of the "bad" people did falter in their commitment to stamp out the Antichrist, but they did so out of expediency, out of fear of the town's rising rebellion.

The superior appeal of the more ambivalent characters, as well as a higher and lower level of the play's power, may be viewed as a distinction between identity and anxiety. On television the play began at the level of anxiety. Confusion is abroad in Salem; misfortunes cannot be explained by rational causes. It must all be the Lucifer poison; his cohorts must be exposed, their guilt confessed before purity can return to the threatened Christian community. Alex Segal, the play's director, sought to make the mounting panic exciting—in forest, home, and courtroom. Crowded scenes and hysterical people can be handled successfully in *mise-en-scene* in a theater; but for the small color television tube it was too cluttered, too frenetic.

Mr. Miller wrote a new scene at the very beginning showing a voodoo ritual in the forest, with the young girls "sporting." It may have been intended to "hook" the fickle television viewer, but it had the Hollywood, not the Miller touch. When the play's angle shortened to the narrower situation of the Proctors, the involvement deepened.

Nevertheless, even at this point, halfway through, the play still hung at the level of anxiety. The Proctors wanted to save their friends who had been accused of devil-trafficking. Elizabeth was herself placed under suspicion; Proctor fought manfully to save her by exposing the accusing children as frauds, failed, and faced death by hanging unless he confessed to having consented to serve the devil. It was then that *The Crucible* rose from anxiety to identity.

In the last act the Reverend Hale is a tormented man, in despair over his lost certainty. In the jail, John Proctor is permitted to talk alone to his wife. She is pregnant; he has been tortured; and both are under the death sentence. With fine sensitivity and great understatement, Mr. Scott and Miss Dewhurst grope toward the discovery of who they really are. It is a moving scene when he tests his wife's response to his suggestion that he confess and lie to the witch-hunters. "I cannot judge you, John," Elizabeth says, and confesses her own coldness to him which once caused him to slip from fidelity. With complete self-awareness, Proctor says: "It is evil and I do it!" Then he transcends that awareness with the discovery that he is willing to lie to save himself but not to turn on his friends and falsely accuse them.

In this last scene, with its interplay between husband, wife, honor, friendship, and fear, the playwright and the performers go beyond the story of Salem, rise above even the contemporary echoes of the McCarthy period and the new threat of punishment for dissent about the war in Vietnam. The play plumbs a truth that is not time-bound. A society that has stopped examining itself and searching for its identity knows only anxiety. In the search for and discovery of identity, anxiety dissolves. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

WIT TWISTER #9

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing ____
Until their ____ run over!
Tonight, we'll ____ upon this ____;
Tomorrow, ____ for Dover!

(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

If ____ can be believed, my dear,
Time cannot ____ your seasoned charms.
Yet I would give at ____ a year,
Could I but ____ to younger arms!

(*Answer on page* 69)

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THE THEATER

Idol Conversation

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

IT IS POSSIBLE that certain university theaters will ultimately become the places to which people will go to see the world's finest theater artists in limited engagements of plays that would not be feasible in our commercial theater. In an impatient move to demonstrate how this may work, the Yale School of Drama has taken Robert Lowell's new adaptation of Aeschylus's *Prometheus Bound* and lavished on it the best imported talent it could obtain.

First, there is Michael Annals's colossal setting, which places us in the bowels of a deserted Roman ruin. A rocky promontory connected to the rear façade by a drawbridge juts out into the auditorium, and two huge chains hang down to make the whole stage appear like the bottom of an elevator shaft. Suddenly the poetic despair of this desolate place is filled with the sunny and hopeful sound of psychedelic brassy music, a Gabrieli composition made modern by echo-chamber augmentation.

Then into this strange and special world come Prometheus and his persecutors dressed in begrimed seventeenth-century costumes. A work-weary Hephaestus, played with rumbling intensity by Clayton Corbin, apologizes for what Zeus has ordered him to do. Prometheus nods to say he understands. Then, screened from sight, we hear only a few resigned cries of pain as Hephaestus nails him to the rock.

So far, director Jonathan Miller's conception works to create a sense of tragedy. Now, however, Mr. Lowell's adaptation and the production move away from tragedy in the direction of comic irony and intellectual insights. It would be unfair to say that there is a bit of Jimmy Porter in Kenneth Haigh's Prometheus, but since Mr. Miller has chosen to allow the supposedly bound protagonist to roam about completely unfettered, Prometheus seems to express minor irritation rather than agony at his plight. Fortunately, Mr. Haigh is marvelous with the saucy line, with mimicry of the gods, and with precise statement of the hopelessness of the universe.

As Lowell has seen it, Prometheus's flaw is the vanity of his mind, and Prometheus's will is only "an empty wish recoiling on itself." Like some visionary scientist, Prometheus sees through the nonsense of absolute rule and is fascinated to discover that "there is a mind in things." This glorious knowledge and his compulsion to talk make his already foreseen torture seem trivial.

In one long speech Prometheus prognosticates, "No one will step across the last line of space, or walk back through the atoms and microbes to time's beginning. . . . Fire will be the first absolute power, and the last to rule. Then the trivial order of the gods, that scratch on space, will crackle . . . it will burn through burning. Zeus will be a small flame trickling and dying out among a million dying flames, that were once alive, were life."

Similarly, in the capable hands of Irene Worth, Io's lament about being punished for having yielded to Zeus's advances emerges more as a sophisticated examination of woman's plight than it does the anguished story of an unfairly tortured girl. Amusing, too, are David Hurst's swelling Ocean and Ron Liebman's ever so slightly preposterous Hermes.

We are ultimately disappointed, however, to find that the play has not moved us very deeply and that so many of Lowell's penetrating insights into the relation of God and man emerge as pure conversation. It is a looking forward without anger that is always admirable, frequently amusing, but seldom dramatically absorbing.

WALTHAM, MASS.

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY is presenting the American premiere of John Arden's *The Workhouse Donkey* with a large cast made up of a few professional actors plus graduate and undergraduate students in Theater Arts. Thus the cause of education gets at least equal attention with the goal of production results. And the Boston theatergoer is given the opportunity to see a work whose difficulty and unevenness mitigate against American presentation.

In it, Arden not only asks the actors to master North Country dialect, but he also requires that they slip in and out of song and in and out of verse. Furthermore, because he wants to show us without oversimplification every aspect of a British town, he has written the play loosely and at unnecessary length. After all, the story of a boy who came out of a workhouse to become an unbridled and unorthodox political boss before the disparate forces of society coalesce to destroy him could have been told much more succinctly had it focused simply on its protagonist, Alderman Charlie Butterthwaite.

As the grinning, rascally alderman, Charles Werner Moore gives a powerful performance, seeming to become more likable and merrier as he gets deeper into trouble. John Bizakis as a corrupt police superintendent and Vanya Franck as a parody of a society woman are the most effective of the many supporting roles, most of which seem thinly written.

Although one suspects that director Howard Bay could have used more rehearsal time to good advantage, the production is nevertheless inventive, intelligible, and fast-moving.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Cannes '67

CANNES.

OF THE SOME fifty international film festivals now held annually, the one at Cannes qualifies easily as the most festive and is generally regarded as the most important. This year, between April 27 and May 12, Cannes celebrated the 20th anniversary of its film festival, and present for the occasion, in varying roles, were such as Shirley MacLaine (juror), Michelangelo Antonioni (favored director), Vanessa Redgrave (esteemed actress), and Jerry Lewis (most popular personality). In addition, the usual host of film reporters, critics, buyers, executives, publicists, promoters, producers, directors, and the simply curious thronged the Croisette and took the sun on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel. Faces grew progressively more tanned, the opinionating became more violent, and the current state of the film art fluctuated according to which film was shown on a particular day in the flower-bedecked Palais du Cinéma.

Coolish weather (though the sun remained bright) restricted the beach appearance of starlets—in fact, Cannes is diminishing in its fleshly appeal, whether because of policy on the part of the festival authorities, or because of the stricter morality (induced by Madame de Gaulle, some said) prevalent in France. And hardly had the festival begun before it had its first agitating scandal, a flagrant exercise of censorship by Favre Le Bret, the festival director, who, after an audience uproar during the first of two competitive showings of Joseph Strick's filmization of *Ulysses*, quickly blacked out some twenty French subtitles that translated portions of the Molly Bloom soliloquy.

In the ensuing hullabaloo, Strick, who sat in the seat of honor during the second showing, watched in horror as broad black streaks appeared on the screen where subtitles had been earlier. Then he bounded to his feet, raced to the projection room, attempted to turn off the projectors, and, failing that, the theater's whole power system. He was hustled out, after which he demanded that his film—a British entry—be withdrawn from competition. Before leaving the resort, he circulated a statement which read: "Our film, *Ulysses*, has been mutilated. We have been lied to, humiliated, and denied fair access to a fair competition. We withdraw."

The film, without subtitles, had been screened prior to the festival by a Favre Le Bret representative, who took with him a lady interpreter. This woman, it seems, overcome by modesty, had failed to translate in all its pristine gaminess the language of Molly Bloom, as enunciated by Barbara Jefford, who played the role. Thus it came as a surprise to the festival officials when terms of unparalleled indelicacy suddenly appeared before the startled eyes of a predominantly French and local audience. A translation authorized by the French Academy had been consulted by the French subtitler, Jean Sendy, but no matter: such language was shocking and disgusting. As Favre Le Bret expressed it, "such words are better heard than read." And, as Louis Marcorelles, a prominent and bilingual French critic put it, "In French, the expressions used are more shocking than the English counterparts."

If nothing else, the incident made clear that France now has a film censorship stricter than that of the British or Americans. And, through the fuss he made, Strick gained some commercially valuable publicity for his film, which, according to private comments by jury members, was not destined for prize honors anyway. The point that seems to have emerged is that filmic communication on an international level still has its problems.

Accident, another British entry, written by Harold Pinter and directed by Joseph Losey, suffered in its French subtitled version. The subtitles were accurate enough but they lacked the glints of irony and humor present in the English sound track, and the response to the film was accordingly lackluster. *Blow-Up* fared better, due to the power and fascination of the Antonioni images. One of the two or three most distinguished films of the festival, *Blow-Up*, already acclaimed in the United States and England, somehow seemed to have lost some of its gloss. A French director remarked: "It is already last year's film. We are soured on mad, mod London. The mood has changed. We all look for something newer."

One mood that has changed, comparing this year's festival to those of the last two or three years, has to do with European attitudes toward Americans. A pronounced anti-Americanism was evident in 1965, in the hostility of audiences, in remarks made by members of foreign delegations. But practically none of this occurred in 1967. "The reason is," a French critic explained, "that here in Cannes we meet no Americans who approve of the Vietnam escalations. They are not only as opposed as we are, but they are more concerned. We are frankly bored with the war, and Johnson is an embarrassment to both Frenchmen and Americans."

The subject did raise its head publicly during a press conference held by Jerry Lewis, who came to Cannes presumably for no other reason than to inhale and absorb the adulation given him by the French. The Salle Cocteau, in which the conference was held, seats 300, and was packed not only by press people and critics but by such luminaries as Jean-Luc Godard and Agnes Varda. Taking advantage of what appeared to be a bias by Lewis against American film critics and toward Europeans, who appreciate him far more, a questioner asked at one point what he thought of President Johnson. Lewis quickly sprang to his defense. "He is my President," he intoned, "and I respect him. He is our leader, and I follow him." After a few more remarks along the same lines, he was politely applauded. Lewis then exploited his sense of timing. "Of course," he said, solemnly, "I don't think he should be President." The rafters rocked, as they say.

THE Jerry Lewis phenomenon is a curious one indeed in France. His at-times inchoate love for film-making strikes to the soul of the French intellectual film-lovers. "Without doubt," said one impressed French correspondent, "he provided the high point of the entire film festival."

But there were filmic high points, too, among them *Elvira Madigan*, a Swedish film directed by Bo Widerberg that tells a frail, period love story but uses colors bewitchingly. Also impressive was a Yugoslav film with a title that translates to *I Have Even Met Happy Gypsies*. Here again the color camera work is exceptional, and the wandering account of gypsy romance and jealousy charms and dismays with alternating displays of gaiety and the harsh facts of Yugoslav gypsy existence. Perhaps the most impressive piece of film-making of all came from the Soviet Union. This was *Borodino*, the third part of the mammoth four-part Soviet version of *War and Peace*, directed by Serge Bondarchuk, who also served on the Cannes jury. Perhaps because of his jury service, the film was shown out of competition. Devoted mainly to battle scenes, the spectacle was on a larger scale than anything made up to now. If the battle itself was difficult to follow in terms of tactics, and defeat and victory, it nevertheless made the sobering point that an apparent combat victory can have appalling consequences, as in the case of Napoleon's Russian adventure. The film, some eight hours long, is rumored to have cost the equivalent of $100 million. Obviously

(*Continued on page* 69)

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ancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. st a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Ko- n village of Ku Am there are a dozen young, still-tender mul- ry trees growing on a small hill. meday these trees and their suc- ent leaves will be the heart of a village industry—a silk raising m. That day is still many months but it doesn't stop the village n from making daily inspection ks up the steep hill, just in case. t in case something miraculous happened since yesterday. After it wouldn't be the first miracle happen in Ku Am. Everyone in village knows the story of Chang k, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's nces of survival were as slim as was. Her father had disappeared ing the family's flight from th Korea. Her mother, a seam- ss, worked a backbreaking day most of the evening to earn a month. Barely enough to keep n from starving.

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And with all this, there is still e money left over. This money, ether with money from other nsors, was borrowed by the vil- to start its precious mulberry m. Someday silk raising will n a permanent increase in the age's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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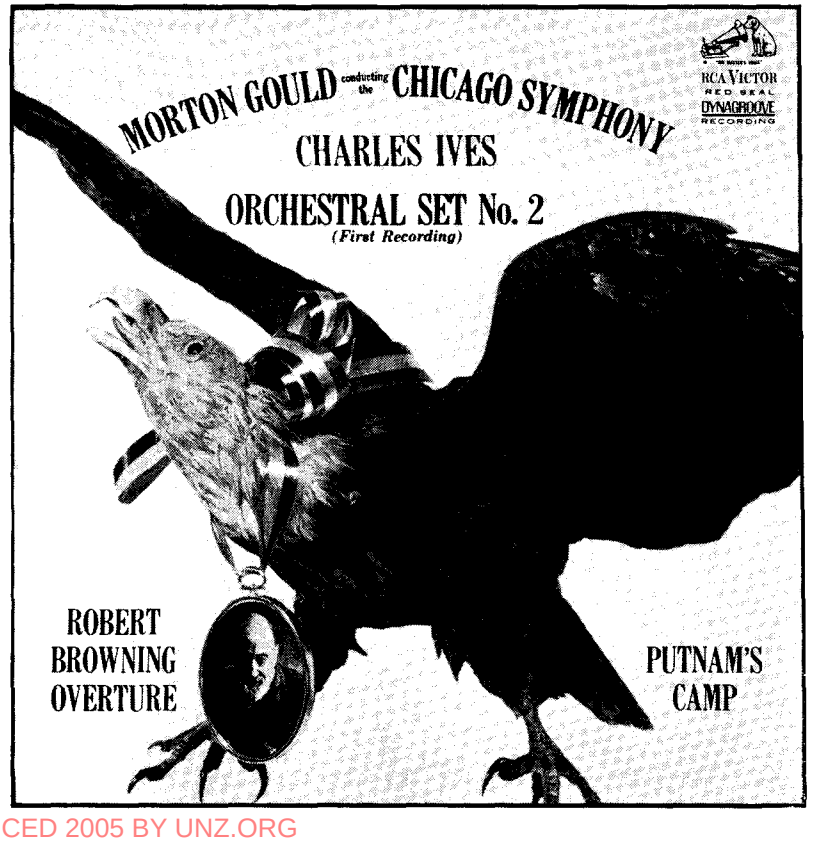

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—E. Fred Sher.

Walter Kravchenko, first assistant of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives, examines one of the rare 78 rpm's.

THE HOLCMAN COLLECTION

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By JEAN BOWEN

FOR MANY READERS of *Saturday Review*, the name Jan Holcman was synonymous with perceptive criticism. During the period of more than ten years in which he reviewed recordings for this magazine, he wrote sensitively and with authority about piano music and the way in which it should be performed. The steady stream of brilliant criticism that flowed from Jan Holcman's pen ended with his sudden death on April 13, 1962. After his death, his record collection, the primary source for much of his criticism, was inaccessible, locked in the Holcman studio—that same studio whose elaborate soundproofing, extra-thick floors, and superb electronic equipment had provided an ideal working environment during the life of its owner. Now, however, the studio has been cleared, and the unique collection it housed has become the responsibility of two institutions, each uniquely equipped to care for the materials in the Jan Holcman Collection.

The Louis Calder Foundation of New York City has made it possible for the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound (in the Research Library of the Performing Arts of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center) to acquire the disc recordings that formed the larger part of the Jan Holcman Collection. The rest of the collection, including tape recordings, piano rolls, study acetates made from "master" copies in the disc collection, and the historical notes and charts compiled by Jan Holcman during a lifetime of study, are now part of the International Piano Library of New York City.

Jan Holcman was never a hoarder of sound or a collector of shellac objects precious simply because they were hard to find. He intended his collection to be used. During his lifetime it was open to serious students of the piano, whether performers, teachers, critics, or collectors. And, of course, he drew upon it for his own research and criticism. It is especially fitting, then, that his recordings have been placed where they will be used as he himself would have used them.

At Lincoln Center, the great wealth of sound contained in his collection is freely available on tape to all those with a serious interest in the art of the piano. The fragile originals from which these

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tapes were made are stored in air-conditioned, humidity-controlled stacks, free from the dust and grit that plague New York City; it is certain that with such care their life expectancy will be long. The Holcman notes, study acetates, and tapes in the International Piano Library will receive there the careful attention needed to identify and edit them; when this work is completed, the materials will be published. The chances that they will enrich the literature of piano criticism are great indeed.

The collection, although separated physically, remains as one through the active cooperation of the two institutions that received it. Tape copies of all of the discs now in the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives will be made available to the International Piano Library. This institution will, for its part, make copies of its tape originals for the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives. Such cooperation, almost unknown among private collectors and rare among institutions, guarantees the survival of the Jan Holcman Collection and points the way toward the eventual cooperation of many sound archives in an international effort to preserve recorded sound before it is destroyed.

The assembling of a collection such as this one takes much more than the ability to acquire records. Jan Holcman was singularly fitted to develop such a collection, and his evaluation of the musical virtues of a given recording had the authority of many years of working with the literature of the piano. He was born in Lodz, Poland, on October 2, 1922. His family was musical, his father being a pianist and an uncle a first violinist in the Warsaw Philharmonic. He received his early training at the Lodz Conservatory, but his life there was interrupted, as were the lives of so many others, by the German invasion of Poland and the start of World War II.

The terrible difficulties created by such a holocaust had one great advantage for the musical development of Jan Holcman. When the part of Poland in which he lived was "liberated" by the Russians, they recognized his ability and sent him on a scholarship to study at the Moscow Conservatory. As he recalled in one of his articles, he arrived there in December 1940 and was met by the great Russian pianist Zak with kind words and hot soup.

As the German armies began to press heavily upon the Russians, Jan Holcman and many of his fellow students were evacuated to Tashkent. There, almost starving, he came in contact with the Polish Soviet Army, into which he later was inducted. The writer Josef Czapski, in his book *The Inhuman Land*, vividly describes Jan Holcman at that time: "He had large, light eyes in a narrow freckled face which was so pale that it looked transparent. Sensitive hands with very long fingers projected from sleeves too short for his arms. He was so insubstantial that he seemed to hold himself upright only with the greatest difficulty." This same writer goes on to describe how Jan Holcman played at that time with "all the assurance, the clarity, the power, the nervous, passionate, but precise vitality, and all the defined rhythm" that Czapski had come to associate with the great interpreters of Chopin.

Jan Holcman spent the rest of the war in the Polish Soviet Army, copying instrumental band parts and playing on occasion for his fellow soldiers. The history of his service with this organization during and after the war is somewhat veiled; it is known, however, that he spent some time in Italy and later parted company with the army in Palestine. There he remained, teaching and studying, until 1947, when the offer of a scholarship from the Juilliard School of Music in New York City brought him to the United States.

This proverbial land of milk and honey was for him a land of bread and water. Concert playing was impossible because of poor health; academic appointments were difficult because of a lack of degrees. Guest lectureships at Columbia University, New York University, Hunter College, and the Juilliard School helped somewhat, as did a small number of private pupils and a great deal of free-lance writing. The brightest spot in his career here was probably the receipt of a George E. and Eliza Gardner Howard Foundation Fellowship at Brown University, for this fellowship gave him the time and money to develop his "sonic microscope."

This device consisted of a variable speed double turntable equipped with tone arms that would, at the touch of a button, hover indefinitely over a single groove of a recording. Thus, two versions of the same piece could be studied in detail. In addition, the fact that the recordings could be slowed simultaneously made it possible for the ear to hear technical faults such as uneven scale passages that were inaudible when the recordings were played at proper speed.

The Jan Holcman Collection reflects, as does any fine collection, the interests of the man who built it. This collection was put together by a man who was a musician and not an antiquarian. If a Josef Hofmann recording needed for the collection was available only on a 1904 release of Gramophone and Typewriter, Ltd. (a corporate combination unrivaled until our own time, when Bach and baseball keep harmonious company under one industrial roof), that performance entered the collection. The G&T label, that ruby among garnets to most collectors, left Jan Holcman unmoved if identified with a performance or a kind of music that lay outside his field of interest. He wished to own the works of major composers for the piano in the best performances. Less authoritative performances were included only if the work performed was not part of the recorded repertory of the master pianists. Such selective buying led to a remarkable collection. To browse through its catalogue is indeed to come in contact with the best traditions of the piano.

Particularly impressive is the section devoted to the 78 rpm recording. Jan Holcman, who felt that 78s were far superior to LPs, largely because they could not be edited so extensively, collected both acoustic and electrical recordings with great discernment. There are many rarities. The collection contains two seven-inch discs of Al-

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli (left) with Jan Holcman at Bolzano, Italy, where the pianist makes his home.

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fred Grüfeld playing Edvard Grieg's *Schmetterling*; one of these is an 1896-97 Berliner. Other rare recordings are a number of Ferruccio Busoni performances recorded for English Columbia, Camille Saint-Saëns playing his own *Valse Mignonne*, and a performance of a Chopin étude by Paul Wittgenstein on the Favorite label.

The greatest interest of this part of the collection, however, lies not in its rarities, even though they are considerable, but in the documentation it provides for the careers of a number of the greatest pianists and, indeed, for whole schools of piano playing. The lists of recordings by such artists as Backhaus, Gieseking, Godowsky, and Horowitz are voluminous, and it is possible to gain an intimate knowledge of the strengths and weaknesses of many of these artists and schools from hearing the records they represent.

Josef Hofmann is a case in point. His playing, Jan Holcman was convinced, surpassed that of any other pianist known to the recording studio. The Holcman Collection documents his career from 1904 until near the close of his professional life. A long-playing record entitled *Hofmann Plays Chopin* is the result of work with an electronic device, which Jan Holcman claimed to have perfected, capable of restoring dynamics to the Hofmann piano rolls. A tape of a recording of Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2 in F minor made by Hofmann in the 1930s is one of the treasures of the International Piano Library, which has recently transferred this tape to LP. Another priceless legacy of Hofmann's performing career is a set of acetate discs in the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives that preserves the sound of a recital Hofmann gave at the Curtis Institute of Music sometime in the 1930s. With such unusual resources at his disposal, it is small wonder that Jan Holcman's criticism carried the authority it did.

The collection was also used as a source for performing editions. One of the most interesting of these is the Holcman edition of Rachmaninoff's cadenza to the Liszt Second Rhapsody (Mercury Music Corporation, 1955). The cadenza, a particularly brilliant example of Rachmaninoff's pianistic invention, was likened by Jan Holcman to a "bright Cossack dance." It was recorded by the composer on an Edison disc; the manuscript, in the hands of the Rachmaninoff family, remained unpublished. Jan Holcman listened to the recording, transcribed the cadenza, and published it in an edition filled with many fascinating comments about Rachmaninoff's way of playing it. This edition and the recording from which it stems are invaluable musical documents, and any pianist tackling this bravura piece would do well not to neglect them.

—*E. Fred Sher.*

A segment of an exhibition case devoted to rare items of the Holcman Collection —This one shows Edvard Grieg's own recording of his "To Spring" (made in Paris in 1903, it was issued under the French title, and later circulated by H M V in its "Historical Series").

The collection formed the basis for several comparative studies of pianists by Jan Holcman. One, completed in 1960, led, after an examination of more than 2,000 Chopin interpretations, to the publication of an "honor roll" of Chopin performances. Another, undertaken the following year, surveyed Liszt recordings. Six hundred and fifty Liszt performances are represented in the Holcman Collection, 300 of them on 78s. Among the artists are many Liszt pupils, including Rosenthal, d'Albert, da Motta, and others. A collector's item is a "historically curious" reading of *Sursum Corda* with Bartók himself. A third major study, published in *SR* in 1959 under the title, "Keyboard Left and Right" [Part 1, *SR*, July 25, 1959; Part 2, *SR*, Aug. 29, 1959], compared the work of modern Soviet pianists with that of their Western contemporaries.

This project, whose scope is reflected in the LP section of the Holcman Collection, took up to twenty hours a day for three months. During this time, Jan Holcman listened to nearly 1,300 separately recorded performances of thirty-three Soviet and 219 non-Soviet pianists. As a result, much of the recorded output of such pianists as Ashkenazy, Gilels, and Richter is represented in the collection, as well as an exhaustive sampling of the work of modern Western pianists. The results of his study convinced Jan Holcman that, in general, Soviet pianists were somewhat ahead of non-Soviet, largely because their talent was recognized early in life and subjected to a more orderly and disciplined training. He concluded, too, that it was more difficult to evaluate the quality of Western pianists simply because in the West any artist can record if he is able to persuade a record company to join forces with him.

Such conclusions are open to discussion, and it is more than likely that a new generation will hear the evidence with different ears. What matters now is that the evidence will be preserved, safe from the destruction that a careless society permits for many of its landmarks. The fact that the Jan Holcman Collection remains intact is a source of satisfaction to those who worked to save it, for this collection is a dynamic record of a great musical tradition and an enduring memorial to the man who built it.

SIMILAR-SOUNDING though they are, there is a great difference between founding a library and funding it. The first can be accomplished by one massive effort; the latter must go on and on, year by year, if the library is to maintain its progressive status.

In the case of the New York Public Library, which is presently conducting a campaign for $900,000, the issue is clouded by its combination of municipal and privately supported facilities. Now seeking funds for acquisitions and expansion are the research library, embracing such famous collections as the 42nd Street library (save for the circulation division and a few others, which *are* municipally supported); the Theater, Dance, and Music Collections and the Rodgers and Hammerstein Sound Archives at the Lincoln Center Library-Museum; and the Annex on 43rd Street, housing the Newspaper and Patent Divisions.

In the instance of the Holcman Collection, a foundation was receptive to application for a grant (more than $10,000) to make the acquisition possible. But other matters, of equally scholarly significance, may not fare as well. Friends of the library, as well as users, are urged to send contributions as soon as possible, for the drive terminates shortly. Checks should be made out to The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, Tilden Foundation, and addressed to The New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Contributions are tax deductible.

—I.K.

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Richard Strauss: Grandeur and Grossness

GEORGE R. MAREK'S heroic attempt to draw a detailed and accurate portrait of Richard Strauss's neither personally nor artistically heroic stature (*Richard Strauss—The Life of a Non-Hero*, Simon and Schuster) seems to have been undertaken with a curiously strange and exasperating mixture of love and hatred. The study is pervaded by an almost subliminal, complex, and disturbing undercurrent, and the criticisms with which the author batters his subject seem not so much direct attacks on Strauss as they give the impression of being intensive shadowboxing between two halves of Mr. Marek's inner self.

The publication of the book is as puzzling as its leitmotif. No American biography of the composer has appeared since the publication of Henry T. Finck's *Richard Strauss, The Man and his Works* in 1917 (which, of course, covered only up to *An Alpine Symphony, Festival Prelude, Ariadne auf Naxos,* and the ballet, *The Legend of Joseph*). Strauss's centennial (1964), although marked in England by the publication of William Mann's *Richard Strauss: A Critical Study of the Operas*, coming two years after the appearance of the first volume of Norman Del Mar's *Richard Strauss: A Critical Commentary on His Life and Works*, passed entirely unnoticed in this country. It may well have been that few publishers would run the risk of trying to attract the contemporary reader, with his penchant for sensationalism, with the life story of such an uncomplicated, straightforward, conventional, and blandly detached creative artist.

The jacket of Mr. Marek's book, "the first full-scale biography of Strauss" (but only insofar as American publication is concerned), is spiced with a variety of phrases all too clearly intended to appeal to the public's appetite for juicy revelations. The comments about two Strauss tone poems, *A Hero's Life* and *Domestic Symphony*, vis-à-vis the author's impressions of Strauss's personal and home life, are indeed in the best traditions of Madison Avenue. Yet it is most inconceivable and unpardonable that Marek should have permitted the assertion of certain blatant half-truths: that Strauss always conducted the works of Wagner (whom he passionately admired) in a standing position, that his wife was a "vulgar exsoprano," that Hugo von Hofmannsthal "considered himself" a great man of letters but lives today "only" through his

—Ullstein Bilderdienst (from "Richard Strauss—Life of a Non-Hero").

Richard Strauss and Joseph Goebbels at Dresden.

Strauss librettos, which made Strauss a "multimillionaire."

Assessing today the life and work of a man whose status as a genius or a charlatan was in question fifty years ago (by Finck and others), and who, though a one-time revolutionary, is most often described as an old-fashioned conservative, is a gargantuan, and perhaps unrewarding, task. It requires the most painstaking research coupled with the ability to comprehend the currents, the modes of thought, of a past era, and—if not enthusiastic approval—at least respect and admiration. As his "Bibliographic Index of Principal Sources Consulted" indicates, Marek has done his homework thoroughly. I don't know, however, how he could have ignored Finck's biography and why he neglected G. B. Shaw's critical essays on Strauss.

There is no question that Marek is simultaneously attracted to and drawn away from his subject, and his book is an inquiry as well as a biography, born of vexation at the "paradoxical man in the round." With the starting point so markedly off-center the reader expects beforehand a less than entirely objective treatment; Marek remains an observer torn between only limited assent and outright rejection.

Regarding some later Strauss works, Marek fails to enlighten the reader as to the bases of his verdicts. *Friedenstag* for instance, an opera not yet presented in America at the time of his writing, receives a judgment of a mere seven lines: "It is a hopeless piece of work. Its sentiments are elementary, its people representational shadows, the music uninspired, the central scene between husband and wife forced. The only exciting moment in the opera is the moment when the bells begin to peal—and that moment is more exciting dramatically than musically. Strauss's imagination could not be fructified by a subject that dealt with war and peace. The battlefield was not his terrain."

The Wilhelmian era, during which Strauss grew up, both helped and hindered his artistic development. Marek takes great pains to stress its vainglorious and pathetically bombastic sides. He overestimates, however, the anti-Semitic sentiment of the period, a sentiment that was neither restricted to the German-speaking countries nor to the waning nineteenth century. A Viennese, Marek has surely heard of Karl Lueger's noted remark, made to stem even the smallest hint of anti-Semitic activity: "I decide who is a Jew." Whatever anti-Semitic sentiment was displayed by Strauss's father; by Hans von Bülow, his early mentor; or by Alexander Ritter, one of his friends, it hardly bore a tone different from the foolish generalizations which have been applied through all time to the advancement of racial, ethnic, and religious prejudices. The composer, who listed in his secret wartime diary all his Jewish friends and all those Jews who had ever helped him, remained most closely attached – aside from his wife—to his daughter-in-law, Alice Grab, who came from a Jewish family from Prague.

If we accept Emerson's definition, "To believe in your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius," and if we also apply Schopenhauer's advice, "Always to see the general in the particular is the very foundation of genius," then Strauss's genius cannot be disputed. Percy Grainger pictured him as a type of *gemütliche* family man in music—normal, kindly, well-balanced; a genius by reason of the soul rather than the head; a seer rather than a pure artist; an emotionalist rather than a craftsman; above all, an inveterate idealist, seeking always the heroic nobility and spiritual exaltation in the most unlikely places and subjects. His character, like his hand-

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He gave his "blood, sweat and tears." And 24 hours passed before you knew anything about it.

Winston Churchill was telling Englishmen everywhere that he was willing to give up his life for his country. Pleading with them to do the same.

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Recordings in Review

A Bouquet of Kurenko

HANDEL: *"Piangerò la sorte mia (Giulio Cesare), "Mio caro bene" (Rodelinda).* BERLIOZ: *"La mort d'Ophélie."* CHERUBINI: *"Ave Maria."* MOZART: *"Or che il cielo" (K.374), "Exultate, jubilate" (K.165). Maria Kurenko, soprano.* Collectors Guild, CG 668, $6.50 (The Record Album, 254 W. 81st St., New York, N.Y.).

EVEN THOSE who knew Maria Kurenko as a singer of enviable endowment, keen intelligence, and well-rounded artistry at the prime of her career in the Thirties must be surprised by the range and resourcefulness of the samples herein gathered together of her artistry. Those who did not come in contact with her as performer, in the concert hall, of the Russian song literature, or encounter her Countess in *Figaro, Lakmé,* or *Manon Lescaut* (Puccini's) in the opera house, or acquire some random samples of all these interests that circulated on records, will doubtless react with disbelief that a singer of such facility and taste did not leave a larger reputation than Madame Kurenko's.

Part of the reason, of course, was that she did not have a Metropolitan Opera career. My special recollection of her as an operatic artist was in a celebrated *Nozze di Figaro* in the Philadelphia Opera series conducted by Fritz Reiner about 1932. Unfortunately, the language was English, which did not magnify the Russian-born Kurenko's order of achievement. But it was admirably sung. When she came to record for RCA Victor later in the decade the voice had begun to lose its bloom, and a tremolo spread the effect of what she did in too many directions.

The more credit, then, to those who assembled these items, which must date from European masters or, perhaps, to broadcasts (of which she did many). Not only is the voice under excellent discipline, but she is associated with material that, to many, only began to be performed generally in the last "enlightened" decade – Handel, Berlioz, Cherubini, as well as Mozart. There have always been "enlightened" individuals, however, whatever the darkness of a particular decade, and Maria Kurenko was, one might say, a Tourel before Tourel.

Her "Piangerò la sorte mia," for example, is better phrased, more Handelian in outline, than the one delivered by a currently "hot" (namewise, but not in temperament) soprano at the last concert version of *Giulio Cesare* in Carnegie Hall; her "Mort d'Ophélie" is a beautiful example of stylistic refinement. Had I been exposed to a True-or-False test concerned with the first complete version, on records, of "Exultate, jubilate," the only True answer would be Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (the English Columbia issue identified as C-LX-1196-7). Here, however, is evidence to the contrary.

Maria Kurenko—"a singer of enviable endowment, keen intelligence, and well-rounded artistry."

As may be expected in a collection of this diversity, the quality of reproduction is variable, but, at worst, not detrimental to the artistic values.

Stockhausen's "Momente"

STOCKHAUSEN: *Momente. Karlheinz Stockhausen conducting the chorus and members of the symphony orchestra of Radio Cologne, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Aloys Kontarsky, Hammond organ; and Alfons Kontarsky, Lowrey organ.* Nonesuch stereo, H-71157, $2.50; mono, H-1157, $2.50.

AT FIRST encounter, this version of Stockhausen's *Momente* (the specification covers the fact that it will not necessarily sound, at any other time, as it did when recorded in 1965 under the direction of the composer) conveys much the same impression as a typical sound track for a film one has not seen. That is, for all its fragmentized, incomplete bits and pieces, there is latent a suggestion of action that eludes recognition. At second hearing, one is struck rather more by the emergence of lyrical elements akin to those of *Gesang der Jünglinge* of the early Fifties (DGG 138 811). At third hearing, one is convinced that *Momente* has had its moment, and further hearings hold little appeal.

Perhaps the truth about Stockhausen generically, and *Momente* in particular, is a combination of all those elements. He has practiced the science of what was originally called *musique concrète*—combinations of electronic elements with "live" performers—to the point where he can now "compose" the equivalent. Basically, it strikes me, Stockhausen is a lyricist who has had to dissemble his true character because there is little place for it in the contemporary, fashionable world of avant-garde thought. Finally, what he has managed to evolve in *Momente* is not so much a sound experience in itself as a series of entries (in an audible notebook, if you will) of effects and resources that can be used in creating a sound experience.

To conceive of Stockhausen as a composer is much the same as conceiving of Gottfried Silbermann as J. S. Bach, or Arps Schnitger as Telemann. Like these great instrument builders, Stockhausen is much more concerned with means to an end than he is with an end. Doubtless his thought is otherwise—he rarely, for example, utilizes his sound materials purely for shock effect—but what Stockhausen's *Momente* conveys to me, at least, is more a glossary of sonorities than the arrangement of them into a consequential whole.

Bruckner's No. "0"

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. "0" in D minor. Bernard Haitink conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.* Philips stereo, PHS 900-131, $5.79; mono, PHM 500-131, $4.79.

PERSONS VERSED in the lore of Bruckner have long known that there were two symphonies in addition to those comprehended in the familiar total of nine. One was the F-minor "Study Symphony," which is not representative of what he went on to do. The other (generally referred to as No. "0," or "Die Nullte," because Bruckner refused to assign a place to it in his catalogue when it came to his attention late in life) is quite another matter. By the word of H. F. Redlich, whose opinion on such matters is to be heeded, it does not really stand outside the canon of nine, but was either wholly written or substantially revised *after* the C-minor which Bruckner called No. 1.

Knowing that the two works existed, however, was, up till now, not the same as knowing them. The opportunity provided by the enterprise of Haitink, and admirably carried out by the great orchestra under his direction, provides that knowledge at least in the instance

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of "Die Nullte." It is, to my way of thinking, at least as representative of Bruckner as the first two works he allowed to be published. It does not indulge in as much proclamatory brass writing as became the composer's custom, and, on the whole, is of rather modest dimensions (the Andante is only twelve minutes and fifty-six seconds of the total length of approximately forty-four minutes). Nevertheless, it bears many of the marks of Bruckner's individualistic approach both to the structure of a symphony and his preferential colorations for that structure.

Why, then, was Bruckner reluctant to recognize it? Redlich's remark that "the composer used it later on as thematic quarry for some of his later symphonies" may be suggestive. He then goes on to identify aspects of it that came into use in the Third and Sixth Symphonies, among "many more motives of No. '0' " which were "re-employed in later symphonies." It could well have been that, in view of his later borrowings from it, Bruckner decided not to consider it a representative work when it came to his attention years later (1895).

That, however, has no bearing on what posterity chooses to consider it. It has, at the least, the interest of being the first of three Bruckner symphonies in D minor (Nos. 3 and 9 are the others). Much more to the point, it embodies a good deal of eloquent matter formulated with artistry as well as skill. On the basis of what Haitink and the Concertgebouw make of it, the first D-minor should have an occasional hearing in the concert hall from those who consider themselves devoted to Bruckner's better understanding.

Inimitable Dennis Brain

DUKAS: *Villanelle.* SCHUMANN: *Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70. Dennis Brain, French horn, and Gerald Moore, piano.* BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in F, Op. 17. Brain, with Denis Matthews, piano.* MOZART: *Concerto in E flat (No. 2). Brain, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind; Divertimento in E flat (K. 289, Minuet, Adagio only). Brain, with the Dennis Brain Wind Ensemble.* DITTERSDORF: *Partita in D (Minuet and Trio). Brain, with the London Baroque Ensemble conducted by Karl Haas.* HAYDN: *Symphony No. 31 (with the Horn Signal, Allegro only). Brain, Neill Sanders, Edmund Chapman, and Alfred Cursue, French horns; and Gareth Morris, flute; with J. A. Westrup conducting.* Seraphim 60040, mono only, $2.49.

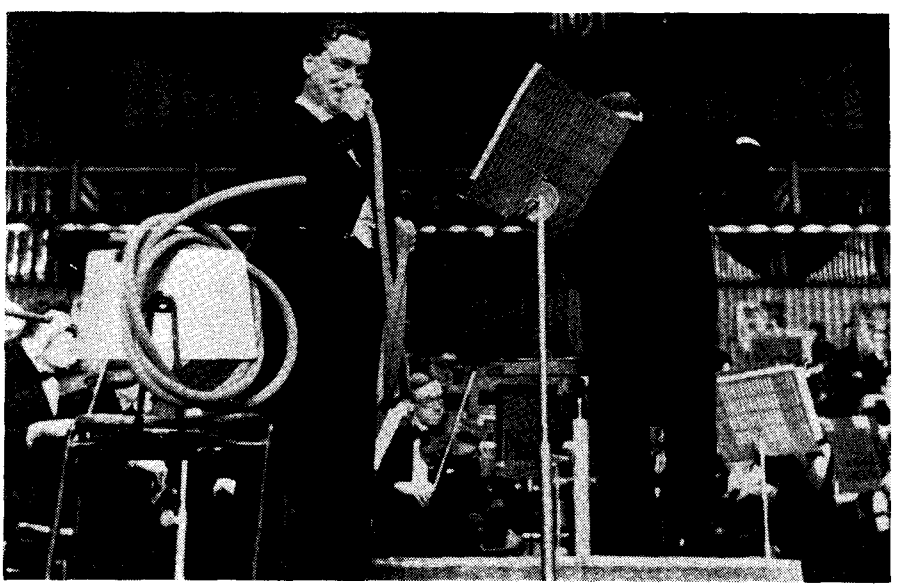
ONE OF the imperishable memories of many associated with Glyndebourne is the occasion during the second act of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* when the soprano had performed the rigorous passages of "Per pietà" rather better than is commonly the case, and the audience produced an appropriate clatter of applause. At the conductor's desk Fritz Busch was applauding also—however, his approval was directed not to the figure on the stage, but to the French-horn player who had delivered the massively difficult *obbligato* for his instrument better, probably, than it had ever been played. At least, Busch seemed to think so, and who had more experience, mostly painful, with this solo?

There was no reason then for Busch to suppose that the world would not go on hearing such French-horn playing from Dennis Brain for years to come, for he was barely thirty (it would have had to be the season of 1951, for Busch died later that year). But Brain's love for fast cars and driving long distances at night in order to beat other forms of transportation back to his beloved London home was a gamble that even his skill at the wheel could not enduringly win. His car left the road and crashed into a tree early in September 1957 (ironically, he had only 17 of the 400 miles from Edinburgh to go).

Like his father, Aubrey, before him (and *his* father, A. E. Brain, before *him*) Dennis Brain was a legend in his lifetime. Though neither of these Brains was heard "live" in America, the presumption must be that Dennis Brain was a greater hornist than either forebear, for the simple reason that he was the inheritor of two generations' experience rather than one. As one listens to these glossy, flawless performances in which the sound is carried to the top of the most complicated runs with not even the suggestion of a difficulty let alone the intimation of a cracked note, one has to conclude that: 1) either the horn is not the difficult instrument it is cracked up to be, or 2) Dennis Brain had better teaching and learned more about its inner secrets than almost any other known performer.

Of course, the cracks and the slips and the other errors that inevitably crept into these performances while they were being recorded got the editor's shears. But the boldness of his attack, the assurance of his procedures —whether in the charming *Villanelle* of Dukas, the Beethoven Sonata, the Schumann Adagio, or the Mozart Concerto— are self-evident testimonial to the assumption of perfect execution which Brain brought to everything he played. To my ear, it sounds as though Brain played everything with the affirmative attitude that it would come out right, rather than with the negative feeling (prevalent among his colleagues) that failure was lurking behind every diffi-

(*Continued on page* 65)



—*Angel Records.*

The late Dennis Brain, performing on a length of garden hose at one of the Hoffnung concerts—"glossy, flawless performance."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bax: *Tintagel.* Ireland: *A London Overture.* Delius: "Walk to the Paradise Garden" *(A Village Romeo and Juliet);* Prelude to *Irmelin;* and *A Song of Summer.* Sir John Barbirolli conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36415, $5.79; mono, 36415, $4.79.	Barbirolli has a long, honorable record as a Delian, in the concert hall as well as on records, but he has not, so far as there is durable evidence, achieved anything quite so fine as the results here. Some conductors—Beecham included—were inclined to rate refinement over almost everything in Delius, but Barbirolli contrives to hold the strands of sound somewhat more tightly in hand, without sacrificing color values. It might be likened to the difference between a net of silk and one woven out of finely spun nylon. (The "Walk to the Paradise Garden" is performed as arranged by Beecham.) There is passing pleasure in the works of Ireland and Bax, but the net effect is to emphasize the extent to which Delius excelled over most of his English contemporaries in personality as well as imagination.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7; Overture to *Prometheus.* Claudio Abbado conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6510, $5.79; mono, CM 9510, $4.79.	Since serving as Leonard Bernstein's assistant with the New York Philharmonic after winning the Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition in 1963, Abbado has been pursuing the path of guest engagements in Europe with substantial and increasing success. The recognition suggested by this recording opportunity may be more illusory than real, but there is nothing illusory in the qualities that characterize the performance. The first movement is rather heavier than might be considered in the best interests of Beethoven, but Abbado's control and the impetus he provides to the three succeeding movements are by no means common. Best of all, there is no suggestion of eccentricity in his effort, no inclination to attract attention to "his" Beethoven (save for one explosive effect in the Scherzo which might have resulted from a mike too close to the timpani). Urgency and ease are very well blended in the *Prometheus* Overture. In all, an auspicious entry by Abbado as the recording director for a major work.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 4. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2915, $5.79; mono, LM 2915, $4.79.	The Boston Symphony's playing of the Fourth Symphony has a character of its own, though it inclines to be Leinsdorf's rather than Bruckner's. That is to say, the orchestra has been carefully prepared for all the points of difficulty or complication with a thoroughness that enables it to perform with assurance. Everything that is heard is beautifully articulated, which is no small accomplishment. At this point, where a personal projection should begin, Leinsdorf tends to become a listener rather than a participant. Thus, what is a passionate communication of emotional impulses is transformed into a cool, rather noncommittal statement of so many patterns of notes. (One hearing the work for the first time would be baffled by its nickname, "Romantic.") Nor is there, in the kind of orchestral sonorities evoked, any particular suggestion of the organ derivations of Bruckner's scoring. Technically, the recording is highly creditable to those who produced it.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 7. Cincinnati Symphony conducted by Max Rudolf. Decca stereo, DL 710139, $5.79; mono, DL 10139, $4.79.	Max Rudolf's attitude toward this work is revolutionary, rather than merely unconventional. He has lightened the orchestral texture, deflated some of the ponderosity with which Bruckner is usually invested, even quickened the pace of the faster movements. The result is hardly to convert the familiar patterns into light-hearted, non-likenesses of themselves, but it does suggest that there is more than one way to perform Bruckner. Whether the result is to enhance or diminish the impact and appeal of Bruckner's ideas will be largely a matter of individual opinion. Mine is that a certain amount of Rudolf Solution (to give it a suitably scientific name) would give a welcome freshness to the mixture but, taken straight, it tends to change the basic matter a little too drastically. The orchestral performance is another, and fine-sounding tribute to the good work Rudolf has done with his Ohio opportunity.
Lumbye: King Christian IX's Homage March; *Britta Polka; Cecilia Waltz;* Concert-Polka for two violins; *Columbine Polka-Mazurka;* Galop (from *The King's Voluntary Corps*); *Amelia Waltz; Dream Pictures; Helga Polka-Mazurka; Champagne Galop;* and King George I's Homage March. The Royal Danish Orchestra conducted by Arne Hammelboe; with Eyvind Kjeldsen and Niels Simon Christiansen, violins; and Rudi Kanble, zither. Mercury stereo, SR 90461, $5.79; mono, MG 50461, $4.79.	Neither Lumbye nor Hammelboe are strangers to those who have pursued their musical interests into such esoterica as the dance music that flourishes at the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. These samples are typical of the results Hammelboe has achieved previously with the galops, marches, and waltzes of Hans Christian Lumbye. It is, however, somewhat misleading for Mercury to bill these works as "By the Scandinavian Johann Strauss," for that attribution was invented when there was only *one* Johann Strauss (senior) and the kind of inventions associated with Johann Strauss, Jr. were yet to happen. In other words, if Mercury is to trade on the name of Johann Strauss, it should, at least, identify the one who was writing in the 1840s, when Lumbye was. This fine point aside, it may be added that the music is fine for listening-while-walking-around, or for dancing to, or marching-in-time-to, but it rarely has the substance or the amount of musical refinement to reward undivided attention. The performances and recording are both excellent.
Mozart: Overtures to *Idomeneo, Seraglio, La Finta Giardiniera, The Impresario, Marriage of Figaro, Così fan tutte, La Clemenza di Tito,* and *Don Giovanni.* Colin Davis conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Seraphim stereo, S 60037, $2.49; mono, 60037, $2.49.	Those to whom the content is appealing will find the Davis performances clear, concise, and musically comprehensive. As of the time when this collection was recorded—which may have been five or more years ago—Davis was more in sympathy with those in which movement and sparkle predominate, as *La Finta Giardiniera, The Impresario,* and *Figaro,* rather than *Magic Flute* and *Don Giovanni.* He is, however, never less than well informed about the fine points of all the works, which is of particular profit in those not so frequently heard. Best of all, he does nothing to undercut the excellent impulses of the Royal Philharmonic in repertory to which they are keenly attuned. There can be nothing but praise for the quality of the reproduction.
Smetana: *My Fatherland.* Dvořák: Symphonic Variations. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Royal Philharmonic (for Smetana) and Philharmonia Orchestras. Seraphim stereo, SIB 6003, $4.99; mono, IB 6003, $4.99.	By contrast with such home-grown conductors as Talich, Kubelik, and Ancerl, who "knew the territory" which inspired Smetana's expressions, Sargent offers a tourist's treatment lacking in quite the same authenticity. It is thoroughgoing, in every musical respect, but he tends, every so often, to speed up the ending of a piece for effect's sake when expressivity is more the issue. So far as the most popular of the sequence ("The Moldau") is concerned, there are several superior versions, beginning with Szell's. All things considered, the Dvořák Variations is the best of the four sides, and particularly well performed by the Philharmonia musicians. The recording is not of the most recent, but quite acceptable. —Irving Kolodin.

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A Treasury of Toscanini Broadcasts

THE CONFLICT between style and content, manifest in so many different areas of art, blazes dramatically with the issue by RCA Victor of *A Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts* (LM-6711, mono only), bearing the inscription "Never before released." It is a large-scale album, ten sides in all, of material from previously unavailable NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcast transcriptions and has been assembled in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Maestro's birth. The extensive files of the Toscanini broadcast legacy have just begun to be tapped. Other albums of material stored in the vaults have preceded this one, and still more are bound to follow.

Speculation rises as to the works in prospect. One's thoughts turn hopefully, for example, to a performance during Toscanini's early years with the NBC Symphony of Martucci's *Canzone dei Ricordi* (a rich Italian counterpart to *Das Lied von der Erde*), the alto solo lusciously sung by Bruna Castagna. When will *it* be publicly released? And, in a broader sense, what policy will govern future choices? Are we to glimpse the Maestro in specialized mood via individual releases or as an overall performing artist?

Such questions are spurred by experience of the new album which, in its excellent documentary background, relays a sense of balance not quite implemented by the selection of the music itself. We know, of course, that most of Toscanini's performances of great music have already been released on commercial recordings; that a project similar to the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft's album of *Wilhelm Furtwängler—In Memoriam* of a few years back, with its more artfully rounded repertoire of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Bruckner, could not have been possible in this case, if only because Toscanini has figured so constantly on discs in works by the top masters. Yet, the brilliance of these newly released performances aside, one does feel a sense of frustration at the material involved.

The album, musically, is a grab-bag. We are given a charming Haydn symphony (No. 99, in E flat); some more Haydn, rather overextended, with the *Sinfonia Concertante* in E flat for violin, cello, oboe, and bassoon; the *Toy* Symphony, attributed formerly to Haydn and now to Leopold Mozart, which wears thin in a recorded version without recourse to its inherently visual humor; two obscure Brahms works—the Serenade No. 2 in A and the rarely heard *Gesang der Parzen*; the more congenial *Liebeslieder Walzer* of Brahms, as performed by the duo-pianists Artur Balsam and Joseph Kahn together with the Robert Shaw Chorale; two scores by Sibelius: the Symphony No. 2 and *Pohjola's Daughter*; and two by Shostakovich—Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7 (*Leningrad*).

For my taste, the album is too large in bulk and too small in esthetic reward except—and this is an important exception—for the connoisseur. It is no slight privilege to hear the greatest conductor of our time in music that one would not ordinarily associate with his genius. Unfortunately, these odd lots are placed on the counter with the chance relationship of a rummage sale. So much for the contents. They are, in sum, quite second-rate. But the style is something else. The Toscanini magic at work in relatively, and sometimes deservedly, unfamiliar music can be fascinating.

ASIDE from the performances, all of which are sterling, one other aspect of the Toscanini art—a personal one—comes into prominence. This has to do with the Maestro's sense of adventure. It has been alleged he was an arch-conservative, that he paid little heed to the newer music of his time. This, of course, is a canard. Toscanini, in his youth, championed the scores of Debussy, Dukas, D'Indy, and Strauss, when these composers had by no means been universally accepted. Later on, he led with conviction much of Sibelius and ultimately with passionate identification—the high point of the new album — symphonies by Shostakovich. Furthermore, Toscanini is here revealed as independent of Romantic routine. His performance of the Sibelius D-major, which so often sounds sentimental under the baton of others, comes off with strength and purity. He cannot, of course, disguise the long-windedness of the finale, but he does bring to the work an objectivity that is completely modern.

When Toscanini conducted the American premiere, a quarter-century ago, of the Shostakovich Symphony No. 7, he had already reached the age of seventy-five. The speed and mastery with which he memorized the huge score created, in themselves, an audience stir. More significant, obviously, was the moment itself—that time out of history when a brave people were defending the city of Leningrad against the most terrible odds. They were, fortunately, victorious. The time of crisis has long since passed; but with it has also gone the musical immediacy, the dramatic appeal of the Shostakovich Seventh. So much of it now sounds inflated and turgid. True, the martial buildup in the opening movement can still quicken the listener's pulse; but the monumental length of the symphony, and its mammoth proportions are not generally sustained by the quality of invention. What results today, even in the great Toscanini performance, is in the nature of a daguerreotype.

A more vivid impression comes from the Shostakovich First. The youthful work—concise, inventive, daring—emits as many sparks today as when the nineteen-year-old composer brought it forth—and how Toscanini conducts it! It is no extravagance to say that not having heard this performance amounts to never having heard the symphony. The pace, the rhythmic élan of the opening are extraordinary; the second movement (with the famous piano *obbligato*) reaches and maintains a drive almost demoniac; the *lento* is touching, the finale superbly dramatic. And, in the end, one realizes that the Maestro, phenomenal as he was, did not work single-handed. The NBC Symphony, with its technical virtuosity, its unique quality of responsiveness, provided him with a memorable instrument.

"Mediterraneanized Brahms" was a reproach often flung at Toscanini during his stay with the New York Philharmonic (much less in the later years of the NBC period). It seems to me basically unjust in the face of his rooted and idiomatic conducting on these discs of the D-major Serenade and the *Gesang der Parzen*. What a pity that both works are so lacking in representation of the composer at his best, so earthbound and contrived! The *Liebeslieder Walzer*, more sympathetic, comes off well, though sung by rather too-large a group. It is apparently the custom today, and a better one, to perform this work with skilled quartet in place of chorus.

Which leaves us with the Haydn, beautifully etched, rhythmically vibrant. The occasional rigidity that Toscanini imparted to performances of Mozart is not in evidence here. This is the conducting of a born classicist, intent on clarity and, at the same time, on singing line. Its excellence is typical of an album in which the quality of performance sometimes equates with the musical content (as in this Haydn symphony) but more often surpasses it. One hopes that RCA Victor will follow with further material from the great man's archives—more carefully balanced.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berg: Chamber Concerto. Stravinsky: Symphonies for Wind Instruments. Libor Pesek conducting the Prague Chamber Ensemble of Wind Instruments; with Ivan Straus, violin; and Zdenek Kozina, piano. Parliament stereo, PLPS 624, $2.98; mono, PLP 624, $1.98.	Among the varied interests of this commanding combination of musical and monetary values is the light it sheds on the way the musicians of Prague deal with far from ordinary problems. The musical essence, in each case, is engaged, if not squeezed dry; the idiom of the composer clarified if not wholly conveyed. For odd, and unidentifiable, reasons the Berg has a closer resemblance to the sound intended by the composer than does the Stravinsky. This may relate to the mode of writing which, in the first instance, is soloistic and lyrical, in the second, more impersonal and abstract. Taken together, however, it is an uncommonly worthwhile assemblage of values that Parliament has put together. Clear, well-balanced reproduction.
Brahms: Sacred and Secular Choral Music (Op. 29; Op. 41, Nos. 1, 2; Op. 44 Nos. 7-10; Op. 62, No. 3; Op. 74; Op. 93a, No. 4; Op. 109). Monteverdi Choir of Hamburg, Jürgen Jürgens conducting. Telefunken stereo, SLT 43100-B, $5.79.	If there is an aspect of Brahms's catalogue which could be called, at this late date, unfamiliar it would be such vocal works as these. For the most part, they originated when he was conducting a choral ensemble and needed material, or as experimental writings whose final product was the skill he demonstrated in the *German Requiem* or other large-scale works. The Monteverdi Choir directed by Jürgens performs them with the excellent intonation, musicianship and unanimity admired in the past, and with a purity of sound which suits beautifully the works with Biblical texts. For others, with a more general expressive content, it tends to be a little pale and disembodied. No translations of the German texts were included with the disc that came to me.
Mozart: Minuets (K. 176, Nos. 1-5; K. 601); German Dances (K. 602); Contredances (K. 603); March (K. 237). Willi Boskovsky conducting the Vienna Mozart Ensemble. London stereo, CS 6461, $5.79; mono, CM 9461, $4.79. Minuets (K. 164, K. 461, K. 585); March in C (K. 214); Contredance "Der Sieg von Helden Koburg" (K. 587). Same conductor and ensemble. London stereo CS 6489, $5.79; mono, CM 9489, $4.79.	As those who may have sampled the previous five volumes of this unique enterprise have doubtless discovered, the contents of any single disc range from innocuous to delectable, with most of the examples in an in-between area of effortless ease of workmanship. Such applies also to th collections enumerated on the left, which are, in order of listing, Vols. VI and VII of the project. This leaves two more miscellaneous discs and one devoted to the ballet music for complete coverage of all the categories involved. In this pair of discs the segment that strikes me as most listenable, and thus most worthy of recommendation, are the twelve minuets of K. 585 (on CS 6489, CM 9489). They date from 1789, and utilize pairs of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, and trumpets, plus strings and percussion. This qualifies them as more or less the equivalent of the orchestral means Mozart utilized for his symphonies. Not merely in weight of sonority but in richness of thought they add substantially to the quality of his truly orchestral music. Boskovsky and his excellent ensemble are at one with the issue throughout.
Paganini: Concerto No. 8 in D. Viktor Tretyakov, violin; and the Moscow Symphony Orchestra conducted by Neimye Yarvy. Melodiya-Angel stereo, SR 40015, $5.79; mono, R 40015, $4.79.	As this performance is being reviewed from a pre-release pressing—which is to say, one lacking liner copy—all that distinguishes Tretyakov, as well as Yarvy, is what is heard from sounds that are reproduced. These qualify him as a violinist of considerable virtuosity and a strong, singing sound, but not much that is uncommon in the way of personality or individual impulse. He is, without doubt, equal to all the executive demands of Paganini, but not of adding to them the flair for style or the understanding of musical character conveyed by his countryman Leonid Kogan or French-born Zino Francescatti in their recordings. Yarvy and the orchestra collaborate on much the same level as Tretyakov's.
Rawsthorne: Quartets Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The Alberni String Quartet. Argo stereo, ZRG 5489, $5.79; mono, ZRG 489, $4.79.	Were Rawsthorne an American composer, the appearance of this disc would doubtless be the provocation for a discourse on the pattern of development revealed in these works of 1939, 1954, and 1965. That there is such a pattern of development is confirmed at least in the instance of the Second Quartet, which is concurrent with the Second Piano Concerto. As the English, however, are as little interested in American composers of Rawsthorne's rank as most Americans are in him, the comment here might be directed to the broader musical considerations. Rawsthorne clearly has a superior feeling for the values that make up interesting chamber music, and it broadens in scope and enterprise as his talent matures. At the most, however, it is an expression of national rather than international consequence. The performances and reproduction are both excellent.
Schubert: *Wanderer Fantasy,* Op. 15; *Moments Musicaux,* Op. 94. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster stereo, WST 17110, $4.79; mono, XWN 19110, $4.79.	The more evidence that accumulates, the stronger grows the feeling that Schubert is the most difficult of all composers to represent faithfully on the piano. With the rare exception of this effort by Richter, or that by Curzon, Serkin, or Fleisher—which is no index to what they might do with another work—the results tend to stress one side of the interpretative equation to the detriment of the other. Badura-Skoda, for example, has a fine feeling for the quantity and quality of sound appropriate for Schubertian justice, and he never tends, even in the tricky *Wanderer Fantasy,* to a display of technique. But with all he realizes so well, the emotional range tends to be restricted. Joy is never so unconfined as to achieve rapture, or depression so deep as to touch melancholy. It is, in other words, musically valid but poetically very close to the vest. The *Moments Musicaux,* in which the changes of mood are swifter, suffer proportionately more than the Fantasy, in which the longer line and more intricate structure are more accommodating of Badura-Skoda's manner of treatment.
Verdi: "Celeste Aïda" *(Aïda);* "Ah sì, ben mio" and "Di quella pira" (*Il Trovatore*); "Questa o quella" and "La donna è mobile" (*Rigoletto*). Cilea: "Il lamento di Federico" (*L'Arlesiana*). Puccini: "Che gelida manina" (*La Bohème*); "Recondita armonia" and "E lucevan le stelle" (*Tosca*); "Nessun dorma" (*Turandot*). Bizet: "Air de fleur" (*Carmen*). Massenet: "Ah fuyez, douce image" (*Manon*). Mascagni: "Mamma, quel vino è generoso" (*Cavalleria Rusticana*). Gounod: "Salut demeure" (*Faust*). Richard Tucker, tenor. Columbia stereo, MS 6957, $5.79; mono, ML 6357, $4.79.	Devotees of Tucker's vocal abundance will want to know little more than the extent to which it is present or absent in these fourteen arias to establish the record's appeal to them. The comforting word is that it has rarely been more abundant, or more present. For others, the absence in the listing at left of any credit to a conductor or orchestra may be indicative of some other things about the performance. The first, of course, is that the emphasis is heavily on voice and its glorification; the second is that whoever participated was willing to accept his assignment on that basis. The anonymity of the "accompaniments" would be a liability in any circumstance, but with a singer of Tucker's power it tends to a sparring session rather than a match of championship prowess. I have the impression, too, that the voice track has been fed through an echo chamber or its electronic equivalent, reminding the ear more than a little of the dubbed Caruso arias with "re-recorded" backgrounds. Much about Tucker's vocal performance is admirable, including the use of the original key (C) for "Di quella pira" and a better than fair trill in "Ah sì ben mio," but it is, in the aggregate, an unsuitably vain demonstration of egotism for a performer who has so much more to offer. By comparison with the others, "Salut demeure" sounds as though recorded through a megaphone. —I.K.

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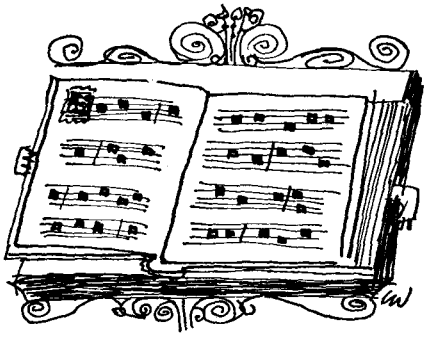
Janáček on Dostoevsky

"MINORITY report on Janáček" was the title given to a review that I wrote (*SR*, Oct. 15, 1960) of recordings of *Jenufa* and *Katya Kabanová*. Six and a half years later, having heard more Janáček—including a concert performance of *Jenufa* and a newly arrived Czech recording of his last opera, *Z Mrtvého Domu* ("From the House of the Dead")—I find myself unable to revise upward the largely unfavorable opinions I then expressed: that these operas, though they have been rather extravagantly praised by some critics and are occasionally performed, particularly in Europe, will always remain to one side of the mainstream of operatic development and life.

"Part of the difficulty of transporting them alive to our stages lies," I wrote, "in their having been composed to librettos in Czech, a mouth-filling language furry with *zh* sounds, a language reflected so closely in Janáček's scores as to make translated versions of his operas generally unrewarding. Part of it lies, too, in the localism of his whole esthetic outlook, an intense provincialism that gave him strengths but did not save him from weaknesses."

Although I should not want to go quite so far as the late Ernest Newman, who found *Jenufa* (as performed at the Metropolitan Opera in 1924) "the work of a man who, however many works he has to his credit, is only a cut above the amateur," I can hear nothing in these operas to convince me that Janáček was a stage composer of "anything like the stature of Smetana or Dvořák, Tchaikovsky or Rimsky-Korsakov, not to mention Mussorgsky."

These partially retrospective thoughts were brought on by a recording of "From the House of the Dead" (stereo, CBS 32-21-006, $11.59; mono, 32-21-005, $9.59, two discs). A 1965 Supraphon version released by Columbia in which Bohumil Gregor conducts soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the National Theater of Prague (this is, I suppose, the production that originated there in April 1964, in preparation for its presentation during the National Theater's visit that year to the Edinburgh Festival).

Although I find it extremely difficult to keep my ears and attention focused on sounds that seem to me to maunder when they are not ambling forward in unmotivated fits and starts, I can say that the performance has been recorded well enough and that the underlying intense feeling of human brotherhood which led Janáček to derive his libretto from Dostoevsky's book occasionally finds voice in what is played and sung. Every now and then there are irruptions of those charming Czech (Moravian?) folk melodies and folk rhythms—both danced and sung— of which Ernest Newman, reviewing the Metropolitan's *Jenufa*, wrote: "It is a little puzzling to a non-Czech listener to find cheerful national dance rhythms running through the most tragic scenes. Apparently in these Central European countries, you do everything to these rhythms: you shave yourself to a Krakoviak, cut a man's throat to a Mazurka, and bury him to a Czardas."

Because "From the House of the Dead" deals with Siberian imprisonment from which a few half-defined individuals stand out, the piece has much more background than foreground. To me, despite felicities of orchestration and moments of unforced pathos, it resembles a standard Czech opera from which the principal roles have been deleted, leaving only the minor characters and connective tissue. Its often objectionable sentimentality results from the fact of Janáček's having depended for the opera's vitality upon the sorrowfully angry humanity of Dostoevsky but not having created in either libretto or music a structure capable of subsuming or projecting that "message." This, I believe, explains the weakening patches of cinema music, excessively sweet instrumental and vocal outcroppings amid the confusion of discordant harmony, complex but tottering rhythms, and esthetic uncertainties.

As to the performance on these records, I take it to be authentic and in the vein. Like the 1964 Prague performance, it returns to the score as Janáček wrote it just before his death in 1928, rather than using the somewhat romanticized version of it later prepared by two Janáček pupils, Břetislav Bakala and Osvald Chlubna, which may be heard, in Max Brod's German translation, on the now discontinued recording of a 1954 Holland Festival performance issued here by Epic (SC-6005). With one or two exceptions, the voices are appropriate to the characters impersonated, though frequently not cherishable in themselves. It is impossible to judge the conducting of so patchy a work without knowing it far better than I have any desire to know "From the House of the Dead"; what I can say is that Gregor makes the almost constant changes of tempo and amplitude sound easy, which they surely are not. In short, this may well be an imporant event for Janáček enthusiasts; I myself find it a very considerable bore.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Portrait of "Buddy"

By BURT KORALL

BUDDY RICH has provoked drummers for over two generations. Often he intimidates young aspirants to the point where they ponder the plausibility of a future in the profession. The reasons are not too difficult to find. Rich speaks fluently, clearly, and vividly through his hands and feet. He moves around the drum kit with ease and grace, his hands working together and independent of each other, his foot tolling the time on the bass drum and playing provocative accents while giving fuller definition to what his hands establish and suggest. Because instinctively he played correctly from childhood, Rich has been able to make drums an extension of himself.

A wiry, outgoing man who suggests youth, though approaching fifty, Rich blends elements of traditional show-business flamboyance and pure jazz art into an immediately identifiable style. In a less creative player, the combination of the two might mix like oil and water, but Rich melds the flash of one life with the inner-directed qualities of the other.

It is this seemingly paradoxical compounding of elements that has caused his sudden resurgence in the last year. Critics who had considered him far too overzealous and "show biz" have "discovered" him. Audiences, always wary of the jazz drummer, that noisy fellow, have accepted him because he is not only a drummer but a personality. How did it come about? The drummer, an intractable individual who listens to no one, followed the dictates of his own heart and formed a big band. Stubbornness in this case paid off—for him as well as for the jazz audience.

Like Ellington, Rich is a public person who must reach other people. Like Ellington, he needs a large band to make contact, to fulfill himself wholly. Now he has one and he gives orders rather than obeys them, setting the pace as best suits him. This is the only way it can be for Rich. He has been a star practically since birth.

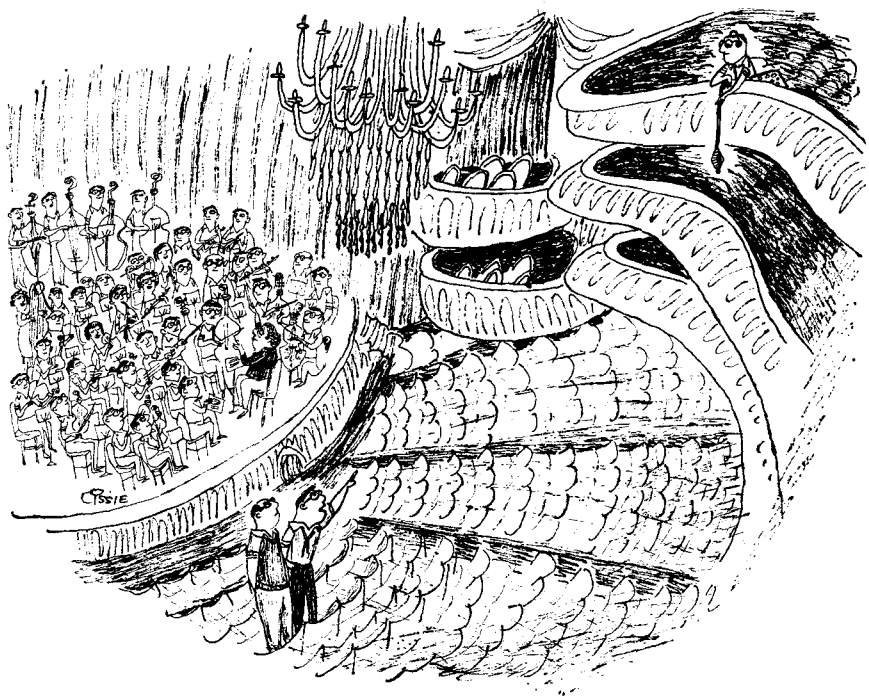
Born to show business, Rich emerged from the proverbial backstage trunk to take his place in his family's act. At age two, dressed in a sailor suit and Buster Brown collar, he was brought on to play "Stars and Stripes Forever" on a mini-snare drum. Two years later, as "Traps, the Drum Wonder," he was doing a single; subsequently he appeared nationally and abroad, becoming a headliner before vaudeville had uttered its dying gasp in the early 1930s.

Rich made the transition to jazz in the heart of the Depression. His interest, piqued by the work of drummer Tony Briglia with Casa Loma, was further charged by exposure to various drummers—including Gene Krupa, the premier drummer of the period; Chick Webb, the prototype drummer-bandleader; Sid Catlett; and Basie's Jo Jones, among others. Absorbing like a sponge what he saw and heard, Rich decided to file all for reference and go his own way. When he began playing jazz in public, with the Joe Marsala group at New York's Hickory House in 1936, the influence of others was all but invisible. What one remembered after a Rich performance was his incredible speed, spontaneous reactions, his beat, and the combustible effect he had on musicians.

The time was right for Rich. Swing and big bands were king. Krupa opened the way for drummers; they now played a more central role in the larger ensembles, providing the basis and many of the embellishments necessary to make the music move. More so than ever before, jazz seemed to lean on the drummer.

IN the Bunny Berigan and Artie Shaw bands, with which he worked before joining Tommy Dorsey in 1939, Rich gave indications of the type of shadow he would cast. Recordings with Shaw, particularly the air checks from New York's Hotel Lincoln Blue Room and Hotel Pennsylvania Café Rouge [*Artie Shaw*—RCA Victor LPT 6000 (2)] best define the effect of the young Rich. A dominant figure, he lifts ensemble passages and soloists with infectious verbal enthusiasm and unrelenting swing; he brings the band alive, ever pushing, snapping the rhythmic whip. The feeling is tight, young. Rich's abundance of technique is aptly applied. Only a tendency to be a bit overbearing (and what youngster isn't) occasionally sours the taste.

With the Dorsey band (1939-42, 1944-46), Rich began to come of age. (The drummer's Dorsey years are best documented in *That Sentimental Gentleman Tommy Dorsey* [RCA Victor LPM—6003 (2)], containing air checks recorded by the National Broadcasting Company between 1940 and 1944.) He learned to shade better, to extract sounds from the kit, to more fully parallel the concept of the music. If possible, he became more confident of his powers. The band's rhythm flow took on an arrogant, swaggering, sometimes savage flavor. Rich's punctuations under brass and tutti figures had the sound of controlled small-arms fire; his hands and feet worked in closer concert than before. His tart cymbal playing and crisp snare-drum work gave the band's sound definition. And when the lights lowered and the spotlight found him in



"It's just one more attempt to capture really natural sound . . ."

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a theater, ballroom, or hotel location spot, he made fans temporarily forget the flash of Krupa. There was no doubt; Rich brought something to the band and attention to himself.

It was inevitable that Rich would go out on his own. In 1946, with a bankroll supplied by Frank Sinatra, he launched a young, modern band. The music, written by Eddie Finckel and Turk Van Lake, among others, spoke the language of the day. Rich had little sympathy for the musical inclinations of his players, his opinions often running counter to those of the sidemen. Friction in the ranks was incidental, however; the band vogue was about over. The Rich band sputtered and died about two years after its birth.

AN unbroken line of success, which had characterized Rich's career, had been broken. Until last year, when he formed his new band, he found little to satisfy him. Constantly Rich seemed to be seeking a situation that would be right for him. Occasionally he returned to the role of featured sideman—with Harry James, Les Brown, and Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. Periodically he announced he was through with drums; he would sing, have an act. Much of the time, however, he spent recording and working in various contexts for Norman Granz and touring with his own unit. For all his frustration, he continued to grow as an artist. Playing with leading jazz artists, he proved, much to his detractors' distress, that he could work in a small group, that his was a flexible talent. Yet, his playing always openly demanded the disciplines and challenges of the multivoiced sound of the big band.

With a major heart attack behind him, Rich took the bit between his teeth last summer. Forming a band was a calculated risk; friends warned him he'd never make it. But Rich had to have a house large enough to accommodate his talent, a situation where he was boss. What has resulted is a band that looks to him, an older man by jazz standards, for direction and energy.

The image of the new unit had not solidified when *Buddy Rich Swingin' New Band* (Pacific Jazz—ST 20113) was recorded "live" at the Chez in Hollywood last fall. It is clear, however, that the drummer does not seek to revive past glories. Straight-ahead, Basie-oriented modern jazz and a suggestion of the contemporary pop sound comprise his recipe. The ingredients are slowly simmered on some tracks, brought to a boil on others.

With arrangers Bill Holman, Oliver Nelson, Phil Wilson, Jay Corre, and Bill Reddie charting the band's course in this offering, the blues frequently rears its head and some of its many faces. The band hits hard, with an inner excitement provided by its leader. Tenor saxophonist Corre, the ensemble's chief soloist, is impressive playing strong melodic and rhythmic continuity, very much in keeping with the headlong swing of the organization.

As for Rich, he remains a phenomenon, playing as only he can in an area in which he has no peers. Because of his swing-music roots, he remains relentless in his concern for "time," the pulse. Regardless of the colors and cross-rhythms he creates as he courses across the drum kit in solos or the diversity of tension he brings to band or soloist accompaniment, the time feeling within each piece remains a presence. It occasionally may be fragmented, abstracted briefly, or may even drop from view. But always it is re-established because, for Rich, time is the core of jazz.

The "*West Side Story* Medley," an eleven-minute feature arranged by Bill Reddie, best establishes Rich's position. A matter of shifting moods and rhythmic attitudes, it allows the drummer to amble, trot, run, mingle with the ensemble, whisper, chatter, and shout while continually adding flesh to this colorful arrangement. What results is a lesson in organic timekeeping and solo work. Rich links together the whole story; it is powerfully told, giving the listener a clear view of his talent.

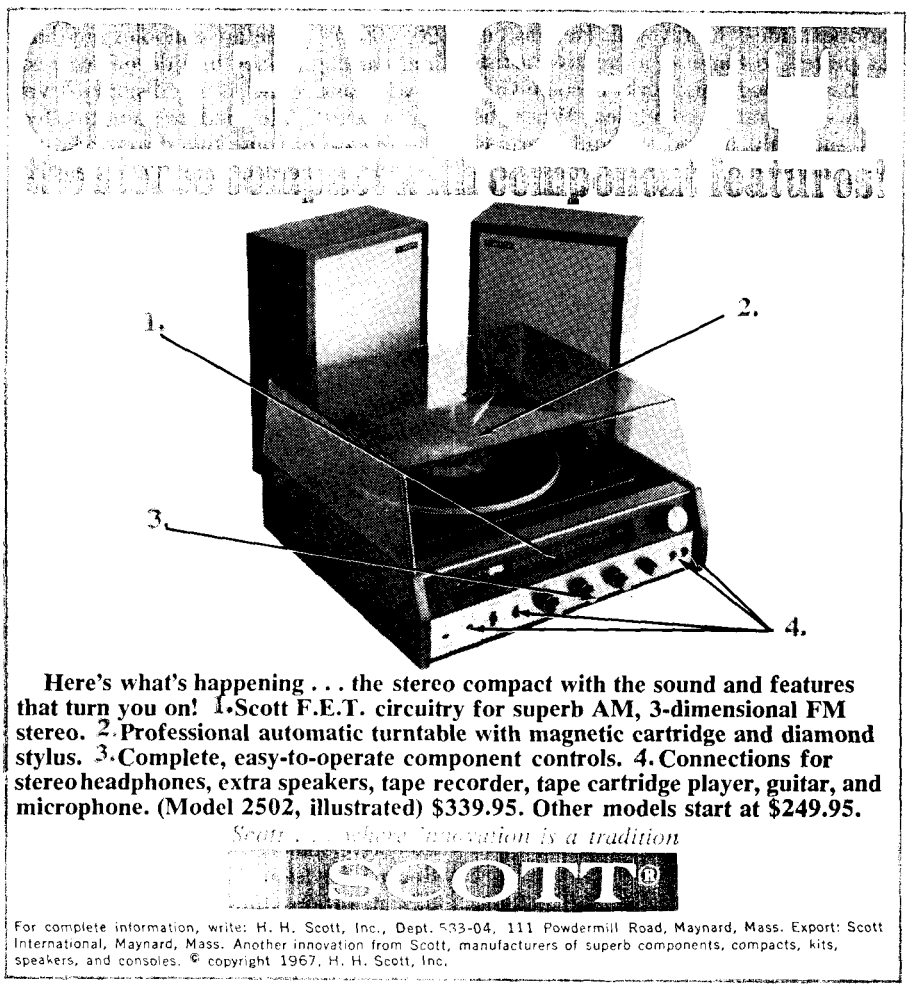
Dennis Brain

Continued from page 59

culty. Artistically, Brain would have been their superior in any case, but it was his blend of assurance with taste that made him inimitable.

Not the least contribution to the appreciation of Brain's artistry in this cross section of sides and tracks is the commentary by his disciple and colleague, Alan Civil. As well as describing certain refinements of performance that might be meaningful only to another horn player, Civil reduces Brain's singularity to such a simple matter as lip control after eating. Brain could down a spaghetti dinner during a break in a recording section and resume as confidently as before, while a colleague had to worry what a cup of tea and a cheese roll would do to his *embouchure*. (But is not Civil in error in describing the Dukas piece in terms of the Italian *villanella*, country dance, rather than the French *villanelle*?)

Whether the material in all circumstances is the best that could be provided in behalf of Brain, I will leave to those better versed in his catalogue. Certainly every sound contributes something to perpetuation of a mastery that will challenge every horn player for decades to come. —IRVING KOLODIN.



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Strauss

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writing, underwent almost no change. His life was free of personal scandal, and if, to Marek's disappointment, he was not erotic and highly sexed, would his music have been different had he been a man who was "interested in flirtations or extramarital ventures"?

This is just as futile a question as asking, with the benefit of hindsight, how Strauss should have conducted himself during the Nazi years. Marek deals with this era in a separate chapter, declaring that Strauss, neither pro- nor anti-Nazi, was "one of those who let it happen." Lucky is the man who did not experience those times himself, and can speak with quite such ease. I experienced but six months of existence in Vienna under the Nazi rule, and recall only too graphically how the superorganized machinery of the oppressors was able to squelch all opposition.

IT is not a question of defending Strauss, but rather of amplifying the delicate position in which he found himself. Though German to the core, Strauss —who thought of Germany in terms of her contributions to art, and foremost to music—was a European, a cosmopolitan like Romain Rolland, Stefan Zweig, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose Pan-European ideas he favored. He was not catapulted to fame as a creative artist, but had through his works become Germany's first-rated composer. When he was suddenly named without warning the president of the Reichsmusikkammer, he thought that he would be able, through the "magic" of his name, to save whatever was still salvageable within the crumbling walls of his world, to preserve standards of decency, honesty, impartiality.

One can call him "politically naïve"; he would not have been insulted. He was a man steeped in Goethe and Shakespeare and he knew the transitory, fleeting nature of earthly values. He lived in lofty Olympian detachment, confident that "this too will pass. . . ." Perhaps his course would have been different had he been the possessor of greater political acumen.

He fought many a losing battle and resigned under pressure after the Gestapo intercepted a letter he had sent from Dresden to Stefan Zweig. The repercussions—not only for himself, but for his Jewish daughter-in-law and his therefore "non-Aryan" grandchildren — were of as much concern and apprehensiveness to Strauss as they are unimaginable to Marek. Strauss penned an extraordinarily pitiful letter to Hitler himself, humiliating himself by begging for an audience to "find understanding" and "to justify myself"; and although the plea was not given the slightest consideration, Marek marks it "the nadir of Strauss's morality."

It is—and granted, a sorely disappointing document when taken out of context—quite consistent with another declaration, reflecting the attachment Strauss maintained to his family. On his second American tour Strauss conducted two concerts at John Wanamaker's, causing a great stir of criticism in Germany. To his critics he replied, in a statement in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (April 20, 1904), "True art ennobles any hall, and earning money in a decent way for a wife and child is no disgrace—even for an artist." He tried, in vain, to effect the release of some two dozen relatives of Alice's, herded into Theresienstadt before their deportation to the East, but was not even allowed to see the camp commander, and returned home defeated and despairing. Marek rather harshly calls Strauss's secret diary an *apologia pro vita sua*. Considering the consequences, had the house been searched and the diary been discovered, this seems hardly an appropriate characterization.

There are other misinterpretations, more unwarranted conclusions, further evidence of a grumbling, irrational dislike. The flow of descriptive and anecdotal material is sometimes interrupted by such comments as, "Richard loathed mathematics, though later when he became financially successful he could add very well!" Marek's own introduction to arithmetic is a secret, although he presumably had also acquired a similar facility with numerical matter, perhaps sales figures, by the time of his ascension to the post of vice president and chief executive officer of the RCA Victor Record Division (an organization that has at various times chosen to release pieces of Richard Strauss's "second-rate" music).

Marek, as Finck before him, has written a readable book, although Marek's might have caused him some pains, while Finck "had no end of fun" writing his book. Neither of them reaches the standards of objectivity that make a number of the German biographies, and both Del Mar's and Mann's studies, far superior.

In any case, several of Mr. Marek's conclusions stand temporarily uncontested, especially the sweeping statement that Strauss "might have given us more, had not his judgments become warped by a degrading environment, had his character been immune to the dry rot that beset his country and his nation"—a summary that calls for a competent challenge by the most knowledgeable authority. —ROBERT BREUER.

The Dance

Continued from page 22

a first-class *premier danseur* for traditional ballets).

If this new-old *Swan Lake* is a highlight of the American Ballet Theatre's season, the spanking new *Paradise Lost,* choreographed especially for Fonteyn and Nureyev by France's Roland Petit, is a "must" for fans of the Royal Ballet. This does not mean that *Paradise Lost* is a good ballet; as a matter of fact it is more of a choreographic mishmash than all the teased and tampered *Swan Lakes* I have mentioned. But it is an enormously effective showpiece for its stars.

The style? Well, Petit has taken the flexed foot from Balanchine; all manner of angularities from Martha Graham, Paul Taylor, or any one of our modern dancers; a bit of the world of nightclubs, a touch of sadism, flashing lights, pop and op art. The most beautiful and exciting passage in it is a great circular run, up and down stairs, done by Nureyev before he dives through a huge pair of bright red lips, but this hypnotic rush by a creature of catlike grace was first created for Nureyev by Sir Frederick in *Marguerite and Armand.* But no matter, it's a smash. So, too, is *Paradise Lost* with all its contrivances, vulgarities, and ravishment of the art of choreography. The Marius Constant score, with its great variety of sounds and rhythms, gives a big boost to *Paradise Lost.*

MOST important is that *Paradise Lost,* simply as a vehicle for great performing talent, provides Dame Margot and Nureyev with stances and steps permitting them to display their eminence as two of the most remarkable (as well as popular) dancers of our age.

But then, just next door, there are Bruhn, Lander, Marks, Carla Fracci (Italy's foremost dancer), that *Swan Lake* and . . . —WALTER TERRY.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Toscanini, Pro and Con

CONGRATULATIONS ON the special section, "The First Hundred Years of Arturo Toscanini" [*SR*, March 25]. It was a fitting memorial to this great musician, and all of the writers, including Irving Kolodin, deserve thanks for rising to meet this occasion with such finesse.

I was particularly pleased that George Szell's article was placed at the beginning, because I felt that he did not shirk his duty in elucidating a few of the flaws of this genius who, great as he was, had his share of them. Also I am equally grateful that none succumbed to the temptation to repeat the oft-told "dinner table" stories of the Maestro's temper tantrums.

LELAND R. LONG.
Guanajuato, Mexico.

YOUR COVERAGE of the Toscanini legacy and legend was both interesting and useful. In preparing station KSNM's memorial salute to the Maestro's music, I relied on many of the features compiled in this special issue.

Robert C. Marsh's comments on the 1937 Salzburg opera recordings, which he says now exist on tape, should spur RCA Victor (or someone) to issue them in an inexpensive format. The same might be said for the 1920 acousticals of Berlioz's *Rakoczy March*, the Donizetti *Don Pasquale* Overture (1921), and perhaps even the fragment of Beethoven's Fifth which Toscanini recorded with the La Scala Orchestra.

WILLIAM E. DUNNING.
Sante Fe, N.M.

AS PRINCIPAL TROMBONE of the Cleveland Orchestra for the past nineteen years, I believe that I am slightly more qualified to judge the efficacy of George Szell's rehearsal methods than is Jack Berv of the NBC Symphony, who had very limited experience with Szell, and since the biographers will probably consider Mr. Berv's letter [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR*, Apr. 29] an important piece of Szellana, the record should be set straight.

Berv says someone counted forty-four repetitions on one passage while Szell was rehearsing Toscanini's orchestra in preparation for a series of concerts for which he was guest conductor. Well, I have been in this business all my life and know how enhanced these musicians' stories get, particularly after twenty-five years; but if he did repeat forty-four times, that orchestra of soloists undoubtedly needed it. . . .

From the NBC Symphony we heard frequent examples of choppy string ensemble, chattering woodwinds, late brass attacks, out-of-balance percussion—technical aberrations that Szell would not let stand after first rehearsal. Here in Cleveland, absolute precision is our point of departure for making music.

ROBERT F. BOYD.
University Heights, O.

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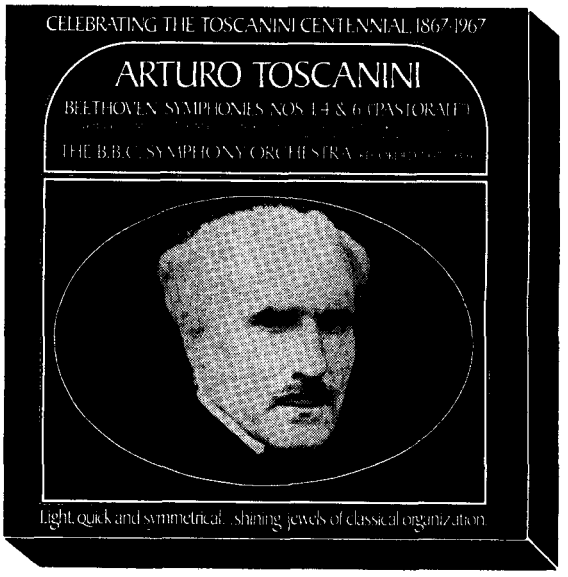
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nis Brain [THE OTHER SIDE, Nov. 26, 1966]. I immediately went to my local record store and learned to my dismay that the EMI record was not available.

In LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [*SR*, Jan. 28] I found I was not alone with this problem and, therefore, contacted the record company in Chicago with the additional information obtained from *SR*. They referred me to my local distributor. I gave the distributor the information given to me by the record company as well as that contained in your reply to the letter.

I'm now requesting your help.

LEROY WM. NATTRESS, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

IT MUST BE months ago that I saw a mention of new Dennis Brain recordings—new to the United States, I believe. As I was unable to get them here in San Diego, I wrote to the address listed in the column, that of Capitol Records in New York City. I've never received any reply to my letter and have since mislaid the address.

Can you help me to locate the above record or records? I am most anxious to purchase them, as I have a great admiration for Mr. Brain's artistry.

MRS. KENNETH KUEBLER.
El Cajon, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 59.*

Tatum Discs Available

GEORGE R. PENDLEY, in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [*SR*, March 25], refers to certain records by Art Tatum which he wants to obtain but which are deleted from the catalogues. I have new copies of these records and would sell them to Mr. Pendley. My address is 2 Hamburg 22, Schroederstr. 20b, Germany.

HORST HOHENBOEKEN.
Hamburg, Germany.

Other Canadians

PATRICIA ASHLEY'S article, "Music and Musicians of Canada" [*SR*, April 29], was understandably centered on the classical side of music. Other fields of music have also had great contributions by Canadians, such as folk music. In this area Ian and Sylvia, and Gordon Lightfoot (one of the foremost folk composers) rate with the best.

CHARLES A. SHIELDS, JR.
Haverford, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article dealt with the content of the records reviewed.*

"Fest" or "fest"?

YOUR CORRESPONDENTS Ava Brownley and Rudolf Engel—apparently both natives of Germany—obviously are not acquainted with the composition they presume to write about [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR*, Apr. 29]. If they will listen to any of several recordings of Josef Strauss's charming *Feuerfest* (not *"Das" Feuerfest*), they will hear the repeated clanging sound of a hammer on an anvil, indicating that the composer has taken us to a forge or smithy, a place where there is heat-resisting steel—a truly "fireproof" location.

I am quite aware of the fact that the adjective *fest* and the noun *Fest* mean different things. As a beer drinker and sometime visitor to Bavaria, I prefer Ava Brownley's *Oktoberfest* to Dr. Engel's *Osterfest* or *Sommerfest*. As for "Festival of Fire," would that be an African rite, a pyromaniacs' convention, a gathering of torch singers, or a Fourth of July celebration?

I am grateful to Ava Brownley for giving me a lesson—albeit a misguided one—in my mother tongue.

HARRY ZOHN,
Chairman and Associate Professor of German, Brandeis University.
Waltham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Obviously a case of musical punning that got out of hand.*

Not Vaughan, Too

IT WAS GOOD to read Burt Korall's fine assessment of Carmen McRae's sensitive singing ["McRae, Maye, and Lee," *SR*, Apr. 29], but I must object to his inclusion of Sarah Vaughan with Nancy Wilson as an example of the debilitating effects of commercial acceptance.

During the 1960s Sarah Vaughan has widened her field of vocal accomplishment to include the compositions of young and gifted musicians and given them an added dimension musically. Listen to her singing of "Yesterday" (Lennon-McCartney) or "Make It Easy on Yourself" (David-Bacharach) on *Pop Artistry* (SR 61069/MG 21069), or "Michelle" (Lennon-McCartney) and "Dominique's Discotheque" (Straigis-Ross-Linsley) on *The New Scene* (*SR 61079/MG 21079*).

But these same years have also included examples of great variety: "Sassy's Blues" (Vaughan-Jones) recorded during performance in Copenhagen on *Sassy Swings the Tivoli* (SR 60831/MG 20831), "My Coloring Book" (Ebb-Kander) directed by Robert Farnon and backed by the Svend Saaby Danish Choir on *Vaughan and Voices* (SR 60882/MG 20882). Study also her "Peter Gunn" (Mancini-Livingston) and "Slow, Hot Wind" (Mancini-Gimbel) on *Sarah Vaughan Sings the Mancini Songbook*, or "Quiet Nights" ("Corcovado") (Jobim) and "Jive Samba" (Adderley) under the direction of Frank Foster on *Viva! Vaughan* (SR 60941/MG 20941)

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RICHARD JOHNS.
Cuttingsville, Vt.

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Movies

Continued from page 50

spectacle of this scale—and quality—is beyond capitalistic capabilities.

There were, of course, the usual spate of disappointments. Any one festival must suffer because of the very prevalence of festivals; the pickings tend to be lean because of the competition for new films among the various festival directors. *A Degree of Murder,* the second film of Volker Schlondorff, who had previously directed last year's excellent *Young Torless,* was technically competent but told a tired story of aimless amoral youth. Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, of Argentina, was not at his best with *Monday's Child,* and both the Brazilian and Mexican entries were poor. Some directors, eager for festival acclaim, obviously went to work with poorly fashioned scripts or unclear conceptions. This happened in the case of an Israeli film, two new French films, and a Spanish entry that showed how miserable life can be for a flamenco dancer.

The United States fared better this year with *You're a Big Boy Now,* invited as the sole American entry. The American industry has about given up, when it comes to festival competition. The major companies are chary about reaping adverse publicity in advance of general distribution, and besides this country turns out few films that consciously pretend to be art. Most American films simply look out of place in a festival atmosphere, commercial though such atmospheres appear to be on the surface. The trade-fair aspect is certainly more predominant at Cannes than at, say, Venice or Berlin, but nevertheless those searching for films to distribute are inclined to favor quality. The market for films of quality is better than ever before, and the questions asked among the commercially oriented have less to do with salability than with, "Is it good?" Even on the Carlton terrace, where the Loperts, the Hakims, the Pontis ply their trade, the discussion is of talent, as exhibited in the Palais. "There is simply not enough talent to go around," said Sheldon Gunzberg of the Walter Reade distributing organization.

BUT of films there were plenty: two a day in the Grande Salle, another in the Salle Cocteau (known as the Critics' Section), and six a day at least in the *Marche du Film* in the Cannes cinema houses. The eyes grew weary, but nevertheless there were hundreds who indomitably carried on, searching for the new, the exciting, the latest of trends. Shirley MacLaine, of the jury, was red-eyed, but happy. "Oh," she moaned, "if only Hollywood had all this excitement, all these young people who take chances and explore. My eyes water, my *derrière* hurts, but I'd do it all over again."

In the end, the valiant jury argued itself into awarding the festival's Grand Prix to *Blow-Up,* just as everyone had expected. Consolation awards, in the form of a shared "special jury prize," went to *Accident* and *I Have Even Met Happy Gypsies.* French national pride was rescued when a "best screenplay" prize was voted to *The Killing Game,* a film of no distinction whatsoever. A gesture to the hosts, perhaps.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

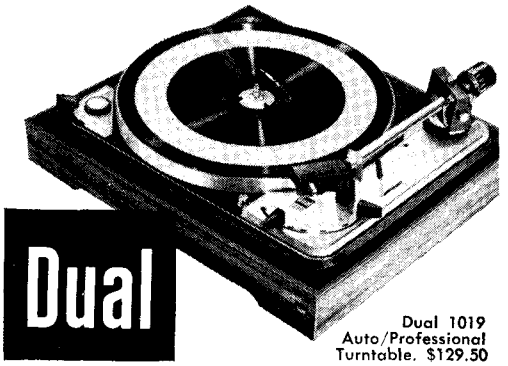
ers, involves them in planning on the future of the community. The student government assembly plays a major role in university operations; students participate in the various university committees on administration and policies. The students have justified their substantial authority by acting knowledgeably and responsibly in university affairs.

AT A TIME when newspaper stories make it appear that large numbers of college students are kooks or incendiaries, it may be useful to be reminded that some students still regard education as a serious enterprise and are able to work with educators in an atmosphere of mutual respect.

The U. of A. is an interesting case history of the vital role that can be played by a university president if the surrounding circumstances give him a fair degree of autonomy. It would be a mistake, of course, to believe that conditions must be ideal for him to exert effective leadership. This fact is evident in the achievements of such university chiefs as Dr. Franklin D. Murphy of the University of California at Los Angeles, who has been able to deal constructively and effectively with some of the most complex and potentially explosive situations in the nation; or James A. McCain of Kansas State University, who not only has not shielded his campus from controversial questions but has taken the initiative in bringing such questions to the full attention of the university; or Andrew Holt of the University of Tennessee, who is responsible for the absence of any racial questions or categories on student application forms.

Whatever the problems or perplexities of higher education today, the total enterprise is far sounder and stronger than some crisis headlines may have led many people to believe. —N.C.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 48
tales, stale, least, steal.



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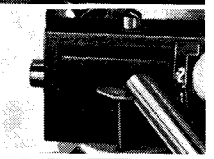
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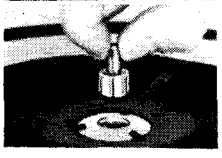
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MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

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PERSONALS

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Forty-second annual session, August 16th to August 30th, at Bread Loaf in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Lectures, workshops, individual conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature for writers, teachers, students, and those who want to hear professional writers talk about their craft. For bulletin: Bread Loaf Secretary, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

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PERSONALS

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WRITERS' CONFERENCE JUNE 10th—University of Cincinnati. Sponsor: Writer's Digest. Panels, workshops, staff of 50 including Hailey, Petrakis, Weidman (novel); Herbert Gold (short story); Charlotte Zolotow (children); Cleveland Amory, Paul Engle, Rod Serling. Brochure: 22 East 12th, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

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EUROPE OR AUSTRALIA this fall. Bachelor, 50s, seeks similarly interested-share expenses. Box C-145.

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT on financial leave desires announcing or acting in radio or television commercials, movie bit roles, modeling. Male, 6'2", 185 lbs., broadcasting experience. Box C-55.

(Continued on page 72)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 71)

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TEACHER REQUIRES JOB June through September. Governess, mother's helper. California area. Box C-201.

ENGLAND TO CANADA June-July responsible girl, 20. Escort child or elderly person exchange expenses. Box C-180.

HOUSE SITTERS available in NYC July 1st through September; young couple. Contact: David Hutson, 1113 North Sheridan, Danville, Illinois.

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SUMMER TUTORING: English, French, ages 8-16. Smith, M.A. 212-924-8207.

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NEWSPAPER SCIENCE WRITER, male, married, M.S. plus 30 desires challenging position. Box C-181.

READING SPECIALIST—Young professor wishes summer tutoring position exchange for room, board, Cape Cod area. Box C-130.

PRIZEWINNING, PRODUCED, published playwright seeks resident position with established company. Box C-147.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

POSITION OPEN as executive secretary and personal assistant to editor of national magazine. NYC. Tough work but attractive job. Negro applicants encouraged to apply. Box B-800.

CASEWORKERS AND SUPERVISORS: private boys' school. MSW required, experience preferred, not necessary. Salary open. Write Richard L. Magsig, Starr Commonwealth for Boys, Albion, Michigan 49224.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT needed for learned society. New York City, Washington Square area. Experience in copy editing and proofreading, and typing skills required. Knowledge of foreign languages helpful. Beginning salary $6,000. Send resume to Box B-794.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED YESTERDAY: Combination advertising Gal Friday-announcer for all girl radio station in lovely southern city. Must have good looks, personality and education with accent preferably English, French or New England. Include resume and any other pertinent data. Excellent opportunity. Address replies to Box C-209.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

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DIRECTOR, MADISON ART CENTER—Professionally qualified person to manage program and activities in fast-growing community art center. Location in State Capital and university city plus strong community support make stimulating program possible. Age 27 to 35. Salary from $8,500 depending on background. Send resume to Edward J. Mayland, Chairman, Personnel Committee, Madison Art Association, 1202 South Park Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53715.

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WOMAN, OVER 35. Assistant to Director, Adult Education Center, Manchester, N.H., interest in arts and crafts, college background, creative position. Salary $6,000. Box C-208.

SOCIAL WORKER, therapist, supervisor. Skilled, creative, concerned, capable of working with co-workers. Competitive salary and benefits. 70 miles to New York City, 60 miles to Philadelphia. Box B-696.

HELP WANTED, SECRETARY—Cultural organization two hours from Boston, offers an interesting opportunity for mature woman of first-rate secretarial skills. A busy, varied and pleasant position as personal secretary to the head. Good to excellent salary. Please write giving experience to Box C-129.

SMALL, EXOTIC, market research firm needs local interviewers: Diligence, brains, sensitivity, flexibility, sense of humor and meticulousness are absolute necessities. Write, including phone number: Box C-141.

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MONTESSORI TEACHING—Scholarships available to college graduates for 8 week Training Program beginning July 3rd at Fairleigh Dickinson University, N.J., with commitment for salaried internship teaching year, leading to American Montessori Society teacher certification. June application deadline. Box C-148.

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For Sale

CENTRAL VERMONT—4 bedrooms, study, spacious living area, modern heating. Privacy, skiing nearby. Sixteen thousand. Box B-789.

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SOUTHERN, N.H. Circa 1800. Charming petite village cottage. 4 rooms, garage, garden area. One and one-half hour drive to Boston. Summer cote or year-round home. $14,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Tel: 603-874-2268.

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LEWES, DELAWARE. 5 apartments. Annual occupancy. Canal view. Asking $18,500. SR Box C-131.

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TREMEZZO, LAKE COMO, ITALY, house available September 1st. Call Stefan Schnabel. 203-866-1871.

MOUNTAINSIDE, N.J., near NYC. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Handsome, spacious. 201-232-1108, SR Box C-135.

For Summer Rental

BEAUTY. SECLUSION, Rogers Rock Club on Lake George, Ticonderoga, New York. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages, mile and half shoreline. Swimming, Tennis, Casino with pool and pingpong. Golf nearby. Children welcome. Box B-134.

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SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE—small all-electric home, 3 blocks beautiful lake, all sports. Couple or one child, week, month, season, reasonable. Box C-174.

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HIGH TOR, Ogunquit, Maine. Above Marginal Way. Magnificent Atlantic view.

MILE FROM TANGLEWOOD. Artist's secluded Tudor home. 8 rooms. Call 413-637-2253. P.O. Box 1661, Lenox, Massachusetts.

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EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

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Furnished

LAW PROFESSOR, wife, leaving own furnished home for visit teaching N.Y.U. academic year, seek fully furnished apartment. 2 bedrooms, prefer also dining room, prefer Greenwich Village area. September 1st, '67 to June 1st, '68. Excellent care to about $300. Can view on June trip to N.Y. Box C-96.

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ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in gracious, new, suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provide meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Jr., FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP COMMUNITY, 2030 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 73)

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hotels Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

HOME OF "The Sound of Music"! On The EXPO Route. Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe 40, Vermont. Meet Baroness Von Trapp, the real-life Maria. Spectacular mountain scenery. Charming old world atmosphere. Authentic Austrian and American cuisine, pastries. Patioed coffee house-gift shop. Heated pool, riding. Golf, tennis nearby. Write Brochure. Reservations advised. Tel. 802-253-7545.

PAINTERS, WRITERS and ordinary folk love our rustic simplicity, Adirondack's Indian Lake. Peruse our brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.

CAPE COD efficiency cottages. "The Doves," Box 152, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. (Quote from Horace Sutton's syndicated column) ". . . it doesn't take any special talent to find the local Hilton . . . but have you yet found THE DUFFYS' . . . ?", a small tropical guest house by the sea where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Superb beach. Sympathique bar. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Late May through October. Folder.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—casual island living for your vacation. Write Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

NEW WRINKLE? No. Walker's Wrinkle, Brooklin, Maine, provides vacationers with comfortable rooms, excellent meals.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

RIDING HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—You can't do better than at famous Escuela Ecuestre of San Miguel Allende. Climate, horses, instruction (in English by Mexican Cavalry officers) all superb. Three hours daily except Sunday. Theory, dressage, cross-country and jumping. $160 per week per person covers hotel, meals and riding course. Enchanting Colonial town a bonus. Write or call H. Black, Director, Apartado S185, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico, 2-05-55 for reservations.

TIP TOP INN. Cuttingsville, Vermont. Charming old farmhouse inn. Excellent meals. Superb view. Relax before and after EXPO '67. Free brochure.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

ROAD'S END—Modern housekeeping cottages, Lake Pleasant 2, N.Y. 12108. Phone: 6303. Amidst Adirondack Forest Preserve, on lake, excellent fishing, boating, canoeing. Sandy beach, sun deck, main lodge for recreation.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COUNTRY—100 miles from NYC. Restful, charming, swimming, animals, international cuisine. Maximum 12 persons. Hidden Valley Farm, East Greenville, Pennsylvania 18041. Tel. 215-679-9764.

VACATIONS

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SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

ENJOY THE SPRING NOW at historic Mimosa Inn, Tryon, N.C., Box 1120. Brochure.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Golf, music festival, heated pool, theater.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

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FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Open June 17th. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

VACATIONS

JAMAICAN ISLAND INTERLUDE—INIMITABLE, INFORMAL . . . and INTIME. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Jamaica. Just 20 rooms create more of a private house party ambience than a resort. Unhurried, unorganized, unspoiled . . . Private white sand beach, horses, calypso bar, intriguing Jamaican fare. Surprisingly moderate rates. Mini-brochure on request. Long Bay Beach Hotel, Long Bay, Jamaica.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Housekeeping cottages. Seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Folder C, Ogunquit, Maine 03907

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Heated saltwater pool. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

ROBINWOOD INN, Jackson, N.H. Small, friendly and informal. Pool, horses.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PEACE-REJUVENATION. Beautiful hill country. Intimate, charming "Pension." NO TV. Near Cooperstown. Hill House, Worcester, N.Y.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

BLUE HILL INN Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-June to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

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FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

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VACATIONS

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Full family fun. Four safe, beautifully spacious beaches, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, yacht and boat facilities. Golfing. Historic Colonial Village. Accommodations to fit all tastes and budgets. Write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

PRIVATE HOUSEHOLD near curative spa offers r m and board for $4 per person per day. St. Georgen a near Villach, Karnten, Austria.

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BRAEBROOKE—Braebrooke's twelfth season where he amateur chamber music player is still king and liste rs his adoring slaves. Filtered pool; all sports availa e. Make reservations early. Different and rewarding. ax Weiser-Mildred Di Lorenzo, Lenox, Massachusetts. 4 3- 637-0960.

SEND FOR VACATION PACKAGE at Neptune Apartm ts in charming Naples, Florida. Quiet neighborhood, clos to beach, fishing and shopping. No swimming pool, st soothing atmosphere and comfort. Harvey Ford, Nep ne Apartments, 651 3rd Street South, Box 1556-S, Nap s, Florida 33940.

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YORK HARBOR GUEST QUARTERS. Pleasant lodgi s. Maine seacoast homesteaod. On our own peninsula, o r- look ocean and harbor. Continental breakfast. Beaches d shops nearby. For brochure and reservations: Harri te Lusty, York, Maine 03909.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, tale ed creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Enjoy lake swimn g from our private beach, and excellent tennis, at e small good place." Laurel Lake Inn, Lee, Massachus ts 01238.

JUNE RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE. Family resort d housekeeping units. Near everything in the POCONOS, n premises private lake, swimming pool, fishing, boat g. Spacious, modern, excellently furnished, T.V., r- conditioned. Family style meals. Kovarick's, Box 3, Route 5, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

WICKANINNISH INN, Long Beach, B.C., Canada. Jo radio, television, newspapers; beautifully remote et luxurious accommodations $30 couple all inclusive. W te for brochure.

RETREAT—View, private beach, family cottages, ee boats, bicycles. Reasonable. Box 54, Montauk, New Y rk 11954.

BEACHCOMBER? Ever thought about moving to a s o- tropical island to paint, write, start your own busin s, find an interesting new job, retire on a golf course u er a palm tree? Then do something about it! Subscribe to the ISLANDER, a 20 page monthly magazine with ph os and news about one of America's fastest growing oc n resort islands and the historic region around it. S d $2.00 for special six-months' trial subscription to ISLANDER, Hilton Head Island 7, South Carolina 299 3.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. e- cellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ri je Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program or American college students. American credits. Septemb r- June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller Coll e U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 W st 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

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SUMMER SCHOOL CAMPUSES: Students ages 15 to 19. Study Spanish in Mexico, Spain, South America, or French in Switzerland. Chaperoned. Summer Schools-International, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota 55057.

WORLD TRAVEL AND STUDY—High school, college students. Study and travel in Spain, France, Switzerland, Mexico. Live on campus or with family. Write or call Elliott Zaref, Rolling Stones, Student Travel, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022. 212-HA 1-5783.

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TRAVEL

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAILING ADVENTURE—Central America/Caribbean. Share expense. Airmail: Yate FAIRWINDS, Club Pesca, Cartagena, Colombia.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$698. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZS Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

EUROPE: UNIQUE CULTURAL EXPERIENCE for mature teenagers. Experienced, well-traveled leaders with intellectual backgrounds. Groups, coed, limited to eight. For information contact: Orbach, Seminar on Wheels '67, 10 East 8th Street, NYC 10003. 212-CA 8-8931.

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TRAVELING THROUGH FRANCE AND EUROPE? Rent and drive yourself a new 1967 PEUGEOT car. Information and tariff on request at C.I.F.A., 80 Boulevard Garibaldi, Paris-XVe.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

TRAVEL

HI, TRAVELER! Next vacation choose a foreign tour based on art, photography, wild life, birds, scuba or your favorite interest. Request brochure. Misstel Atlantic Pacific Travel, 136 East 57th Street, New York 10022.

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SOVIET UNION ANNIVERSARY TOURS—3 enlightening weeks from $650. Details UNITED STATES TRAVEL BUREAU, Box 69, North Hollywood 91603.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner, "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE GUYANA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*Guy-ANN-a.) Caribbean Report, Suite 700, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

MIDSUMMER TOUR—Travel made carefree—19 days of EUROPEAN HIGHLIGHTS $725 from Philadelphia August 3rd! For brochure write: TMC, 1519 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 19102.

ALASKA—ART WORKSHOP. Centennial Ferry Festival of Art. Paint and sketch picturesque southeastern Alaska's famed Inside Passage, seacoast towns. For brochure, write Alaska World Travel Service of Haines, Alaska 99827.

JULY 15th DEPARTURE. Many a green isle and the wildest-biggest-noisiest-most colorful-most nonstop show in the Pacific—the Mt. Hagen Highland Show, New Guinea. For the adventurous world traveler. Contact: Murray Hawkinson Travel Service, Inc., Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colorado 80202.

FOR A FASCINATING overland camping journey by bus from Europe to Nepal via Afghanistan and India, for $400, please contact G. Monsch, CH-7076 Parpan, Switzerland. Starts September 10th, 1967.

HIGH (140) I.Q. GROUP European tour, August 3rd-24th. Lowest rates. Box C-127.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1729

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. S. African vulture.	179 73 112 174 164 119 192 213
B. Dissimilarity.	33 70 136 107 42 129 86 166 180 190
C. Bring up tenderly.	212 146 28 182 137 41 58
D. Silver or china vegetable dishes, teapots, etc. (2 wds.)	172 103 18 34 177 191 98 78 71 55
E. Loss of strength, richness, fertility.	184 60 51 16 93 214 193 207 8 157 114
	23 1 178
F. Second ruler by this name, who was last of his line in a great country (1868-1918).	126 5 48 32 161 211 97
G. Six-legged larval form of a certain mite, which bites most troublesomely.	208 46 115 7 145 68 132
H. Ran away from.	116 26 134 59 189 181 39 66
I. Something rare and different.	194 44 160 117 199 20
J. Display case of a familiar variety (2 wds.)	113 206 2 31 154 94 138 14 151 110
K. Describing the dog of a tiresome anecdote.	45 29 109 15 169 163
L. Pulled with great effort.	9 144 139 176 203 127
M. Morbid fear of being alone.	105 123 187 159 12 141 209 22 148 37
N. A run in a stocking, to a Britisher.	75 65 89 202 135 142

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Zoology's click beetle; botany's certain filament.	43 61 188 3 19 88
P. Container and protector from injury of an automobile's inner tube.	108 186 10 84
Q. In many instances.	85 198 171 162 81
R. Misleading argument.	57 133 106 204 173 96 76
S. Father of Tristram and king of Lyonnesse.	77 72 24 155 47 130 195 149
T. Botanist's wd. for growing spontaneously.	100 91 27 201 6 196 168 38 30
U. Old market town in England; present popular residential suburb near Boston.	95 49 175 82 99 87 167
V. Having sound judgment; stubborn, willful.	64 80 152 79 36 69 120 35 62 17
W. Gem cut from a two-layered agate, so that one color is encircled by the other.	53 128 185 153 11 140 25 74 83 92
X. Beating strongly and violently.	63 170 54 143 67 121 21 104 158
Y. Expression often used (but not listed) equivalent to the joyful "Eureka" of Archimedes at having thought of a way to determine the purity of gold in Hiero's crown (2 wds.)	156 4 183 150 50 56 124
Z. Lack of practical judgment.	40 205 200 210 197 118 125 111
Z^1. The lawgiver of ancient Greece, esp. a dicast charged with revising laws.	165 122 102 90 101 147 13 131 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 E	2 J	3 O	4 Y	5 F	6 T	7 G		8 E	9 L	10 P	11 W
12 M	13 Z^1	14 J		15 K	16 E	17 V	18 D	19 O	20 I		21 X		22 M	23 E	24 S	25 W	26 H	
27 T	28 C		29 K	30 T		31 J	32 F	33 B	34 D	35 V		36 V	37 M	38 T	39 H		40 Z	
41 C	42 B	43 O	44 I		45 K	46 G	47 S	48 F	49 U	50 Y	51 E	52 Z^1	53 W	54 X	55 D		56 Y	
57 R		58 C	59 H	60 E	61 O	62 V	63 X		64 V	65 N	66 H		67 X	68 G	69 V	70 B		
71 D	72 S	73 A	74 W	75 N	76 R		77 S	78 D	79 V		80 V	81 Q	82 U		83 W	84 P	85 Q	
86 B	87 U	88 O	89 N	90 Z^1		91 T	92 W		93 E	94 J	95 U	96 R	97 F		98 D	99 U	100 T	
101 Z^1		102 Z^1	103 D	104 X	105 M		106 R	107 B	108 P	109 K		110 J	111 Z	112 A		113 J	114 E	
115 G	116 H	117 I	118 Z	119 A		120 V	121 X	122 Z^1	123 M	124 Y		125 Z	126 F	127 L	128 W	129 B	130 S	
	131 Z^1	132 G	133 R	134 H	135 N	136 B	137 C	138 J	139 L		140 W	141 M	142 N	143 X	144 L	145 G	146 C	
	147 Z^1	148 M	149 S	150 Y	151 J	152 V	153 W		154 J	155 S	156 Y	157 E		158 X	159 M	160 I	161 F	
162 Q	163 K		164 A	165 Z^1	166 B		167 U	168 T	169 K	170 X	171 Q		172 D	173 R	174 A	175 U		
176 L	177 D	178 E		179 A		180 B	181 H	182 C	183 Y	184 E	185 W	186 P	187 M		188 O	189 H	190 B	
191 D	192 A	193 E		194 I	195 S	196 T		197 Z	198 Q		199 I	200 Z	201 T		202 N	203 L	204 R	
205 Z	206 J	207 E	208 G		209 M	210 Z	211 F	212 C	213 A	214 E								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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